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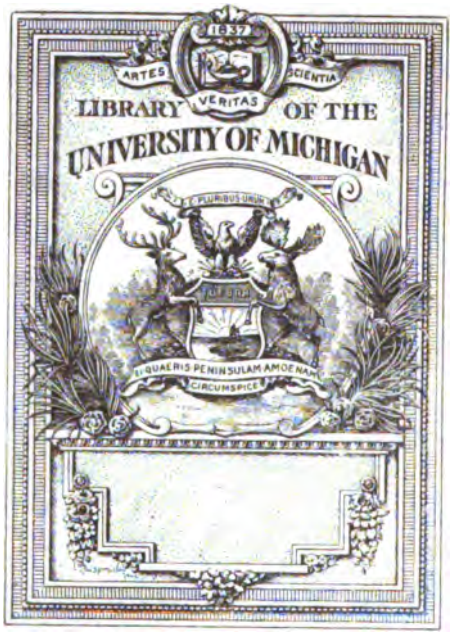
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IN MEMORIAM.

The Late Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.



TALMAGE DURING EARLY YEARS AT BROOKLYN.

THE AUTHENTIC LIFE
OF
T. DeWITT TALMAGE
THE GREATLY BELOVED DIVINE

BY

REV. JOHN RUSK, PH. D.

Author of "Life of Queen Victoria," "Four Thousand Years Ago," etc.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D. D.

Author of "Lives of the Presidents," "Life of Bayard Taylor," "Life of James A. Garfield," "Life of Spurgeon," "Acres of Diamonds," etc., etc.

A NARRATIVE OF HIS LIFE AND DEEDS, SUFFERING AND DEATH, TOGETHER WITH HIS ANCESTRY, YOUTH EDUCATION, HIS STRUGGLES AS A YOUNG AND UNKNOWN MINISTER, HIS RISE TO FAME, HIS HOME LIFE, HIS TRIUMPHANT TRIP AROUND THE WORLD, ETC., ETC.

INCLUDING EXTRACTS FROM HIS MOST ELOQUENT SERMONS AND LECTURES AND TRIBUTES ON HIS LIFE FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST MEN

AND A EULOGY

BY

JOHN FRANKLIN TALMAGE

Exquisitely Illustrated with Engravings from Original Photographs

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PREFACE.

Thomas DeWitt Talmage, preacher and man, was eloquent in deed and speech. For seventy years he lived, and his life was to great purpose.

Reared as a sturdy farmer's boy in the heart of New Jersey, God's sunshine was ever upon his head and in his heart. Educated for the legal profession, he ceased to follow Blackstone that he might scatter the gospels to all the peoples of the world.

Far greater was his success than he or anyone else anticipated. But it came not without the struggles that come to all. From an unknown preacher, he rose to the distinction of the foremost pulpit orator of the world. Revivifying a Brooklyn church that was in its death-throes, he drew within the sound of his voice countless thousands. Church after church he built, that all who cared might hear.

Dr. Talmage's greatness, it is generally conceded, can be ascribed to his power as an orator. Coupled with this he had the talent of simple and trenchant interpretation of the scriptures. He was a Christian of the old school, if that expression may be employed. He did not run much to new thought, higher criticism or creed reform. He clung tenaciously to a plain, pure programme of every-day morals and right living. He found enough noble texts in the Bible to supply him with inspiration.

He was a magnificent lecturer. Some of his flights of oratory are remembered as being of surpassing impressiveness and picturesqueness. He drew lessons from everything. He talked to a purpose, but at the same time he garnished his sentences with beauty, and his voice, appearance and fire combined to enthrall and uplift the hearer.

Bounded not by church walls nor the confines of any nation, his

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congregation became as wide as the knowledge of printing. His sermons, distributed in every hamlet of America by the religious and secular press, were spread broadcast in England and, translated into many languages, were read in every land.

Thrilling multitudes as a lecturer, he traveled throughout his native land and made a triumphal tour around the world. Everywhere he was heaped with honors and attentions.

Ministering with all his strength to the famine-stricken people of another land, he won the praise of humanity and throughout the length and breadth of the world was a living influence for God and the right.

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EULOGY *

BY JOHN FRANKLIN TALMAGE.

Pens are everywhere busy writing eulogies upon the life of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage. Some of these are written by ministers who labored with him, some by strangers who knew him only by reputation. As a member of the Talmage family, perhaps a contribution from my pen upon his life and life work may not come amiss.

T. DeWitt Talmage has been called great; yet I doubt if the world today realized in what degree he was great. Greatness without goodness counts for nothing. T. DeWitt Talmage was good—he was helpful, and his helpfulness was of such a nature that the world will appreciate him more and more as time rolls on. He was often misunderstood, but he paid little attention to man's interpretation of his work. He worked on and left the result with God.

HOME LIFE.

His home life was extremely beautiful and happy, and his going away has left a void which will be impossible to fill. The tributes of praise which have been sounded on all sides are a consolation, but his death is felt none the less keenly. With his great physical strength he would have lived many useful years had he not overtaxed his energy and shortened his life by unremitting efforts and ceaseless activity. The influence of his sermons has always been intensified by the knowledge that he lived up to the things that he preached. As these sermons are

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read and re-read, the world will come more and more to feel that a great light was extinguished when he departed.

SECRET OF DR. TALMAGE'S POWER.

No minister of the Gospel who lived during the last century could possibly have made a deeper impression upon the religious world. It has been frequently stated by anarchists that their growth was held in check by the influence which the sermons of Dr. Talmage had upon the public. If asked the secret of his power, I should say the great secret of his success was his indomitable energy and originality. His expressions, combined with an earnestness and power of eloquence, carried everything before them. The world rewards strong thinkers in every avenue of life, and it is not to be wondered at that his originality of thought and action along religious lines won for him great success in the world of religion.

Dr. Talmage cast aside many of the traditions which hampered others in the pulpit. He put aside forms, but never lost sight of the substance. He cast aside the shells, but ever offered the kernels of truth. No one knew better than he how to attract and hold the attention of men, women and children.

KEEN OBSERVER.

To Dr. Talmage's natural ability was added the knowledge acquired from personal contact with men of learning in all parts of the globe. He was at home with crowned heads, he associated with statesmen and with men of letters. His tact, genial nature and ready wit made him the center of every company. He was a keen traveler and a close observer. His sermons and lectures always bore the imprint of world-wide experience and diplomatic association. Every incident, no matter how trifling, and every relation pertaining to mankind, was turned into examples for good. He was especially kind to the poor. No one man could possibly have done more for philanthropy or for the alleviating

of human want. His generosity was frequently known only to his own household. His daily life at Brooklyn and his work and sermons in behalf of charity will live in the hearts of men long after his praise in public has ceased. He can well be called the man of the people, laboring for the people.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Dr. Talmage has written his last sermon and stood before his last assemblage! He has broken bread for the last time with those he loved! All who have been encouraged by his smile or made strong by the grasp of his hand or uplifted by his noble deeds, must look heavenward, not earthward, for T. DeWitt Talmage is no more of the earth earthly, but of heaven, heavenly. His chair is vacant! May the sweet companionship, which he ever preached in behalf of the redeemed, be reunited in the sweet bye and bye to all who came within the sphere of his influence.

Respectfully yours
John Franklin Talmage

Milestones in

Dr. Talmage's Life.

✣ ✣ ✣ ✣

Born, Gateville, N. J., January 7, 1832.

Educated at the University of New York.

Religious denomination, Presbyterian.

First pastorate, Belleville, N. J., 1856.

Preaching in Syracuse, 1859 to 1862.

Growing famous in Philadelphia, 1862 to 1869.

Called to Brooklyn, March 22, 1869.

Preacher-pastor at the Central Church twenty-five years.

Built first tabernacle, 1870-72.

Erected the second tabernacle (after fire), 1872-74.

Famous trip to Holy Land, 1890.

Accepted call to Washington, D. C., January, 1894.

Preaching, lecturing, traveling, 1895 to 1902.

Married three times.

Children living, one son, five daughters.

Lived to be seventy years old.

Sayings of Talmage.

\+ + + +

Death—I saw a beautiful being walking up and down the earth. She touched the aged and they became young. She touched the poor and they became rich. They told me that her name was Death.

Sowing Wild Oats—It is said that the young must be allowed to sow their wild oats. I have noticed that those who sow their wild oats seldom raise any other kind of crops.

Don't worry because God made you different from others.

Drudge not in the discharge of your duty though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance and you become the targets for the little devils to shoot at.

London and Pekin are not the great cities of the world. The grave is the great city.

As the leaves fade and fall to rise, so do we.

You may wait for your last moment, but when your last moment comes it will not wait for you.

Many men are wise for a time and foolish for eternity.

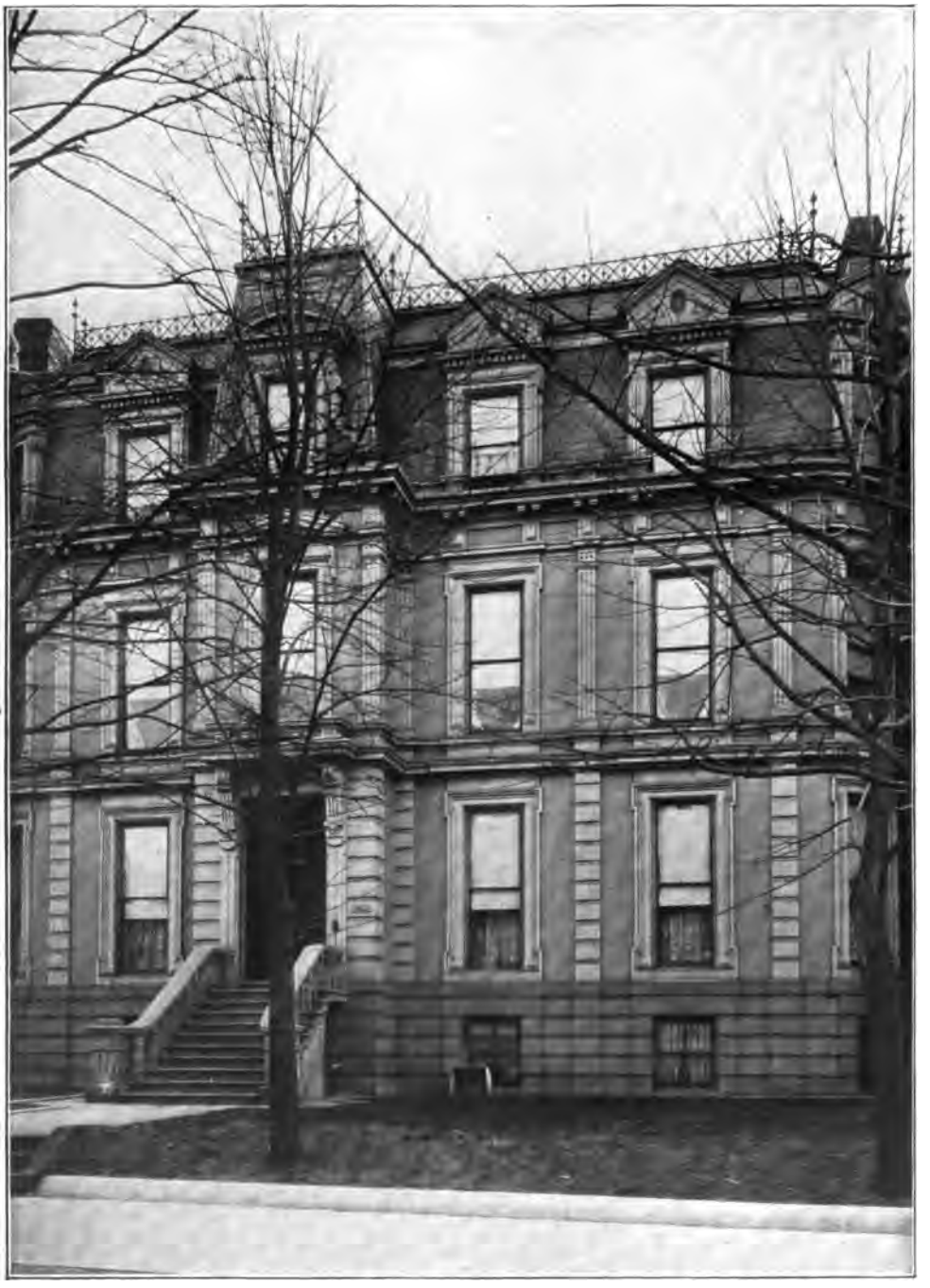
It is sad to say farewell on earth, but how sad to say farewell in the judgment.

Long not for the last words that have not been spoken. If the life has been right, the death cannot be wrong.

Never put upon any one else an unnecessary burden. Never tell a man what mean things you have heard of him.



MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH DR. TALMAGE DIED, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The death chamber is to the left of the door on the second floor.

INTRODUCTION.

BY RUSSELL H. CONWELL, LL. D.

We cannot introduce Dr. Talmage! Like other great men, he introduced himself. The world knows him, and has given his name to the most fascinatingly brilliant oratory of the last century. Permit me, however, to introduce you to a systematic study of his inspiring biography; in order that this book may do you the good the biographer wishes it to do. Consider carefully the inherited advantages and conditions, which influenced the beginning of this helpful life. In most respects a million of young men are beginning life now with all of Mr. Talmage's inherited family advantages. The New Jersey home, the holy spirited mother, the strong, unflinching, industrious Christian father, the great family of children, the limited income, and the coarse fare, have all been the privilege and joy of many other young men. Others may have loved their parents as did De Witt. They may have had associates as healthful as were those about him, and the schools are now as valuable to the children as they were in 1840. The student, therefore, of this romantic life will need to weigh these circumstances and ascertain what it was in them or in Dr. Talmage which will make the reader equally loved and honored. Some of the more thoughtless throngs who have stared at his tall, dignified figure, wept at his change of tone, or shouted themselves wild in the tumults of applause, have found as many reasons for his greatness as there were hundreds in his crowd of auditors. In the old day some said that Jesus was Moses, or Elias, or one of the Prophets, but only the few who studied Him at short range really knew who or what He was. So it is in the study of

the life of a disciple of the Son of God, only those who get at the inner facts and motives, can gain the helpful instruction which only the truth can give. Men have accounted for Dr. Talmage's popularity and deeds in the greatest diversity of conclusions. Some said that he inherited direct and fully all his strange power. Others claimed that he gained all by the genius of "hard work." Others declared him to be a hypocrite, and a most skillful deceiver. While others have held strongly to the theory that his influence was due wholly to accidental combinations of circumstances, such as fires, deaths, floods, accidental advertising, and unexpected appearance of the right men in the nick of time. But now the reader can take up this book, written by an impartial friend, of years and discernment, and can study out a theory of this noble life to a safe and permanent conclusion. Its lessons in industry, filial obedience, economy of time, in temperance, in Christian faith, in love for mankind will in this shape do more good in the encouragement and elevation of Christian thinking and living than did all his wonderful phillipics. Such a biography is a heritage the rising generation will greatly need. It is a book which cannot die, so long as young men desire to know by what paths, what deeds and what characters the great reached the cloud-encircled heights of a solid fame. I therefore most seriously and most reverently introduce you to this book. It is the plain story of a great life. It is a history of one who mastered great obstacles, of one who was true to himself; who fearlessly sailed straight on, and escaped the ruin, wreck and woe of the millions who have tried to be someone else than themselves. He set his eye on the North Star and kept it there; neither money, name, luxury, rest, ridicule, caricature, hate or falsehood moved him from the declaration of the Gospel. He was a sacred orator. He ascended into realms of imaginative symbol and beauty which reminded his generation of Isaiah, Daniel and John. The fascinated, bound listener was carried away on the chariots of Talmage's superb speech until blinded by the brightness, enchanted by the music, courted by archangels, and blessed with an almighty benediction,

he awakes in a heart-straining spasm as the preacher suddenly says, Amen. If the joy of the listener was so entrancing in what gleaming palaces of glory must have dwelt the soul of the orator! One can but faintly appreciate the heights of love or the thrilling, overwhelming cyclones of happiness which must have aroused the soul of Dr. Talmage, when in those supreme moments of oratorical excitement he gave his whole being to volcanoes, deluges, battles, judgments, hallelujahs, or lived in a moment through ages of heaven's unlimited peace. How far he dwelt above the common man! His descriptive powers like that in "Belshazzar's last feast" seem superhuman; so accurate to all known history and so inspired in all that appeared in his sermon concerning the great realms beyond. He thought in mighty figures. Should another try to use the same wings or to visit the same scenes he would find that to him the wings were wax and the chariot of the sun ungovernable. Dr. Talmage would walk from Banias to Edom in one sermon. He lived it. Life was a Jordan. Hermon's cold snows wept into fountains of Grace. Childhood was in the meadows of Merom. Youth was like the Highland cascades of Galilee, love like the blue Geneseret's sea. Manhood like the earth-shaking cataracts of the lower Jordan, death like the Dead Sea, and the Life to come like the rising spirit of the waters which rose at last to the sun, in clouds of white and sailed away to the Islands of the Blessed. What strides his soul took! He leaped from the Southern Cross to the North Star, from the pestilential caverns, stench and fumes of the dog star to the throne of God and the eternal beauty in Alcyone. He passed with the saintly soul of the old father in the old armed chair by the fireside, through the greetings of the angels, the welcome of the sainted loved ones, on through the gates of flaming gold right up to the seat of the awful Eternal One. He heard the voices of immortals, saw the smile of the Everlasting Father. How much he lived! The bee and humming bird could not speak its love too low for his imagination to hear. The crash of a continent, the hurling of a mountain range into a sea

of volcanic fire could not deafen his attentive ear. The glance of hate, the soft blush of love, the streak of coming day, the last flash of evening's dying glory on the wing of a swallow, the grace of Power's chisel, the majesty of Raphael's brush, the rill in the Jersey farm, the canyons of Colorado, the daisy by the neglected grave, or the decorations of Westminster, he saw and noticed appreciatingly. The greatest preacher of his age! There was no boundary between earth and Heaven to him. The ladder was always standing there, and he went up and down at will with the angels. The spirit land was as real to him as was his home. He lived in both places. He spake as one who knew, whenever Heavenly things came up for discussion. Happy the man whose dual nature is thus symmetrically developed. Small natures are usually undeveloped natures. Many other Talmages by nature now dig in the field, copy in the studio, or "stand all the day idle." The world rolls out before us every moment golden opportunities. Talmage saw them and used them. We may see them and treasure them. Reader, study this potent character and then move up where you ought to be.



April 24, 1902.

AUTHENTIC LIFE

OF

T. DEWITT TALMAGE

CHAPTER I.

DEATH OF THE GREAT PREACHER.

HIS LAST STRUGGLE FOR LIFE—AFTER A PAINFUL ILLNESS THE ELOQUENT DIVINE PASSES AWAY AT HIS WASHINGTON HOME—SCENES SURROUNDING HIS DEATHBED—HIS LAST WORDS—HE MET DEATH AS HE HAD LIVED, FEARLESSLY AND WITH ABIDING FAITH.

Thomas DeWitt Talmage, the great rhetorician and powerful preacher, has ended his life work. The final scenes of a busy life have closed. Death came to him in his beautiful home in Massachusetts, avenue, Washington, D. C., Saturday evening, April 12, 1902, at nine o'clock. Surrounded by the family that he loved so well, but all unconscious of the loving care, Dr. Talmage slipped from this into another and brighter world.

FACED DEATH WITH A SMILE.

Always an optimist, he faced death with a smile on his bright face, and seemed to welcome release from exacting cares and duties which had always crowded thick upon him. Dr. Talmage, although seventy years old, was hale and vigorous up to this last illness, which prostrated him while traveling in Mexico. Each day brought its alternate hopes and

fears for his recovery, but it was not to be. The message which, sooner or later, must come to all, had come to the great preacher, and found him ready to meet it. Sustained by a Higher Power, without complaint or murmur, he bravely bore his sufferings.

By his death-bed sat Mrs. Talmage, who had been his counsellor and companion for several years, and near him was his daughter Maud, a bride of a few days. Despite the happiness of the honeymoon, the home was in utter darkness—a house of death. The wedding of the daughter, long planned to be a happy epoch in the family life, was pathetic in the extreme. Dr. Talmage hoped and expected that he would perform the ceremony, giving the winsome girl to her husband. Instead, he was upon his death-bed, all but unconscious and barely able to recognize the young woman whose happiness he had planned to further.

Dr. Talmage's death will be as helpful to Christians as was his life and deeds. Not less eloquent than the most beautiful of his sermons was the manner of his death. With Christian fortitude and faith unshaken, he went fearlessly to meet the God he had so long and faithfully served.

It had been evident for some days immediately preceding his death that there was no hope of his recovery and the attending physicians so informed the family. The patient gradually grew weaker until life passed away so quietly that even the members of the family, all of whom were watching at the bedside, hardly knew that he had gone. The immediate cause of death was inflammation of the brain.

LAST WORDS TO HIS DAUGHTER.

The last rational words uttered by Dr. Talmage were on the day preceding the marriage of his daughter, when he said: "Of course I know you, Maud." Since then he was unconscious until his death.

At Dr. Talmage's bedside, besides his wife, were these members of his family: Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, Chicago; Mrs. Warren G. Smith, Brooklyn; Mrs. Daniel Mangam, Brooklyn; Mrs. Allen E.

Donnau, Richmond; Mrs. Clarence Wycoff and Miss Talmage, Washington.

Aside from the family of the great preacher and the attending nurses, the only other person present was Dr. Talmage's old friend, Dr. T. Chalmers Easton, pastor of the Eastern Presbyterian Church, of Washington.

DIED WITHOUT THE SHADOW OF PAIN.

"It was just as the hands of the clock pointed the hour of nine," said Dr. Easton, sadly, "when the soul of the good man passed away. I offered a consolatory prayer as the soul of Dr. Talmage passed across the great unknown. His end was most peaceful and he died without the least shadow of pain."

The last day of Dr. Talmage's life passed as the two days which preceded it. The patient was simply dying. His vital force was ebbing slowly away. Dr. G. L. Magruder attended him through his illness, but as complications became more serious, called in advice. The congestion of the brain grew out of an effusion, or accumulation of fluid, the pressure of which caused a deadening of sensibilities and gradual death. The exact cause of death was the pressure of this fluid on the brain, as in the case of apoplexy, when the rupture of a blood vessel permits a great flow of blood to bear down upon the vital organs.

Several days previous to Dr. Talmage's death Dr. Magruder called upon for assistance Dr. A. B. Richardson, the superintendent of the Government Hospital for insane. Dr. Richardson is a specialist in brain troubles, and it was hoped he might be able to administer treatment which would bring relief. All he could do, however, was to direct Dr. Magruder in methods calculated to make the patient comfortable. He saw almost immediately that there was no chance for ultimate recovery. About the same time the services of Dr. C. W. Richardson were requested. The latter is a specialist in affections of the throat and nose. His services were sought in the hope he could relieve the

troublesome conditions arising from the severe attack of catarrh. He succeeded in a measure, although his duties, for the most part, were similar to those of the other consulting physician. He endeavored to make Dr. Talmage's last hours pass with as little pain as possible.

DR. TALMAGE'S VIEWS OF DEATH.

T. DeWitt Talmage was not afraid of death. About ten years ago he wrote a most beautiful description of the death of a Christian and also of the death of such as had not embraced Christianity.

"You may have noticed," he wrote, "at this time of the year that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand withered, and uncomely, and ragged, waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday gilds them with no beauty. Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. So death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness, or one blast of the cold waters, and they are gone! No tinge of hope! No prophecy of Heaven! Their spring was all a-bloom with bright prospects; their summer thick-foliaged with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. They were frosted! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts.

FROSTS AT LIFE'S SUNSETS.

"But some morning you look out of the window and say: 'There was a black frost last night'; and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men and women seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here, and nip them there. But after awhile death comes; it is a black frost and all is ended! Oh, what withering and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them—their house, their families, their friends, their books, their

pictures—and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They hang their harps on the willow, and trudge away into everlasting captivity. They quit the presence of bird and bloom, and wave, to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. The bower in which they stood, and sang, and wove chaplets, and made themselves merry, has gone down under an awful equinoctial. No funeral bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition. But, thank God, that is not the way people always die! The leaves of the woodbine are never so bright as they are in late autumn. So Christian character is never so attractive as in the dying hour. Such go into the grave, not as a dog, with frown and harsh voice, driven into a kennel, but they pass away calmly, brightly, sweetly, grandly! Like the sunset of a beautiful autumnal day, they slowly and gently sink behind a bank of rest.

PREPARE FOR A LONG LIFE.

"My advice to all is: Lay out your plans for a prolonged lifetime, while you are particular to be prepared to go at any time the Lord may call. Some of the best work the world has ever seen was done after the time when most people think they must stop. Izaak Walton wrote some of his best biographies after he was eighty-five. Christopher Wren kept on with architecture until he was eighty-six. Cato learned the Greek language at eighty. Hobbes, at eighty-seven years of age, translated the 'Iliad.' Fontenelle wrote vigorously at ninety-nine years. Monaldesco penned the history of his times at one hundred and fifteen years of age.

LIFE IS BEING PROLONGED.

"But I am glad for the human race that life is being prolonged. Take off of it the years we are getting ready to work and the years we are getting ready to die, and instead of lives being, as in the time of the psalmist, a hand-breadth, it got down to a finger-breadth. Beside the additional opportunity that is allowed for work by this improved lon-

gevity, there is an increased opportunity for enjoyment. It is far more interesting to live now than in former ages. What the old patriarchs did with four or five hundred years on their hands I know not. There was so little to see, life must have become awfully monotonous. There were no railroads to take them to any other place. They had no better light than a dull candle. Their next neighbors had lived there as long as from the time of the discovery of America until now.

"But in our day there is so much to see and hear, as well as so much to do, that life is filled with novelties and entertainments, and while I would not ask for an earthly residence as long as that of Nahor or the shorter-lived Methuselah, I would risk, if I had the opportunity, a couple of centuries.

"But the healthiest mood and the most Christian mood is to be ready to stay or to go as the Lord decrees it, and there is nothing that I know of that can put one and keep one in such a state of composure and placidity as the Christian religion. We want to wait for sailing orders, if to move to some work in this world, cheerfully to go at it, and if to move to another world, to embark with glowing expectation of safe arrival in a port where we shall be greeted by those who have gone before, and where we shall wait for those who come later."

THE DECEMBER OF OUR LIVES.

"I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we ought always to be ready; but we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night, 'I wish I might

die before morning!' He is now an infidel. But there are times when we ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no by-path, no circuitous route. Die we must; and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail and the eyes will close and the heart will stop. But this ought not to be a depressing theme; who wants to live here forever?

LOOKING TOWARD THE SUNSET.

"The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining. But yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds, and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven; but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sideaches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone-bruise or festers with the thorn, or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an eye that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any in your wardrobe to keep your arm in that place."

CHAPTER II.

HIS LAST ILLNESS—IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE TRIP TO MEXICO WITH HIS WIFE AND DOCTOR FOR HIS HEALTH—HIS ILLNESS GROWS SERIOUS—THE RACE FOR HOME—A FORCED REST AT NEW ORLEANS FOLLOWS BAD NEWS AT SAN ANTONIO—HOME AT LAST AND GRADUAL LOSS OF HOPE AND STRENGTH—HOW HE KEPT THOSE ABOUT HIM HOPEFUL TO THE END.

Early in the winter Dr. Talmage, with his wife and physician, had gone to Mexico in search of health and recreation. The noted divine had every comfort, every luxury that could be secured, and was receiving much benefit from his extended tour through the southern republic until early in March. Then came an attack of influenza, induced by the high altitude of his temporary residence. That was on March 3, and he was immediately ordered home by his physician.

ILLNESS DEVELOPS ALARMING SYMPTOMS.

The trip to Washington was immediately begun and every care was taken to prevent fatigue. Necessarily the progress was slow, for it was desired to go by easy stages. In spite of the travel the patient apparently did well until San Antonio, Texas, was reached. It was from this point that the first alarming news came to the friends of Dr. Talmage, and immediately fears arose for his safety.

March 13 Dr. Talmage and his party had reached New Orleans, and there it was necessary to stop over a day to enable the patient to rest and prepare for the journey north to Washington. Even at this time it seems that Mrs. Talmage and the other friends in attendance did not realize the acute stage of his illness. Mrs. Talmage then said that she had every reason to expect that Dr. Talmage would be himself after two weeks of rest and careful nursing at his home. This did not prove to be the case

Although hopeful news and optimistic reports of his condition came from the bedside of Dr. Talmage, he steadily became worse, and, though fighting the battle of his life, lost ground continually until death became the victor. All that medical science and fond and loving care could do to stay the progress of the disease was done. Drs. G. Lloyd Magruder, C. W. Richardson and A. B. Richardson were in attendance constantly at his bedside. Consultation after consultation was held and bulletins were issued to the eager public, each telling of a more critical condition than the previous one.

Two days before his death the great painter of words and architect of phrases passed into an unconscious state. He was suffering from congestion of the brain, complicated by a very inflamed condition of the cerebellum. This followed naturally the inroads of influenza and catarrh.

Dr. Talmage throughout his life was blessed with the best of health, and from his birth to his sixtieth year never had a real day of sickness. He once remarked: "I have never missed preaching a sermon because of any ailment except one, and then I was more mentally exhausted than in any way physically troubled. I attribute this constancy of good health to God's goodness and to the care which I have always taken of myself. How have I kept my health? is asked. In a nutshell I answer: By trying to observe the laws of nature, taking plenty of exercise, getting all the sleep I can, eating healthful food, avoiding all rich dishes, and studying the delightful art of cheerfulness."

TALMAGE ADVISES PLENTY OF SLEEP.

Dr. Talmage was a firm believer in sleeping as long as he could. "I believe in sleep," he said, "and resort to it a great deal. I go to bed as early as I can each day and get up when I am rested, but not before. Generally this is at six o'clock each morning. But I do not believe in the old theory of 'early to bed and early to rise' being applicable to our time at all. In the first place, because a man cannot get early to bed, and

if he retires at eleven or twelve o'clock at night, as the demands of social life may sometimes compel him, it is very foolish for him to get up at six. A man should sleep until he is rested. One habit I have formed is that of dropping off into short naps. Even if I can only secure a nap of five minutes' duration, I find it refreshes me. When on the cars, I sleep every chance I get. I believe if our business men could in some way work in a fifteen minutes' nap in the middle of each day it would mean years of life to thousands of them. For an active man, a man active with the brain, there is no tonic so good, so beneficial or exhilarating as sleep. Thank God for sleep, I say! It is one of the sweetest boons ever vouchsafed to man. It has done much for me, and I wish it might do as much for thousands of busy men whom I constantly meet.

"I can deliver two sermons on Sunday, with all the accompanying reading of hymns and prayer offerings, and feel as fresh vocally at the close of the service as when I ascended the pulpit. And this is due simply to my steady adherence to nature's laws."

ADVICE TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM SICKNESS.

Many persons in sickness wrote letters to Dr. Talmage asking for advice and sympathy, and it was impossible for him to answer in person all who wrote him. In a newspaper article several years ago he addressed all such in the following beautiful terms:

"My friends, but few of us are entirely well. Not one out of ten is thoroughly sound in body, and this is no exaggerated statement. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of ailments. There is some one form of disease that each of us is peculiarly subject to. One has a weak side or back, the other is subject to headaches, or faintnesses, or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life, or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous—as if

that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an indescribable loneliness in your sufferings; but God knows; God feels; God compassionates. He counts the sleepless nights; He regards the acuteness of the pain; He estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle, and count the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the vials filled with nauseous draughts, and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle in which He hath gathered all our tears.

"AS THE NIGHT COMES, SO COMETH THE MORNING."

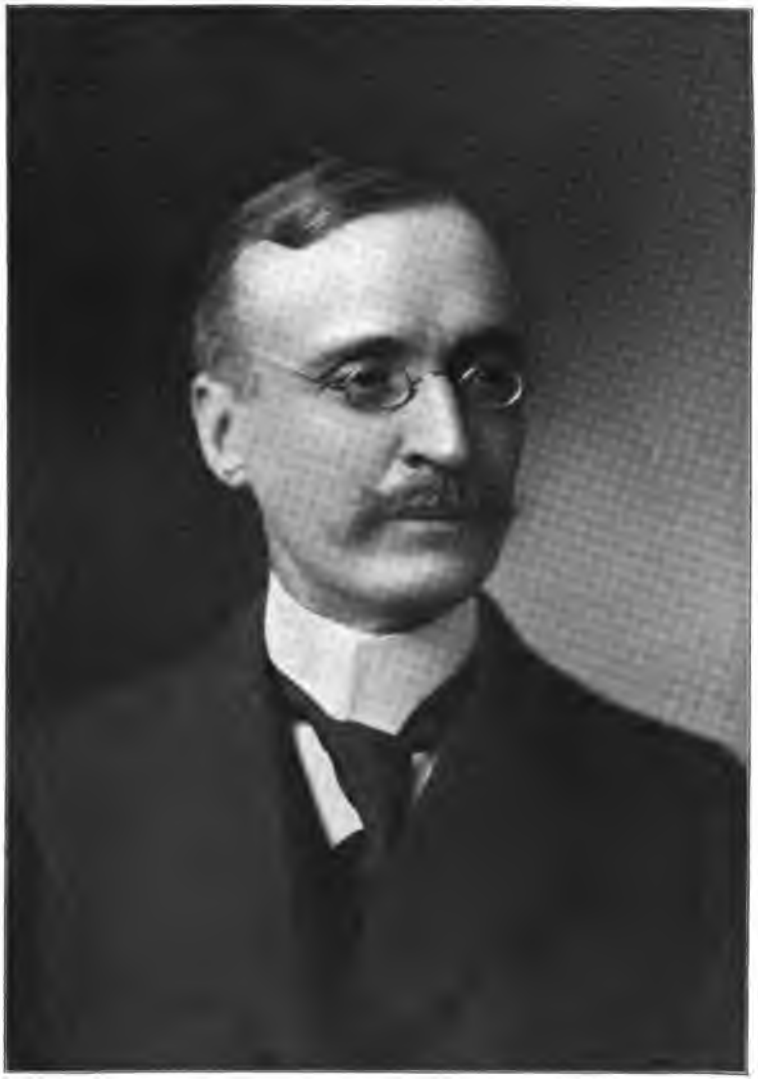
"God keeps a tender remembrance of all our sicknesses. To every sick-bed in the universe would I say: Be of good cheer, dear sorrowing heart, this world is not only of pain. As you suffer now, so shall you rejoice hereafter. Do not allow yourself to grow disconsolate. As the night comes, so cometh the morning, and as the most violent rain-storm is followed by glorious sunshine, so shall all the sick-beds of this world be transformed into thrones of gold. We are here but for a little while, and we help to make that time pleasant just in proportion as we keep our spirits buoyed up.

AFTER THE TOILS OF LIFE.

"Those of us who were brought up in the country remember, when the summer was coming on in our boyhood days, how we always longed for the day when we were to go barefooted, and after teasing our mothers in regard to it for a good while, and they consented, we remember the delicious sensation of the cool grass on that dusty road when we put our uncovered feet on it. And the time will come when these shoes we wear now, lest we be cut of the sharp places of this world, shall be taken off, and with unsandaled feet we will step into the bed of the river; with

feet untrammeled, free from pain and fatigue, we will gain that last journey; when, with one foot in the bed of the river, and the other foot on the other bank, we struggle upward; that will be heaven. Oh, ye army of departed kindred, we hail you from bank to bank. Wait for us when the Jordan of death shall part for us. Come down and meet us halfway between the willowed banks of earth and the palm groves of heaven."

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand
And cast a wistful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!"



REV. JOHN RUSK, PH. D.



Yours Fraternally
Russell H. Conwell

CHAPTER III.

BIRTHPLACE AND BOYHOOD.

EARLY INFLUENCES—HIS LIFE UPON THE FARM—HIS PARENTS OF GOOD STOCK—SCHOOLBOY DAYS AND DEEDS—COLLEGE DAYS—A FOLLOWER OF BLACKSTONE.

Although stated in every biography ever written about the great preacher, Thomas DeWitt Talmage was not born in Bound Brook, New Jersey. Instead, his birthplace was a very humble farm house near Gateville, New Jersey. It was then a distinct township, but since then it has been absorbed into the town of Bound Brook, and hence arises the confusion regarding his birthplace.

TALMAGE'S FATHER AND MOTHER.

The child who was destined to attract the whole world by his eloquence was born January 7, 1832. His father was a farmer of the sturdiest stock of that sturdy New Jersey type which has made the state famous in history. His mother was a cultured woman of great refinement and intense religious inclination. He was a merry lad, living out of doors, romping and working as most farm lads do in acquiring a fine physique, which stood him in good stead in the strenuous life that he led throughout his manhood. He behaved much as ordinary farm boys do, and being one of twelve children, necessarily had much to contend with as far as boyhood matters went. His parents, and in fact all his ancestors, were the sturdiest possible stock. All were vigorous—energetic. From them he inherited membership in the Reform Church, a strong religious faith and intense optimism. With these things and a strong constitution, Thomas Talmage, the boy, passed through his school days. He was a student that gave close attention to all his tasks, and made rapid progress in the graded

schools of the home town. Studiously inclined, he was aided by his parents in securing a higher education, and entered at an early age the University of the City of New York. There he took a very strong course in law, and had made up his mind to follow Blackstone throughout his life. Graduating with high honors from this university of high standing, he continued for more than a year to prepare himself for following the footsteps of the great lawyer to whom all law students look up. About this time, however, theological and religious topics began to have the ascendency in his mind, and he was not quite sure of the law as the profession most suited to him. Doubts assailed him as to the wisdom of continuing. Still he kept on, studied hard, attended trials, read law cases and pored over legal lore, burning the midnight oil night after night in a great and honest endeavor to become a luminary of the legal world. But this was not to be, for opposing influences were at work both in the mind of the embryo lawyer and in members of his immediate family.

In response to queries about his boyhood, entrance into the ministry and pastorate, Dr. Talmage once said:

HIS OWN STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD.

"I know of nothing peculiar about my boyhood except that which now seems very strange and inexplicable—my fondness for religious literature. I read Scott's Commentaries when too small to sit on a chair. They were placed on a chair while I sat on a little stool. I surely could not have understood them. There was not much except religious literature in our house, but there was a great abundance of that.

"As I grew toward manhood I started out for the law and studied within six months of being licensed. I spent a great deal of my boyhood in the court rooms of Somerville, New Jersey. They have always had a peculiar fascination for me. They have to-day. Father was sheriff of the county and I used to go to the court room when I got out of school. Fred Freelinghausen was then the leading lawyer of the region. He

was a great lawyer and had a mode of statement before a jury that was very charming. Father and Theodore Freelinghausen, who ran for vice-president with Clay, were very intimate. However, notwithstanding all this fondness for the law, I was turned into the ministry under the impression that I ought to preach the Gospel. I believe it was a divine impression. Then I entered New Brunswick Theological Seminary, and determined to go to China as a missionary, where my brother was spending his life. I wrote to him that I would join him and would have done so but for one obstacle which stood in the way—the difficulty of learning a foreign language. I was told that many missionaries after a life-time of work were hardly able to preach intelligently to the natives. As I was always very poor in learning foreign languages I became so impressed with this idea that I did not dare undertake the mission. Hence I determined to preach the Gospel in my own country."

SCHOOL LIFE OF YOUNG TALMAGE.

From a very early age Dr. Talmage was a close student. He began to attend school when about seven years of age, and he said himself, "I think I stuck to my books pretty well, that is, for a boy. I was fond of play, of course, and was out in the open air a great part of the time. I played all the games known to the young, and I was as eager for a day's fishing or a good horseback ride as any boy of my size. There was nothing systematic in all this, however. I took life as it came. When night came on I sought my bed, and for ten subsequent hours knew nothing of what transpired in the world. I slept well, and as a boy I do not think I ever went to bed later than eight o'clock or arose later than six in the morning.

"But at a certain period of my life, 'Comb's Physiology' came into my hands. It was at that time the standard work of its kind. At once my eyes were opened to the wonderful mystery of our being. I learned then a truth that I have never since forgotten—that a transgression of the laws of nature is always followed, sooner or later, by a reckoning.

Nature is an exquisite mechanism. If she gets out of order, she will call an accounting at some time or other, and lay up for repairs. A knowledge, appreciation and observation of nature's laws is incumbent upon every one."

HE DID NOT LIKE COD-FISH.

"I finished my education in the city. My hours of mental work differed. I studied hard and persistently. Some days I would spend twelve hours over my books; sometimes ten; and now and then very few. I still continued, and am now, in the enjoyment of a full-grown appetite. There is not an article of food that I cannot eat with a great deal of satisfaction—except codfish. I like that three blocks off or more. In all my life, I never missed but one meal, and I would not have missed that if there had been anything to eat within ten miles. I was on the top of one of the Alleghany Mountains, and half a day's tramp from the nearest cabin. So it was not my fault that I missed my meal on that occasion. I eat at regular hours. My breakfast I always have at seven o'clock; a light luncheon precisely at noon, and at half after six o'clock I enjoy my heartiest meal. I never allow anything to interfere with the strict observance of this regularity. I eat what I can relish best, but never eat so much that I could not eat something else; hence I always arise from the table in a comfortable state of body and of mind. After my noontide meal, I always take an hour's nap. This calls the blood away from the brain and enables the stomach to do, in the best possible manner, its work of digestion. And I believe, too, that one of the chief reasons of my continued good health is found in my non-indulgence in tobacco and liquors."

BECAME A CHRISTIAN AT EIGHTEEN.

T. DeWitt Talmage became a Christian at the age of eighteen. In this same year he entered the University of the City of New York. It is not recorded that he was an exceptionally brilliant scholar, but from

the first he displayed a talent in oratory and a dramatic capacity which attracted much attention on exhibition days. As a scholar of belles-lettres he was without a rival among his contemporaries.

At the close of his studies Talmage took up the law, remaining in a law office for three years. Then at the age of twenty-one it became manifest to him that his talents must be directed elsewhere—an awakening which carried him, like his brothers before him, into the ministry of Christ. It was not without a struggle that he finally made up his mind to give up his hopes of success in the legal profession, and he met his new duty not without doubts and many misgivings.

Had he so chosen Dr. Talmage might have become famous as a star in the theatrical world. His dramatic ability was great indeed; in fact, it was the dramatic element which he blended into his powerful sermons in later years that added not a little to his unparalleled success in the pulpit.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MINISTRY GAINS A NEW RECRUIT AND THE LAW LOSES AN APPRENTICE.

AFTER MUCH DISCUSSION YOUNG TALMAGE QUITS THE LAW AND STUDIES FOR THE MINISTRY—GETS HIS FIRST CHURCH—STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG PASTOR—ACCEPTS A CALL TO A LARGER CHURCH—MOVES AGAIN AND BREAKS AWAY FROM OLD FORMS IN PREACHING—HIS FAME GROWS.

One can scarcely imagine the rejoicing there was in the zealously religious family of the elder Talmage when the law student, Thomas DeWitt, burned his law books, threw away his Blackstone, tore up his manuscript and quit the law forever as a profession. The family had been praying over this thing for weeks and months, and had been struggling with the son and brother to compel him to recognize that destiny called him to the pulpit and not to the bar. Their prayers and labors were at last successful, and in 1853 he entered the New Brunswick, New Jersey, Seminary of Theology and struggled hard with the questions of theology, wrestled with the hard, knotty problems and catechism of the Reform Church, and finally became a minister after years of studious and concentrated effort.

FIRST PASTORATE OF DR. TALMAGE.

His very first charge was the little, almost tiny, Reform Church in Belleville, New Jersey, a picturesque church on the banks of the beautiful Passaic. Here he labored and struggled with his congregation as every young and ambitious minister in every denomination must. Oftentimes he was discouraged to the point of despair, and it seemed to him that he never would be released from the small confines of this first charge of his and enter a field where he could have larger usefulness. He was growing, however, in power and eloquence, in strength

and manhood, and not many years elapsed before he was called to a town that was almost a city, and where he would undoubtedly have greater influence, and where there were undoubted possibilities for great growth and development.

It was in 1859 that the eloquence of the Belleville minister attracted the attention of some of the good Reform Church people of Syracuse, New York. Although only twenty-seven years old, young Talmage passed all the manifold requirements of a large and fashionable church. In that same year he was given the pulpit of the Reform Church in Syracuse. His congregation was composed of critical, cultured, highly educated professional men and women. It put him on his mettle. He had a chance to risk himself here before this congregation, and he took the risk. He put himself heart and soul into the work, labored long and earnestly over his sermons, used words dexterously, coined eloquent phrases and became a rhetorician in the pulpit that attracted wide attention. The First Church could not keep him. After three years of service, in 1862, he was called and accepted the pulpit in the Second Reform Church in Syracuse, where he had an even wider field and more critical auditors in his pews. Here he broke away entire from the forms and conventionalities that had held preachers of his denomination in a vise-like grip for generations. He removed himself entirely from the stereotyped pulpit manners and usages, and this added greatly to his fame, which was spreading very fast. He was beginning to be known all over the state, and his name was really attracting attention in other states near by. Here he served like Jacob, seven years, and as he was beginning to long for a large kingdom and greater usefulness, came the opportunity of his life.

During this time his marvelous power of presenting religious truths in language lofty enough for the cultured and simple enough for the plainest people began to be fully recognized, and before he left, the church was unable to hold one-fourth of the multitude who sought admission.

ATTRACTS ATTENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

When he took charge of it the Second Reformed Dutch Church in Philadelphia was an institution of little influence. He put new life into it and drew a crowd almost from the start. He attracted general attention in the Quaker City by his sensational methods. By many he was declared a pulpit clown, but despite detraction his congregation continued to grow in size until the church was inadequate for its accommodation.

An illustration of his methods, which provoked criticism in some quarters which bordered on the vituperative, is found in the press reports of the day. It is given as a fair sample of his sensationalism. One Sunday morning when the time came for him to deliver his sermon, he walked to the extreme edge on one side of his fifty-foot platform, faced about, and suddenly started as fast as he could jump for the opposite side. Just as everybody in the congregation expected to see him pitch headlong from the further side of the platform he leaped suddenly into the air and came down with a crash, shouting, "Young man, you are rushing toward a precipice." And he then proceeded to deliver a moving sermon upon the temptations and sins of youth in a big city.

By such methods he drew thousands of persons to the church, and, as it was said, the church treasurer complained that there were thousands of cents in the contribution plates.

Mr. Talmage's comment on his style of preaching was: "My positive mode of preaching seems to stir the hostilities of all earth and hell."

ORIGINALITY IN TALMAGE'S SERMONS.

Dr. Talmage was nothing if not original. He once said that what every minister needs is a fresh message every Sunday from the Lord. He would sell cheap all his parchments of licensure to preach. God gives his ministers a license every Sabbath and a new message. He sends

none of us out so mentally poor that we have nothing to furnish but a cold hash of other people's sermons. "Our haystack is large enough for all the sheep that come round it, and there is no need of our taking a single forkful from any other barrack."

"Sermons are successful not according to the head involved in them, but according to the heart implied. With such a beautiful Gospel to preach, such a message of bewildering grandeur to impart, such visions of heavenly glory to depict, I cannot understand how a man can do aught than preach from his heart. And where there is such a man who lacks the heart to preach that gospel, my tears are far more ready for him than my censure."

THE SECRET OF HIS POWERS.

Speaking of the secret of his own powers, Dr. Talmage once said: "I take the subjects that are interesting people all around me every day, and particularly at the moment. I jot down my notes in a little book, and always try to get down the precise point I wish to make. Then I take all available sources of information on that point and sift them thoroughly, avoiding beaten tracks. I suppose I have preached more sermons than any one living on texts that are overlooked by other preachers. I revise my work and boil it down, making it as pungent and epigrammatic as possible,, and then dictate it to get the oratorical effect. I've found my subjects in odd, out-of-the-way places, in a locomotive train, on a hotel piazza, in a patent office report, in a rainstorm."

Dr. Talmage's greatness, it is generally conceded, can be ascribed to his power as an orator. Coupled with this he had the talent of simple and trenchant interpretation of the scriptures. He was a Christian of the old school, if that expression may be employed. He did not run much to new thought, higher criticism or creed reform. He clung tenaciously to a plain, pure programme of everyday morals and right living.

AS TO THE LENGTH OF SERMONS.

A good old Presbyterian elder once complained of the length of the sermons preached in the church he attended, and asked Dr. Talmage how long he believed a religious service should continue. Dr. Talmage replied: "Some say a sermon ought to last twenty minutes, others say thirty minutes, and others forty, and others an hour, and prayers should be three minutes long, or five or fifteen. Now, you might just as well discuss how long a frock coat ought to be, or how many ounces of food a man ought to eat. In the one case, everything depends upon the man's size; in the other, everything on the capacity of his stomach. A sermon or a prayer ought to go on as long as it is of any profit. If it is doing no good, the sermon is half an hour too long, though it take only thirty minutes. If the audience cough, or fidget, or shuffle their feet, you had better stop praying. There is no excuse for a man's talking or praying too long if he have good eyesight and hearing. But suppose a man have his sermon written and before him. You say he must go through with it? Oh, no. Let him skip a few leaves. Better sacrifice three or four sheets of sermon paper than sacrifice the interest of your hearers. But it is a silly thing for a man in a prayer-meeting or pulpit to stop merely because a certain number of minutes have expired while the interest is deepening—absurd as a hunter on track of a roebuck, and within two minutes of bringing down its antlers, stopping because his wife said that at six o'clock precisely he must be home to supper. Keep on hunting until ammunition gives out."

CHURCH CELEBRATES FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Had not Dr. Talmage been stricken with his last illness he would have been present at the services in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of the Second Dutch Reformed Church of Philadelphia, which occurred on Easter Sunday, March 30, 1902. This is the church in the pulpit of which Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage

won his way to fame, the eminent minister having been pastor there for the seven years preceding his call to the Presbyterian Tabernacle, Brooklyn.

Dr. Talmage had been looking forward to this event with happy anticipations, but his trip South in hopes of finding a speedy recovery for his physical ills cut short his hopes.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT INVITED TO ATTEND.

President Roosevelt, a member of the denomination, had also been invited to attend, but was unable to do so. He sent a note of regret, however, in which he expressed best wishes and congratulations to the church, and this was read at the commemoration services. It was as follows:

"My Dear Dr. Williamson:—I sincerely appreciate the cordial invitation which you so kindly extended to me to attend the fiftieth anniversary exercises commemorative of the organization of your church, and am really very sorry that it will not be possible for me to be present. I send to you and to the officers and members of the church my heartiest congratulations and best wishes in the anniversary occasion. Faithfully yours, THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Of the one hundred and forty members which constituted the church at its birth only one is still living, and she, Miss Julia Le Van, was present at the exercises. In appreciation of her presence the officers of the church presented her with a bouquet of fifty roses.

The exercises comprised a historical sermon by the present pastor, Rev. Dr. William Hall Williamson, in the morning, and addresses by Rev. Dr. William H. Clark, of Detroit, Mich., and Rev. Dr. C. P. Masden, of Milwaukee, Wis., former pastors, in the evening. Both services were largely attended.

In his sermon Rev. William H. Williamson gave a detailed historical sketch of the church and a brief biography of each of its former pastors.

HISTORY OF THIS FAMOUS CHURCH.

The church was organized March 29, 1852, under the title of the Second Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Philadelphia. The lot on which the church stands was purchased from Joseph J. Sharpless for $13,000, and the total cost of the structure, including furniture, organ and so forth, was $38,000. The corner stone was laid April 21, 1853. The church was dedicated March 5, 1854, Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune preaching the sermon.

Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Berg was the first pastor, having been elected at its organization in 1852. Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage followed Dr. Berg. He was installed pastor April 17, 1862, and remained till March, 1869. In January, 1870, Rev. Isaac S. Hartley became pastor. He remained less than two years, resigning November 1, 1871. He was succeeded by Rev. Charles P. Masden, who remained till October 25, 1879, when he resigned and went back to the pastorate in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The church next extended a call to Rev. N. I. Rubikam, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Pittston, Pa., who was installed pastor May 12, 1880.

On May 11, 1886, Rev. Dr. William H. Clark was installed as pastor. He remained till May 1, 1891, and was succeeded by Rev. William H. Tracy, who remained pastor till his death in the fall of 1895. Rev. E. W. Greene was installed as pastor January 15, 1897, and remained till May, 1898, when he resigned to become pastor of the Reformed Church of Keyport, N. J. The present pastor, Rev. William H. Williamson, began his labors there on January 1, 1899.

TALMAGE'S VIEWS OF HEAVEN.

About ten years ago Dr. Talmage expressed his views of heaven. His treatment of the subject caused some criticism at the time, but his expressions were principally idealistic, and the language used was most beautiful. "I cannot fancy heaven," said he, "as a stately, formal

place, a very frigidity of splendor, where people stand on cold formalities and go round about with heavy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evening-tide by the fire-place, your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has been long absent. He has been absent for years; you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is—who shall give him the first embrace? That is my idea of heaven; a great home-circle where they are waiting for us. Oh! Will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others have given you the formal 'Mister?' Will you not know your child's voice? She, of the bright eye and the quiet step, who came in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven in your soul; it cannot wear out. If that little one should stand on the other side of some heavenly hill and call to you, you would hear her voice above the burst of heaven's great orchestra. Know it? You could not help but know it.

HOW TO SPELL HEAVEN.

"No, no! Do not tell me that heaven is stiff and formal. Sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it. You used to spell it h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now when you want to spell that word, you place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before—in songs and halleluiahs!

"Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh, how much you will have to tell them when once you meet them! How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over;

the heartaches; the loneliness; the sleepless nights; the weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of the vacant chair and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn-out, never to be worn again; just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. Talking it all over, walking in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! Beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are! Heaven where we expect to be!

"Heaven must be populated. There is not so much room on the western prairies and table-lands for more settlers as there is room in the upper country for more people. Heaven has only one want, and that is of greater population. It is sparsely inhabited yet, as compared with its future citizenship. The crowns are not half taken, nor the robes half worn. Heaven is like a house in which a levee is to be held at ten o'clock. At nine o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vestured, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illuminated, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread. A few have entered, but heaven is not yet fully begun. They have only sung the opening piece."

CHAPTER V.

HIS ELOQUENCE SAVES A DYING CHURCH.

YOUNG MINISTER ACCEPTS CALL TO BROOKLYN CHURCH—FAME AND FORTUNE BURST UPON HIM—THOUSANDS COME TO HEAR HIM—BUILDS THE FIRST TABERNACLE—HIS SERMONS ATTRACT WIDE ATTENTION—BECOMES A RIVAL OF HENRY WARD BEECHER—ELOQUENCE CAPTURES THE PRESS, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

Late in 1869 three large churches sent calls to the young preacher. One of these was a Chicago church, another was from Massachusetts, and the third and last was from a little congregation in Brooklyn. This church was dying. The call was signed by but nineteen out of the entire membership of thirty-five. To all of the young preacher's advisers the Brooklyn call seemed the least desirable of all, for it seemed that the church had gone beyond redemption and that it would be a hopeless task for any one, no matter what his ability or how great his eloquence, to attempt to revivify it.

THE CALL TO BROOKLYN.

Yet in spite of all advice to the contrary, and the apparent utter hopelessness of the prospect, the courageous young preacher accepted the call of the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. In spite of the dire prophecy of the wiseacres and perhaps the forebodings of his own nature, his success in the new surroundings was instantaneous and ever greater. Before he went there the small church had been sparsely attended, if not quite deserted. As if by magic the old church took on new air, and drawn by the magnet of power and eloquence, twelve hundred worshipers came to every Sunday and week-day service. Standing room became scarce, then the four walls were by far too narrow for the hundreds who would hear the young and

brilliant minister who had performed the miracle of the resurrection of the dying church. When he found that scores and hundreds were being turned away from his church every service day, Dr. Talmage began to clamor for a new and larger edifice. He did not propose to build an ordinary church, a trifle larger than the one in which they were worshiping, but he had an audacious scheme for that time. He proposed to erect a great barn-like structure of wood and corrugated iron that would seat three thousand and accommodate perhaps a thousand more if need be. Money was given lavishly for this new project, and in 1870 the original Tabernacle was ready for occupancy and dedicated with great religious ceremony. It was filled that day to overflowing, and every Sunday after that there was not a vacant seat. Indeed, the magnetic power of Dr. Talmage increased month after month and year after year until in 1872 this sanctuary, then great for its time and place and purpose, had to be enlarged. A rather complete addition was made to it, and the congregation believed that at last they had grown up to the power exhibited by their famous minister.

ELOQUENCE RIVALS THAT OF BEECHER.

The church walls, however, never contained one-tenth of his congregation. Becoming a rival of Henry Ward Beecher, the giant pastor of Plymouth Church, the eloquence and fire and brilliancy of Dr. Talmage's sermons attracted the attention of the press in this country and abroad. His Sunday and Friday discourses were reported fully in both religious and secular press, and soon he was speaking to millions of men and women every time he mounted the pulpit in that rather inelegant but commodious building known as the First Tabernacle.

Dr. Talmage's language, while forceful and eloquent, was simple, and it required no advanced scholar to understand his words. Plain and to the point he was, and he did not scan the lexicons to find big words with which to dazzle his congregations.

As a brilliant example of his phrasing of words, the following



DUTCH REFORM CHURCH—PHILADELPHIA.

This picture shows the church where Dr. Talmage was pastor previous to his call to Brooklyn. His fame as an orator was just beginning to spread abroad.



DUTCH REFORMED CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

Interior view during celebration of Fiftieth Anniversary of Dedication of Church.

extracts from an Easter discourse will be read with unflagging interest:

EASTER DAY A DAY OF BEAUTY.

"With blooming lily and tulip and crocus, the earth throws off the icy embrace of winter and welcomes the first harbinger of spring-time. How fitting it is that the flowers should first spring forth into beauteous bloom to welcome the day of a resurrected Christ! Easter day has always had for me a singular suggestive beauty; a time of the year when I feel as if the goodness of God is closer to me than at any other. Full of beauty is the Easter-tide, and fuller still of the lessons it can teach us!

"There are one or two things which the world and the Church, I think, have not noticed in regard to the resurrection of Christ; especially, our Lord in gardener's attire. Mary Magdalene, grief-stricken, stands by the rifled sarcophagus of Christ, and turns around, hoping she can find the track of the sacrilegious resurrectionist who has despoiled the grave. As she turns she finds some one in working apparel come forth, as if to water the flowers, or uproot the weeds from the garden, or set to uplifting the fallen vine—some one in working apparel, his garments perhaps having the sign of the dust and the dirt of the occupation.

AN EVERY-DAY CHRIST FOR EVERY-DAY WORK.

"Mary Magdalene, on her face the rain of a fresh shower of weeping, turns to this workman and charges him with the desecration of the tomb, when lo! the stranger responds, flinging his whole soul into one word, which trembles with all the sweetest rhythm of earth and heaven, saying, 'Mary!' In that peculiarity of accentuation all the incognito fell off, and she found that instead of talking with an humble gardener of Asia Minor she was talking with Him who owns all the hanging gardens of heaven. Constellations, the clusters of forget-me-

nots, the sunflower the chief of all, the morning sky and midnight aurora, flaring terraces of beauty blazing like a summer wall, with coronation roses and giants of battle. Blessed and glorious mistake of Mary Magdalene. 'She supposing Him to be the gardener.' What does that mean? It means that we have an every-day Christ for every-day work, in every-day apparel. Not on Sabbath morning, in our most seemly apparel, are we more attractive to Christ than we are in our every-day work dress, managing our merchandise, smiting our anvil, plowing our field, tending the flying shuttles, mending the garments of our household, providing food for our families, or toiling with weary pen, or weary pencil, or weary chisel.

CHRIST IN A GARDENER'S GARB.

"If Christ had appeared at daybreak, with a crown upon His head, that would have seemed to suggest especial sympathy for monarchs; if Christ had appeared in chain of gold, and with robe diamonded, that would have seemed to be especial sympathy for the affluent; if Christ had appeared with soldier's sash and sword dangling at His side, that would have seemed to imply especial sympathy for warriors. But when I find Christ in gardener's habit, with perhaps the flakes of the earth and of the upturned soil upon His garments, then I spell it out that He has hearty and pathetic understanding with every-day work, and every-day anxiety, and every-day fatigue. Roll it down in comfort all through the homes of the land. Tell it in the darkest corridor of the mountain to the poor miner; tell it to the factory maid in most unventilated establishment; tell it to the clearer of roughest new ground in Western wilderness; tell it to the sewing-woman, pricking a stitch in her side for every stitch in the garment—those women whose cruel employers have no more right to think that they will get through the door of heaven than that they could through the eye of the broken needle which has just dropped on the bare floor from the pricked and bleeding fingers of the consumptive sewing girl.

SHADOWS OVER THE GRAVE.

"Another thing that the world and the Church have not observed in regard to this resurrection, and that is, it was the morning twilight. If the chronometer had been invented, and Mary had had as good a watch as some of the Marys of our time have, she would have found it was about half-past five o'clock a. m. Matthew says it was the dawn; Mark says it was at the sunrising; Luke says it was very early in the morning; John says it was while it was yet dark. In other works, it was twilight. That was the o'clock at which Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for the gardener.

"What does that mean? It means there are shadows over the grave unlifted, shadows of mystery that are hovering. Mary stooped down and tried to look to the other end of the crypt. She gave hysteric outcry; she could not see to the other end. Neither can you see to the other end of the grave of your dead; neither can we see to the other end of our own grave. Oh! if there were shadows over the family plot belonging to Joseph of Arimathea, is it strange that there should be some shadows over our family lot? Easter dawn, not Easter noon.

IN THE MORNING TWILIGHT.

"Shadow of unanswered question! Why were they taken away from us? Why were they ever given to us if they were to be taken so soon? Why were they taken so suddenly? Why could they not have uttered some farewell words? Why? A short question, but a whole crucifixion of agony in it. Why? Shadow on the graves of good men and women who seemed to die before their work was done; shadow on all the graves of children, because we ask ourselves why so beautiful a craft was launched at all if it was to be wrecked one mile outside the harbor? But what did Mary Magdalene have to do in order to get more light on that grave? She had only to wait.

"After a while the Easter sun rolled up and the whole place was

flooded with light. What have you and I to do in order to get more light on our own graves, and light upon the graves of our dear loved ones? Only to wait; it is not the evening twilight that gets darker and darker. It is the morning twilight that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Sunrise over Pere le Chaise, sunrise over Greyfriars Churchyard, sunrise over Greenwood, over Woodlawn, over Laurel Hill, over Mount Auburn, sunrise over every country graveyard, sunrise over the catacombs, sunrise over the sarcophagi where the ships lie buried. Half past five o'clock among the tombs now, but soon to be the noonday of explanation and beatitude. It was in the morning twilight that Mary Magdalene mistook Christ for a gardener.

CHRIST'S CREDENTIALS.

"Another thing the world and the Church have not observed: that is, Christ's pathetic credentials. How do you know he was not a gardener? His garments said he was a gardener. The flakes of the upturned earth scattered upon His garments said He was a gardener. How do you know He was not a gardener? Before Easter had gone by He gave to some of His disciples His three credentials. He showed them His hands and His side; three paragraphs written in rigid or depressed characters; a scar in the right palm, a scar in the left palm, a scar amid the ribs! That is the way they knew Him; that is the way you and I will know Him. Ay, am I saying too much when I say that that will be one of the ways in which you and I will know each other—by the scars of earth; scars of accident, scars of sickness, scars of persecution, scars of hard work, scars of battle, scars of old age!

"When I see Christ's resurrected body having scars, it makes me think that our remodeled and resurrected bodies will have scars. Why, before we get out of this world some of us will be covered with scars all over. Heaven will not be a bay into which float summer yachts after a pleasuring, with the gay bunting and with the embroidered sails as fair as when they were first unfurled. Heaven will be more like a navy-

yard where men-of-war come in from Trafalgar and Lepanto, men-of-war with masts twisted by a cyclone, men-of-war struck on all sides by seventy-four pounders, men-of-war with decks scorched of the shell, old Constitutions, old Constellations floating in discharge from service to rest forever! In the resurrection Christ credentialed by scars. You and I will be credentialed, and will recognize each other by scars. Do you think them now a disfigurement? Do you think them now a badge of endurance? I send you the glorious thought at this Eastertide, they are going to be the means of heavenly recognition.

"Many of us, too, I think, are apt to overlook in the resurrection of Christ the fact that Christ from Friday to Sabbath was lifeless in a hot climate where sanitary prudence demanded that burial take place the same day as death, and where there was no ice to retard dissolution. Yet, after three days He comes up so healthful, so robust, and so rubicund, Mary Magdalene takes Him for a gardener. Not supposing Him to be an invalid from a hospital, not supposing Him to be a corpse from the tomb, but supposing Him to be the gardener. Healthful by the breath of the upturned sod, and by a perpetual life in the sunshine.

CHARLES THE FIFTH OF SPAIN.

"Charles the Fifth, of Spain, with his servants and torches, went down into the vault of the necropolis where his ancestors were buried, and went deeper, farther on until he came to a cross around which were arranged the caskets of his ancestors. He also found a casket containing the body of one of his own family. He had the casket opened, and there by embalmer's art he found that the body was as perfect as eighteen years before when it was entombed. But under the exploration his mind and body perished. Oh, my readers, do not let us morbidly struggle with the shadows of the sepulchre.

"After Christ's interment every cellular tissue broke down; and nerve, and artery, and brain were a physiological wreck, and yet He

comes up swarthy, rubicund, and well. When I see after such mortuary silence such radiant appearance, that settles it that whatever should become of the dead bodies of our Christian dead, they are going to come up, the nerves restrung, the optic nerve reillumined, the ear drum avibrate, the whole body lifted up, without its weaknesses and worldly uses, for which there is no resurrection. Come, is it not almost time for us to go out to meet our reanimated dead? Can you not hear the lifting of the rusted latch? Oh, the glorious thought, the glorious consolation of this subject when I find Christ coming up without any of the lacerations, for you must remember He was lacerated and wounded fearfully in the crucifixion—coming up without one. What does that make me think?

WHEN WE BECOME IMMORTAL ATHLETES.

"The grave will get nothing of us except our wounds and our imperfections. Christ went into the grave exhausted and bloodless. All the currents of His life had poured out from His wounds. He had lived a life of trouble, sorrow, and privation, and then He died a lingering death. His entire body hung on four spikes. No invalid of twenty years' suffering ever went into the grave so white and ghastly and broken down as Christ, and yet, as I said in a paragraph just before, here He comes up so rubicund and robust she supposed Him to be the gardener. Ah! all the sideaches and the headaches and the backaches and the legaches and the heartaches we will leave where Christ left His. The ear will come up without its heaviness, the eye will come up without its dimness, the lungs will come up without oppressed respiration. Oh, what races we will run when we become immortal athletes! Oh, what circuits we will take when all earthly imperfections subtracted and all celestial velocities added, we shall set up our residence in that city which, though vaster than all the cities of this world, shall never have one obsequy!

"Almost within a few days of another anniversary of the day which

celebrates the shattered masonry of our Lord's tomb, I point you to a world without hearse, without muffled drum, without tumulus, without catafalque, and without a tear! Amid all the cathedrals of the blessed no longer the "dead march in Saul," but whole libretti of hallelujah chorus. Oh, put trumpet to lip, and finger to key, and loving forehead against the bosom of a risen Christ! Glorious Easter!

THE LESSONS OF EASTER.

"What are the Easter lessons to us? Subjects of a conquering Lord who yet calls us not servants, but friends, shall we not work for Him with greater zeal and more conscious fidelity in days to come, than in the past? Shall we not take it to our hearts that He is living and present, not absent and dead? He is ours and here. Sometimes we talk about our Jesus as if He had once been with us, but, as if now, in the serenity of Heaven, He had removed to an infinite distance. We make of our Savior an abstraction, and our teachings of Him fall on the hearts that hear like icicles, and glance off hard, glittering and cold. Not so, dear friends; Jesus, the Christ, is to-day

> "'No dead fact stranded on the shore
> Of the oblivious years,
> But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
> A present help is He;
> And faith has still its Olivet,
> And love its Galilee.
> The healing of His seamless dress
> Is by our beds of pain,
> We touch Him in life's throng and press,
> And we are whole again.'

"Let us talk of our Master, and work for Him as if He were here, and close to us. In our prayers let us press near and take hold of the hand that was pierced. Let us ask that angels may roll the barriers of unbelief away from all our hearts, and so, on the 'stepping-stones of our dead selves,' let us mount to things higher and nobler."

CHAPTER VI.

TRIUMPHS OVER PURSUING FIRE FIEND.

FIRST TABERNACLE DESTROYED BY FLAMES IS REBUILT—ARDOR AND ELOQUENCE WIN—FIRE DESTROYS SECOND TABERNACLE—MORE MAGNIFICENT EDIFICE ERECTED BY PERSISTENT PASTOR—WONDERFUL CHURCH AND PULPIT OF THE GREAT DIVINE.

Fire has seemed to be a nemesis as far as Dr. Talmage is concerned. Scarcely had the addition been finished to the first building when the whole structure was completely destroyed by fire. That was in December, 1872. But without a word of discouragement or complaint, with the optimism of his nature, and with vim and vigor, Dr. Talmage began the work of collecting funds for a new and greater tabernacle. This time he proposed to make it large enough, and so when the plans were drawn they called for a seating capacity of five thousand, and with wide and spacious aisles and foyer which gave standing room for a thousand additional. The old iron and wood structure was not duplicated in this new tabernacle, for on the site of the old and homely building arose a vast cathedral-like amphitheatre, elegant in design and finish, and quite impressive, both interior and exterior. With even more impressive ceremonies than before, this second tabernacle was dedicated January 22, 1874.

POWER AND INFLUENCE WITHOUT LIMIT.

Even with all this capacity for great audiences hundreds and hundreds were turned away at every service conducted by Dr. Talmage. His power and influence seemed to have no limit, and it was a question whether he or the great Beecher was exercising greater world influence. At this time it was estimated that Dr. Talmage's sermons were heard or read by ten million persons every week. In fact, his

words spanned the globe, for the papers in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Cork, Dublin, Montreal, Toronto, the cities of Australia, New Zealand, France, Germany, Sweden and Russia printed in full the wonderful sermons so filled with eloquence and power uttered by this former farmer's boy in far-away Brooklyn.

Fire again destroyed this new tabernacle, and again left Dr. Talmage without a church, but did not dampen his ardor or diminish his enterprise and energy. With greater fervor than before began the work of securing funds for a third and greater tabernacle. The fire had wiped out the second tabernacle in October of 1889, and the embers were hardly cool before the vigorous pastor was planning ways and means for the new edifice. This time he had greater difficulty than ever before, but at last succeeded in carrying out his pet project, and on a new site the walls of the magnificent Norman church slowly grew to completion. This new church is at the corner of Clinton and Green avenues, in the most fashionable section of Brooklyn, and was one of the finest churches architecturally ever erected in this country. Massive but finely lined and graceful in design, the church boasted the finest acoustic properties of any American church, and perhaps at that time the most commodious amphitheatre. As an example of modern church architecture it attracted attention far and wide, and added to the immense fame of the pastor. It was finished in 1891, and dedicated with ceremonials commensurate with the grandeur and beauty of the building.

For fifteen years Dr. Talmage preached to audiences which crowded his church to the doors. He was also engaged in active editorial work, in publishing volumes of his sermons, the circulation of which from week to week in newspaper publications was enormous, and in lecturing in all parts of the country. Out of his relations with "The Christian at Work" arose his trial by the Brooklyn Presbytery in 1881 on charges of "falsehood and deceit," preferred by "common fame," in accordance with Presbyterian discipline. The charges were

pushed by the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, although the ostensible prosecutors were the Rev. Arthur Crosby and the Rev. Archibald McCullagh; but Dr. Talmage was ably defended by the Rev. Dr. Spear, and the result was a Scotch verdict of "not proven," for the Presbytery voted by about two to one to dismiss the charges, and a subsequent appeal to the Synod of New York failed.

One of the features of the services at the Tabernacle was having congregational singing instead of a choir. For years the seats were all free, sittings being assigned to regular attendants, but in 1883 the sale of the pews at auction was adopted. At that time a newspaper man asked Dr. Harrison A. Tucker, president of the board of trustees, how many the church would seat. Dr. Tucker replied:

"Well, we have had them counted and the pews will seat 2,650, but the Dominie (Dr. Talmage) always says 4,650. He sees things large."

If Dr. Talmage, as Dr. Tucker said, "saw things large," he nevertheless continued to expound his religion in a broad-minded manner, and his words lost nothing in force as the years went on.

"HALF-AND-HALF" PROFESSORS OF RELIGION.

"I think," said he, "that the church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One half the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, and enthusiastic service of Christ, and cheerful self-denial, an overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half-and-half professors ought to do—either withdraw their names from the church-roll, or else go so near the fire as to get warm."

Dr. Talmage once wrote that the religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker

was a sirocco of the desert; the religion of Renan was the romance of believing nothing; the religion of Thomas Carlyle was only a condensed London fog; the religion of the Huxleys and the Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base.

A BELIEVER IN A LIVE CHURCH.

Dr. Talmage was always an advocate of what he termed "live" churches. He wanted action and spirit and enthusiasm. He wanted to hear his congregation sing with a vim and a go. He wanted the financial end of his church looked after in the same manner as a business man would look after his own individual business affairs. "A live church is prompt in its financial engagements," he said. "Every religious institution has monetary relations. The Bank of England ought to be no more faithful in the discharge of its obligations than ought the church of Jesus Christ. If a church standing in any community fails to pay its debts, it becomes an injury to the place where it stands, instead of a blessing. All religious institutions ought to be an example to the world for faithfulness in the discharge of monetary obligations. There are a thousand things that prayer will not do. Prayer will not paint a church, prayer will not purchase a winter's coal, prayer will not pay an insurance, prayer will not support the institutions of religion. A prayer never goes heaven high unless it goes pocket deep. All our supplication in behalf of religious institutions amounts to nothing, unless we are willing, so far as God has prospered us, to contribute for their support.

HALF STARVED MINISTERS.

"I might at this point say that there are many churches of Jesus Christ in our land that are utterly failing in this direction. There are a great many of the ministers of religion half starved to death. 'Thank

you,' said a minister from the far West, when some friends from the East sent him a few extra dollars; 'thank you, sir. Until that money came we had no meat in our house for three months, and our children this winter have worn their summer clothes.' There is no more ghastly suffering in the United States to-day than is to be found in some of the parsonages of this country. I denounce the niggardliness of many of the churches of Jesus Christ, keeping some men who are very apostles for piety and consecration, in circumstances where they are always apologetic, and have not that courage which they would have could they stand in the presence of people whom they knew were faithful in the discharge of their financial duties to the Christian Church. Alas! for those men of whom the world is not worthy. Do you know the simple fact that in the United States to-day the salary of ministers averages less than six hundred dollars, and when you consider that some of the salaries are very large, you, as business men, will immediately see to what great straits many of God's noblest servants are this day reduced. A live church will look after all its financial interests, and be as prompt in the meeting of those obligations as any bank in all the cities.

LACK OF PUNCTUALITY IN CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

"A live church will be punctual in its attendance. If in such a church the services begin at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, the people will not come at a quarter of eleven. If in such a church the services begin at half-past seven o'clock in the morning, the people will not come at a quarter of eight. In many churches there is great tardiness. The fact is, some people are always late. They were born too late, and I suppose they will die too late. It is poor inspiration to a Christian minister, when in preliminary exercises, half the people seated in their pews are looking around to see the other half come in. It is very confusing to a minister of religion when, during the opening exercises, there is the rustling of dresses through the aisle, and the slamming of doors at the entrance.

SHOULD BE NO PRELIMINARY EXERCISES.

"There ought to be no opening, preliminary exercises. There is a grand delusion in the churches of Jesus Christ on this subject. There must be no preliminary exercises. The very first word of the invocation is as important as anything that may come after. Scripture lesson, the voice of God to man, while a sermon may be only the voice of man to man. And happy is that church where all the worshipers are present at the beginning of the services. I know there is a difference in timepieces, but a live church goes by railroad time, and everybody in every community knows what that is. No man goes to take the limited express train to Washington at five minutes past ten o'clock if the train started at ten. In many of the households of Christendom, every Sabbath morning the family might well sing that old hymn:

"'Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face.'

MUSIC THAT COMES IN A DRIZZLE.

"Yes, I go further, and tell you that in every live church all the people take part in the exercises. A stranger can tell by the way the first hymn starts, whether it is a live church. It is a sad thing when the music comes down in a cold drizzle from the organ loft, and freezes on the heads of the silent people beneath. It is an awful thing for a hymn to start and then find itself lonely and unbefriended, wandering around about, after a while lost amid the arches. That is not melody to the Lord. In heaven they all sing, although some sing not half as well as others. The Methodist Church has sung its way around the earth. A man on fire with the Gospel, as John Wesley preached it, has taken his place in the far West, and on Sabbath morning has come out in front of his log cabin and sung:

"'A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify.'

"And they heard it on the other side the forest, and they gathered around the doorstep, and after a while a church grew up, and they had a great revival, and all the wilderness heard the voice of God. A church that can sing can do anything that ought to be done. In this great battle for God let us take the Bible in one hand and the hymn book in the other, on the way to triumphs without end, and to pleasures that never die. Sing!"

LIBERAL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NEW TABERNACLE.

The burning of the second tabernacle delayed Dr. Talmage's start on his trip to the Holy Land, but he delayed his journey only long enough to see his congregation temporarily installed in the Academy of Music. Contributions for the third building poured in rapidly, and on the day of its dedication $22,000 were taken in. The new building was a great improvement on its predecessor, having a larger auditorium and two galleries instead of one. Thus once more the indefatigable preacher triumphed over the pursuing fire fiend.

CHAPTER VII.

CELEBRATES A SILVER JUBILEE.

WONDERFUL DEMONSTRATION MARKS THE COMPLETION OF A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF PREACHING IN BROOKLYN—AFFAIR TAKES ON INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER—THREE DAYS OF PRAISE AND GLORIFICATION—MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF THOUSANDS FROM DISASTER—GREAT BUILDING DESTROYED BY FIRE JUST AS LAST OF JUBILEE CELEBRANTS WERE LEAVING—FLAMES BURN ROOF OVER DR. TALMAGE'S HEAD.

Dr. Talmage, after twenty-five years of service in the Brooklyn pastorate, startled his congregation January 21, 1894, by announcing his resignation. Weighted down by heavy cares, and the pressure of a tremendous church debt which it seemed was not to be lifted, Dr. Talmage determined to take a long vacation. His resignation came at the end of a sermon of unusual eloquence through which had run a sorrowful vein. His text was: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." After he had finished his sermon proper he said: "This coming spring I will have been the pastor of this church twenty-five years, and a quarter of a century is long enough for any minister to preach in one place. At that anniversary I will resign this pulpit to be occupied by such persons as you may select.

"Though the work has been arduous because of the unparalleled necessity of building three great churches, two of them being destroyed by fire, the field has been delightfully blessed of God.

TO PREACH BY BOTH VOICE AND PRESS.

"No other congregation has ever been called to build three churches, and I hope no other pastor will ever be called to such a fearful undertaking. My plans after resignation have not been developed, but I shall preach both by voice and newspaper press so long as my life and health are continued.

"From first to last we have been a united people, and my fervent thanks are to all the boards of trustees and elders, whether of the present or past, and to all the congregation and to Brooklyn.

"I have no vocabulary intense enough to express my gratitude to the newspaper press of these cities for the generous manner in which they have treated me and augmented my work for this quarter of a century.

"After such a long pastorate it is a painful thing to break the ties of affection, but I hope our friendship will be renewed in heaven."

PLANS FOR THE SILVER JUBILEE.

The announcement of his resignation came like a thunderclap out of a clear sky. The congregation left the edifice in melancholy silence, but resolved fully to make the quarter century celebration of their pastor's service a silver jubilee indeed. Indeed, they proposed to make it an international event. A mass meeting of the leading citizens of Brooklyn took the matter into their own hands and wrote thus to Dr. Talmage:

"Brooklyn, March 30, 1894.

"Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.,

"Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle, Brooklyn, New York:

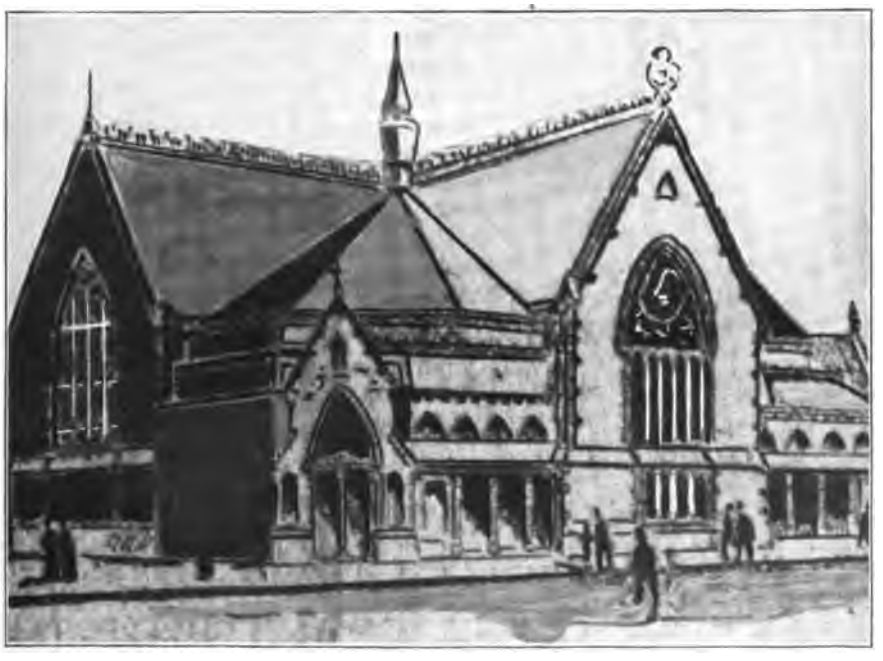
"Rev. and Dear Sir: The forthcoming completion of the twenty-fifth year of your pastorate at the Brooklyn Tabernacle offers a convenient and welcome opportunity to appropriately testify to our high appreciation of your distinguished services for God and humanity, and by public demonstration to emphasize our endorsement of the great and good work you have done for our city, our nation and the world.

"We therefore respectfully request you to appoint a day when you will meet such of your fellow citizens as may feel disposed to join in honoring one who, for a quarter of a century, has held so prominent a



FIRST TABERNACLE—BROOKLYN.

Begun in 1870, finished in 1871 and destroyed by fire in 1872.



SECOND TABERNACLE—BROOKLYN.

The corner stone of the second Tabernacle was laid 1873, and the formal opening was held the following year. Like its predecessor, the second Tabernacle was destroyed by fire in 1889.



THE GREAT BROOKLYN TABERNACLE BEFORE THE FIRE.

THIRD TABERNACLE—BROOKLYN.

Two Tabernacles had been built and destroyed by fire, but Dr. Talmage's zeal continued. The third Tabernacle was completed for Easter Sunday, 1891, just two years after the second was destroyed.

place among the public teachers of the age, and with the assurance of our profound esteem, we are, very sincerely yours,

"CHARLES A. SCHIEREN, Mayor,
"B. F. TRACY, Ex-Secretary of the Navy, and others."

To this Dr. Talmage made the following reply:

"To his Honor, Mayor Schieren, and the Reception Committee:

"Dear Friends: I feel more gratitude than I can express for your generous letter inviting me to appoint a time and place where some kind expression can be made concerning my twenty-five years of service in Brooklyn. The invitation is the more impressive because it is signed by friends of all professions and occupations, and in all denominations of religion. I accept your invitation and suggest that the meeting proposed be held the second week of May in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, if such time and place are convenient.

"Again thanking you for this evidence of friendship and good neighborhood, I am, yours heartily,

"T. DEWITT TALMAGE."

A MEMORABLE CELEBRATION.

The celebration was one that will never be forgotten. The great building was splendidly and elaborately decorated within and without. The celebration began May 10. It will be always remembered by those who had the good fortune to participate. This is what Dr. Talmage said of it himself:

"Dear Mr. Mayor and friends before me, and friends behind me, and friends all around me, and friends hovering over me, and the friends in this room and the adjoining rooms, and the friends indoors and out of doors—forever photographed upon my mind and heart is this scene of May 10, 1894. The lights, the flags, the decorations, the flowers, the music, the illumined faces will remain with me while earthly life lasts, and be a cause of thanksgiving after I have passed into the great beyond. To-night I think that the heavens above us are

full of pure white blessings. My twenty-five years in Brooklyn have been happy years. Hard work, of course. This is the fourth church in which I have preached since coming to Brooklyn. This church had its mother and its grandmother and its great-grandmother. I could not tell the story of disasters without telling the story of heroes and heroines, and around me in all these years have stood men and women of whom the world was not worthy. But for the most part these twenty-five years have been to me great happiness."

This beginning of the celebration was intensely local in character; the second night took on the characteristics of an international event. Participating in it by speech, letters and presence were, from all parts of the world, famous men and distinguished women eager to offer tribute to the preacher who has scattered the Gospels to every land. General B. F. Tracy, the presiding officer of the evening, made a speech in which he paid eloquent tribute to the power and influence of Dr. Talmage. He said in part:

GENERAL TRACY'S ELOQUENT WORDS.

"Last evening Brooklyn honored itself by a celebration, local in scope, but this evening the celebration takes on a wider character. It becomes national, even international. And it is fitting that it should be so. While Dr. Talmage for the last twenty-five years has been heard in Brooklyn, his sermons delivered here have been read the world over. No preacher of to-day, or of any day, or of any time, has been so generally heard and so widely read as Dr. Talmage. His sermons are published every week in more than three thousand newspapers, each of which reaches thousands upon thousands of readers. There is scarcely a village in the United States from Maine to Texas or from New York to San Francisco in which the sermons delivered in this tabernacle are not regularly published in full every week. The same is true of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and India, and they have been translated into more than a half a dozen different

European languages. It is believed that these sermons of Dr. Talmage enter week by week more than five millions of homes, and are placed within the reach of more than twenty millions of people. No minister of the Gospel in the world's history ever commanded in his lifetime so great an audience, and no stronger proof could be given that this man teaches what the world needs to hear, that he truly ministers to the souls of men. This is the secret of the influence which our friend has exerted, that in bearing the message he speaks a language which finds a response in every human heart."

OTHER NOTABLE SPEAKERS.

William M. Evarts spoke also in eulogy of the great preacher, and Patrick Walsh, United States Senator from Georgia, delivered a brilliant tribute to the worth of the words and deeds of Dr. Talmage. Letters, telegrams and cablegrams were read from hundreds of persons. All were filled with admiration for the pastor of the church and of commendation for the jubilee program. Among those who participated thus in spirit were the Archdeacon of London, Canon Wilberforce, Bishop of London, ex-President Harrison, governors of many states, prominent ministers throughout the country, several members of the Supreme Court and from famous persons in all the walks of life.

SAD CONCLUSION OF THE JUBILEE.

The silver jubilee was concluded by a service at noon on Sunday, May 13. The immense tabernacle was packed to the very doors. Six or seven thousand people were inside the four walls and hundreds of others unable to gain admittance. Dr. Talmage preached with more than usual eloquence, and at the conclusion of the sermon invited all persons in the vast audience to come forward for a final handshake. While the organist played the Talmage Jubilee March, thousands of men and women shook hands with the vigorous minister and passed out of the building. Not a score of persons remained when an hour

later Mrs. Talmage discovered fire leaping from the top of the organ from which the organist was still pouring the strains of the Jubilee March. In an incomprehensively short time the entire building was on fire, Dr. Talmage and his family barely escaping the falling walls. The roof of the beautiful edifice may truthfully be said to have burned over his head. His escape, like that of the entire congregation, was miraculous. One shudders to even contemplate the awful consequences had the fire broken out when that great amphitheatre was densely packed with humanity.

CHAPTER VIII.

TALMAGE'S VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND.

THE NOTED DIVINE GOES TO PALESTINE—MAIN OBJECT IS TO WRITE A LIFE OF CHRIST—HE PREACHES ON MARS' HILL—BAPTISM IN THE RIVER JORDAN.

In the month of October, 1889, T. DeWitt Talmage boarded a steamer at New York, bound for the Holy Land. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter and several friends, and was determined to see with his own eyes the many memorable places connected with the life of Christ.

STUDYING FOR HIS "LIFE OF CHRIST."

One of the chief objects of Dr. Talmage's journey to Palestine was to gather material for his "Life of Christ." He felt that by walking on the very ground trod by our Savior he would be the better prepared to depict the wonderful happenings in the life of the Master.

Although a rough voyage was predicted across the Atlantic at that time of the year, all the passengers were joyously disappointed, the trip proving the smoothest of voyages—in fact sunny skies greeted the travelers all the way across and through Europe to Egypt.

TALMAGE LEARNED TO LOVE OLD OCEAN.

Although in his younger days ocean travel was a source of great discomfort to the good doctor, he soon learned to love the water, and in one of his letters dwelt in eloquent terms on the beauties of the sea.

"Oh, the joy of the sea!" he wrote. "The vessel bounds like a racer on the home-stretch, bending into the bit, its sides flanked with

the foam, and its white mane flying on the wild wind. You drop the world behind you. Go to Long Branch, to Bar Harbor, to Saratoga or to Sharon Springs, and your letters come, and the papers, but it would be hard for cares to keep up with an ocean liner. They cannot swim. They could not live an hour in such a surf. They are drowned out, and are forgotten. With care behind you, you breathe the delicious freedom of a free man!

"Oh, the beauty of the sun on the ocean! On the land, when morning comes, it seems to run up from the other side of the hills, and, with its face red from climbing, stands looking through the pines and cedars. On the sea, it comes down from God out of heaven on ladders of light to bathe in the water, the waves dripping from their ringlets and sash of fire, or throwing up their white caps to greet her, and the sea gull alights on her brow at the glorious baptism. No smoke of factory on the clear air. No shuffling of weary feet on the glass of the water-pavement. But Him of Genesareth setting His foot in the snow of the surf, and stroking the neck of the waves as they lick His feet and play about Him."

A STUDY OF HIS FELLOW PASSENGERS.

Dr. Talmage was always a close observer of his fellow men, and a good reader of character. He had ample opportunity on shipboard to put into use these faculties. So many styles of character come together on shipboard that they are a perpetual study. On this subject the doctor wrote:

"Men by the third day turn inside out. (I refer to their characters and not to their stomachs.) Their generosity or their selfishness, their opulence of resource or their paucity, their courage or their cowardice, are patent. What variety of mission! This one goes to claim a large estate; this one to culture his taste in foreign picture galleries; that one to amass a fortune; this one to see what he can learn. On some the time hangs heavily, and they betake themselves to the "smoking

room." Since coming on board some of them have lost all their money by unsuccessful wager. Two or three have won everything, and the others have lost. They have bet about the speed of the ship—bet that it would be over four hundred and seventy-five knots a day, bet that it would be less, bet that the number of miles run would be an even number, bet that it would be odd. Pools, pools, pools! Pools of betting that are pools of sin!"

PREACHES ON MARS' HILL.

The party made a short stop at Patras, Greece, and thence to Corinth and Athens—the land of the classics. On the day after their arrival at Athens they visited the Acropolis and Dr. Talmage preached on Mars' Hill. Afterward the travelers were presented by the Prime Minister to the Queen of Greece, whose welcome was most gracious.

From Greece the party went to Palestine, where a lengthy stop was made for extended study.

"The three months I spent in the Holy Land," said the doctor, "have been three months of tremulous excitement. Again and again I have been overcome with emotion as I visited and saw with my own eyes—yes, touched with my own hands—the things Christ saw and touched. Leaving aside all questions of sacred association and historical suggestiveness, Palestine, the natural scenery itself, is majestic beyond description. I took my dragoman one afternoon just as the sun was setting and, pointing to the landscape before me, I said: 'I have stood on the summit, I have gone through the Yosemite Valley, but never before have I looked on such a sight as this.'

"The Holy Land is a vast wilderness of mighty rocks, ranging in size from mountains down to the sands of the ocean. These rocks are becoming skeletonized, a process of disintegration is going on, and the lime is melting into the soil and enriching it. The day is coming when the Sea of Galilee, instead of being a desolate sheet of water with a handful of people upon its shores, supporting a meager existence,

will become the source of wealth and commercial activity. Its bosom will be covered with fleets of merchantmen, and thrown beside it will be cities of population reaching into 500,000.

A BAPTISM IN THE JORDAN.

"Every nerve in my body was thrilled as I have reached one place after another and read the gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John on the very spot where Christ went through. I not only recognized the localities by their descriptions but recognized every object referred to in the sacred passages. Had I gone there an infidel, I would have been converted to Christianity. I should have said: 'It is impossible that the Scriptures are concocted or the invention of an impostor.' Think of how I felt when I reached the Jordan after sleeping the previous night in the ruins of Joshua's Jericho! Think of how I felt when a man in our party came and asked me to baptize him. He wished to be immersed in the very waters where our Savior was baptized. I found the candidate a professing Christian and an earnest man, and consented. There was a sheik who preceded our caravan, and his robe was just like a baptismal robe; I put it on, and we found another white robe for the candidate. Then, standing on the shore of the Jordan, I read from my Bible the story of the baptism of Christ when the Spirit of God descended like a dove from Heaven and a voice was heard saying: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'

"My daughter wrote out some copies of a favorite hymn which we sang at home, and all present—friends, pilgrims and strangers—joined in singing it there on Jordan's bank. Then we went down into the water, and under willows still green in midwinter I baptized the Christian. That was the most overwhelming moment of my life."

On the way from Jericho to Jerusalem the heat of the sun nearly overwhelmed the travelers. They frequently dismounted and would rest on the ground, taking advantage of what little shade was afforded from the shadows cast by their horses. After a rest in Jerusalem a

trip was made to Bethlehem—the birthplace of Christ. The weather had grown cooler, and it was on a bright, crisp morning that the start from Jerusalem was made. The hills became higher and higher as they proceeded, and the olive trees fewer and fewer. They traveled the road over which the wise men of old went in their search for Christ—the same road which is the dividing line between the birthplace and the place of death of Him who died to redeem the world.

SACRED PLACES IN THE NORTH OF PALESTINE.

After a return to Jerusalem a start was made for a lengthy journey through the north of Palestine. From a hill a few miles out a farewell look was taken of Jerusalem. The road traveled brought the travelers within sight of Mizpah and Gideon, where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. The first night out the party encamped at Bethel, which abounds with incidents connected with the life of Jesus. Here it was that Jacob saw the ladder used by the angels, and on the night of Dr. Talmage's stay there he said that "the heavens were full of ladders—first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens are the angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God ascending and descending."

JACOB'S WELL AND THE TOMB OF JOSEPH.

Proceeding still northward, the next day a visit was made to the tomb of Joseph, whose bones were transported thither from Egypt. Jacob's well was reached during a heavy rain-fall, and within sight could be made out the tops of Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebol, which mean the mount of cursing and the mount of blessing.

A few days later and Nazareth was reached—the place made sacred on account of its being the village in which Jesus spent most of his boyhood days. The road ran through the Valley of Esdraelon and by the beautiful Mount Tabor. One night was spent at a Russian convent, where for the first time in many nights the party had beds in which

to get a comfortable sleep. The way was mountainous, and Dr. Talmage frequently referred to the similarity of the country to that of our own White Mountains.

A CAMP ON LAKE GALILEE.

Cana of Galilee and the Mount of Beatitudes were noted places next on the journey, and a stay on the shores of the Lake of Galilee was of especial interest. A breakfast of fish fresh from the lake was enjoyed by Dr. Talmage. The village of Tiberias was made a stopping point, and a ride on the lake in a combination sail and row boat was a feature of the stay there.

The ruins of Capernaum were seen to advantage, and the visitors climbed over the ancient stone remains of the synagogue wherein Jesus preached oftener than in any other edifice. This was nearly the end of the Palestine journey, and the travelers passed through Syria and into Damascus, thence on to Beyrout and homeward.

WORN OUT BY HIS EMOTIONS.

Although every comfort which the land could provide for travelers was afforded the party, Dr. Talmage was tired out and much worn on reaching Beyrout. The emotions experienced by him at the many sacred places visited, and the living over of so many exciting scenes, left his mind in an extremely nervous state. From six to eight hours a day on horseback in a rough, mountainous country, over the worst of roads, was a trip which would tax the endurance of the strongest man; and when was frequently added to this a drenching, cold rain, some of his discomforts may be easily imagined.

CHRISTMAS SERMON PREACHED AT BEYROUT.

Christmas was spent by the travelers in Beyrout, where is located a Scotch Presbyterian church. Here Dr. Talmage preached to a congregation composed mostly of Syrians, who could, however, understand

English, and he described them as a most attentive people. The music they rendered he called superb.

From Beyrout the islands of Cypress, Rhodes and Patmos were touched at, and from Smyrna a railroad train took the travelers to Ephesus. From there horseback journeys were made to one of the seven churches of Asia and to the theatre and gymnasium. From Ephesus the island of Mitylene was next in the path, where the Greek consul showed them the city and introduced them to high governmental and ecclesiastical officials.

TRIP STRENGTHENS BELIEF IN THE BIBLE.

Dr. Talmage on his return related a story of a distinguished man who visited the Holy Land an infidel and returned a Christian. The noted preacher said of his own feelings, "I came to Palestine a firm believer in the Bible, and returned a thousand-fold more confirmed in the divinity of the Holy Scriptures."

This beautiful excerpt from a discourse delivered by Talmage was undoubtedly inspired by his Holy Land journey:

"Jesus is in the garden one night, and sees the gleam of torches and lanterns. Judas and an armed band are coming to take Him captive. In this rough way ended the season of reflection and recreation. We find here, as elsewhere, that Jesus loved the country. We find Him among the mountains and sitting by the sea. He pressed a lily in His sermon. He caught a bird for a text. He walked in the garden the night of His capture. So it is a good sign when a Christian finds company, and suggestiveness, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. A man can preach better of love and faith and Heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a Christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden."

CHAPTER IX.

TRIUMPHANT TOUR OF THE WORLD.

OVERLAND TO THE PACIFIC—WONDERS OF AUSTRALIA—RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS TO HEAR THE GREAT PREACHER—POMPEII, ATHENS AND ROME EACH RECEIVE A VISIT—IS ENTERTAINED BY THE CZAR OF RUSSIA—SUCCORS THE RUSSIAN POOR.

May 14, 1894—the day following the destruction of the third tabernacle by fire—Dr. Talmage started on a trip around the world. Undertaken originally as a recreation, it became a triumphal tour of the great divine and he was heaped with honors and attention in every country. Dr. Talmage went overland across the broad plains and mountains of the United States, visited the principal cities and show-places of the West and ultimately took a steamer at San Francisco for a sea trip over the peaceful waters of the Pacific. Instead of going directly to Australia, where he was destined to land later, Dr. Talmage brought up first at Honolulu. Here he was offered high official courtesies and was entertained by royalty. He found many things to inspire his imagination in this wonderful land of Hawaiians, and the Island of Lepers made a great impression upon him.

LECTURES IN NEW ZEALAND.

Dr. Talmage touched at Samoa and finally turned up at Auckland, New Zealand, after some rather tempestuous experiences on board ship. Here he lectured to one of the largest audiences on "The Bright Side of Things," though he was scarcely able to stand on account of seasickness and his inability to use his sea legs. A tremendous crowd met him at the pier and immediately proceeded to fill up the Opera House. The good natured preacher had not the heart to disappoint

them and he made smiles and tears come at will as if he were in the best of physical condition and in his own pulpit.

Dr. Talmage's trip from New Zealand to Australia was several times worse than the rough passage across the English Channel. Throughout Australia he lectured in the large cities and traveled everywhere, learning the peculiarities of the great British colonies as few travelers have ever learned them. At Melbourne he delivered one of the famous lectures to an audience that filled the great town hall to its capacity, and then overflowed to the outside. The Brooklyn preacher touched at Ceylon and visited India, made a study of the religions of that densely populated continent, and found much to wonder at in that peculiar religious fanaticism of Brahman and Hindoo. Dr. Talmage and his party penetrated into the densest interior of India to fully study the mystical secrets of that home of all that is mysterious. Egypt came next in the horizon of this indefatigable traveler and he was not content until after he had mounted to the very top of one of the Pyramids. He went outside the beaten paths of tourists and studied carefully the peculiarities of the peoples of the Nile. Dr. Talmage trod the long buried and almost forgotten streets of Pompeii, gazed in sadness on the ruined gems of architecture in ancient Athens, traveled through the Holy Land and lingered in the spots made sacred by Holy Writ and marveled at the ruins of Rome.

Proceeding north the traveler made an extended tour of Russia, where he became convinced there was much untruth circulated about the official government.

INTERVIEW WITH THE CZAR.

Dr. Talmage was invited to the palace of the Czar and was one of the few Americans so fortunate as to enjoy a delightful glimpse of the family life of Alexander III. The interview took place after many formalities, as all such audiences necessarily follow, and the great American pulpit orator found the Emperor standing beside a desk lit-

tered with papers. The Emperor greeted the American with much heartiness, with no pretense, and less artfulness. The interview lasted for half an hour or more. The two men seemed to feel at home with each other from the start. Bidding the preacher farewell, he told him that the Empress would see him, but in another apartment. Dr. Talmage described her as every inch an Empress—a June morning. The royal mother introduced their three children to the American minister. One of them was a daughter seventeen years old. The other children were young and romping. The entire group was full of fun, jolly to the extreme. Dr. Talmage was presented by the Empress with some flowers for his wife, and after an exchange of good wishes he departed for his own quarters, carrying with him an exalted idea of the Christian courtesies and life that prevail in the home of the Czar, heralded everywhere as the most despotic of sovereigns.

THE CHIMES OF MOSCOW.

It was at this time that Dr. Talmage heard the grand bells and chimes of Moscow. He tells of that incident in the following beautiful language:

"I climbed up among the bells and then as I reached the top all the bells beneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens —sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating—and they seemed to wreathe and whirl, and rise and sink, and burst and roll, and mount and die. When Napoleon saw Moscow burned it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and wall of malachite and pillars of porphyry and balustrades of mosaics and visions of lapus lazuli and

architecture of all colors, mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens and the conflagration of morning skies and the green of rich meadows and the foam of tossing seas. The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves or human eyes or human ears. But all that was tame compared with the day of millennial glory that is coming to our world when the bells of joy shall sound, not in the sunset but in the sunrise, ringing out 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' From the domes of all the churches, from the domes of all the palaces, from the domes of all the capitols, from the domes of all the cities, from the domes of all the nations—bells! bells! bells!"

SUCCORS THE STARVING RUSSIANS.

It was at this time that Dr. Talmage appealed more to the humanity of the world by one act than he did by all the other things of his life, including all of his sermons. His humane sympathies were at once aroused by the scene of awful desolation and suffering which surrounded him in many parts of Russia. He appealed at once to the "Christian Herald," with which he was affiliated, for succor for the dying Russians. Urged on by the eloquent letters that Dr. Talmage wrote to this country, the American public responded with great generosity, and thousands upon thousands of bushels of corn and breadstuffs were contributed that the famished might be fed. It was no light task to collect this amount of provender, let alone transport it to Russia, and, once there, deliver it to the ones most in need of it, but none of these difficulties stopped Dr. Talmage for a moment. He urged and plead the terrible necessity of the starving peasants until a full shipload of life-saving food was on the ocean, bound for the Russian ports. Dr. Talmage did not rest at this. He was at St. Petersburg to meet that great cargo and at once took charge of its distribution. Dr. Talmage had made a study of the famine condition that existed in Russia at that time and was thoroughly conversant with the

distribution of the food supplies. The great Brooklyn preacher knew where the American corn and flour would do the most good, and he saw to it personally, and it went straight to its destination. He labored unrelentingly until he was absolutely sure that all of the intended good had been accomplished by that great cargo of American generosity.

PATHETIC SCENES AMONG THE RUSSIAN POOR.

On his return to this country and even before that he told of his reception by the mayor of St. Petersburg, and the pathetic scenes attending the distribution of food to lean, hollow-eyed, cadaverous Russians, who regarded him as a savior. Previous to this distribution of food supplies, Dr. Talmage met the Czar and had learned from other sources that the Emperor of Russia had contributed seventy-five millions of his personal fortune to the relief of these suffering people. He learned, too, that many of the wealthiest men and women of Russia and those of noble family had contributed very heavily to the alleviation of the famine condition; one woman in particular, whose family boasted a ducal coronet and an enormous fortune, had not only impoverished her estate, but had nursed the sick and cared for the dying until she herself became ill of typhoid fever. These examples of self-sacrifice for their own people aroused to the utmost the great humane sympathy of Dr. Talmage, and spurred him on to gain American aid for the suffering millions of the Czar.

Just before this tour of the world was made by Dr. Talmage, the United States was suffering from financial depression and "hard times," but after viewing the condition of affairs in Europe the doctor came to the conclusion that we were better off than our neighbors across the sea, after all.

AMERICA THE PARADISE OF INDUSTRY.

"While I deeply sympathize with the depression abroad," he wrote, "and no man has a heart that more thoroughly bleeds for the people



THE TABERNACLE HIS PULPIT—THE WORLD HIS AUDIENCE.

1869-1894.

Dr. Talmage celebrating the 25th anniversary of his labors in Brooklyn.



DRAWING ROOM IN DR. TALMAGE'S BROOKLYN RESIDENCE.

of this country who are out of work and out of bread, I prophesy national rescue. I believe it will come, just as it has always come before. Just as it is healthful to a man when he is depressed about himself to walk about amid the destitution and the suffering and he will come back thankful to God for all the mercies he has, just so would it do this nation good if it would look across the water and see how other nations have it. So many men in this country out of employ, and yet there is not a land on earth where so many people have productive work as in America.

"After wages have been cut down, as they have been, to the lowest point of reduction, that lowest point is higher than the highest on the other side of the seas. Twenty-five cents a day for work in Ireland. One dollar in England good wages for a day. The laboring classes of this country have it ten per cent better than they have it in any other country—twenty per cent, forty per cent, fifty per cent, seventy-five per cent. The editor of an important paper in London told me his salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. Stand in front of the factories on the other side of the sea, observe the people coming out and follow them to their homes and see what they suffer. The stonemasons, and the carpenters, and the plumbers, and the shoemakers, in our land, and all styles of mechanics and artisans, have finer residences than some of the professional men in England. We go into the house of a mechanic on this side of the sea, and he has pictures, and he has upholstery, and he has an instrument of music. He has his children educated in the best schools; he has his life insured so that in case of his sudden death his family will not be homeless. With all my sympathies aroused in behalf of the laboring classes I want all the men who toil to understand, nevertheless, that America is the paradise of industry."

A DINNER AND A DOG.

While touring the balance of Europe on this world's trip Dr. Talmage wrote voluminous letters and newspaper articles, and related

incidents innumerable of his many experiences. He always had a fondness for all animals and was impressed by the kindness shown by Europeans to dogs. "Europeans caress the dog," he wrote. "He may lie on the mat or sit near the table. The mention of European dogs always recalls to my mind a wretched dinner which some years since I had in the Alps. The dinner was not lacking in quantity or variety, but in quality. There was enough of it, such as it was. The eggs had seen their best days, and the mutton must have been good for two or three weeks after they killed it. A Saint Bernard dog sat near by petitioning for a morsel. The landlord was out, and I saw by the bill of fare I should have high rates to pay. I could do nothing myself toward clearing the plates, and so I concluded to feast our friend of Saint Bernard. So I threw him half an omelet, assuring him first that the amount I gave him would depend on the agility with which he caught it. Either not understanding French or being surprised at the generosity of the provision, he let half the omelet fall to the floor, but he lost no time in correcting the failure. Then I threw him a mutton-chop. With the snap of the eye and a sniff and a long sweep of the tongue over the jaw he said by his looks as plainly as if he had spoken with his lips: 'I like that better. I never get mutton-chops. I think they will agree with me.' When the landlord came in he suspected that some unusual proceeding had taken place between his guest and dog, and so he kicked him out of the room—the dog, that is. The remaining sin within me suggested my treating the landlord as he had treated the mastiff, but my profession, and more especially the size of the man, restrained me. I left the inn more sorry to leave Bernard than his keeper."

CHAPTER X.

TALMAGE AND KING EDWARD'S DOMAIN.

THE GREAT PREACHER KNOWN ALMOST AS WELL IN ENGLAND AS IN HIS OWN COUNTRY—TREMENDOUS SUCCESS IN GREAT BRITAIN BOTH AS LECTURER AND PREACHER—HIS REMINISCENCES OF THAT COUNTRY.

T. DeWitt Talmage crossed the Atlantic between England and the United States nearly a score of times. His first trip across was under the guidance of Major Pond in 1879. The first sermon Dr. Talmage preached in London was in the summer of 1885.

PREACHES IN THE CELEBRATED WESLEYAN CHAPEL.

The sermon was delivered in the celebrated Wesleyan Chapel, behind which is the grave of John Wesley, and in front of which is Bunhill Burial Ground, where lie the bones of John Bunyan, Isaac Watts, Daniel DeFoe, and Horne Tooke. The preacher referred in his sermon to this hallowed ground. The Chapel was crowded to suffocation. During the indoor services several thousand people stood in the front graveyard and in the street, impeding travel, and awaiting Dr. Talmage outside. After the regular service he came into the church porch and addressed the multitude in full voice, and then with a smiling face gave out a stirring hymn, after singing which the populace made the policemen happy by again freeing the thoroughfare.

IMMENSE CROWDS IN EDINBURGH.

Later in the season he preached in the United Presbyterian Synod Hall, Edinburgh, the service beginning at half-past two o'clock. Long before midday people desirous of being present began to assemble at

the main entrance, and on account of the number who had arrived by twelve o'clock it was resolved to open the doors. In less than an hour the spacious building was filled in every part, all the passages and some of the windows even being occupied. The doors were closed shortly after one o'clock, those outside in Castle Terrace, numbering several thousands, being informed by means of bills which were exhibited, that the hall was full. The crowd continued to increase as time wore on, very much disappointment evidently being felt at being unable to gain admission. About two o'clock, however, an intimation that Dr. Talmage would in the course of the afternoon address the gathering in Castle Terrace seemed to afford relief. Meanwhile, several of Sankey's hymns were being sung inside by a choir, and shortly before the appointed time for the commencement of the services, Dr. Talmage made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Mrs. Talmage, and their son and two daughters. After devotional exercises—Professor Calderwood having engaged in prayer—Dr. Talmage gave out as his text, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth." (Joel ii: 30.)

MANY CRUSHED IN THE CROWDS.

At the close of the proceedings Dr. Talmage shook hands with as many of the people as could get near him, but the crowd pressed forward in such a way that those in the front ranks were crushed to an uncomfortable degree, and this put a temporary check upon the leave-taking. Dr. Talmage then re-entered the building, and made his way to the rear of the hall, where a cab was in waiting for himself and family. Upon his appearance a crowd rapidly assembled, eager to shake hands with him, and crowded around the cab in such a way that it could not move until the police cleared a passage. A few gentlemen jumped upon the cab steps, ladies got their dresses soiled with mud by rubbing against the wheels, and some, more adventurous than others, got their toes crushed by the wheels. Dr. Talmage then stood and shook

hands over the back of the cab as hard as he was able, and it was not until Lothian Road was reached that the efforts of the police in keeping back the crowd were no longer needed.

HIS NAME HELD IN REVERENCE AND LOVE.

Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, thus described the scene of Dr. Talmage's first appearance as a preacher in that city:

"We have no place in Edinburgh where it was possible for the people who wanted to hear Dr. Talmage to get near him. I ventured myself that Sabbath afternoon, having with me some of my own family and a daughter of the Lord Mayor of London, all very eager to hear your great pastor; but I could not get within a street's length of the place where the crowds were gathered around the doors. We counted ourselves extremely fortunate that he was good enough to come and take dinner with us in our county house in Midlothian. At that dinner-table there was a little maid from the far-off highlands of Sutherland-shire who asked: 'Is the Dr. Talmage who is to be at dinner to-day the great Dr. Talmage whose sermons we all read?' When she was told 'Yes,' she clapped her hands and said, 'I will write to my mother that I had the honor of waiting on Dr. Talmage.' From the highest to the lowest we hold his name in reverence and in love."

WHAT TALMAGE THOUGHT OF THE ENGLISH.

Writing from London while there in 1892 Dr. Talmage said: "So far as I have seen the homes and habits of the aristocrats of England, I find them plain in their manners, highly cultured as to their minds, and many of them intensely Christian in their feelings. There is more strut and pretension of manner in many an American constable, or alderman, or legislator, than you will find in the halls and castles of the nobility of England. One great reason for this is that a man born to great position in Great Britain is not afraid of losing it. He got it from his father, and his father from his grandfather, and after the pres-

ent occupant is done with the estate, his child will get it and then his grandchild, and so on perpetually. It is the man who has had distinguished place for only two or three years, and may lose it to-morrow, who is especially anxious to impress you with his exaltation. His reign is so short he wants to make the most of it. Even the men who come up from the masses in England to political power are more likely to keep it than in America, for the member of the House of Commons may represent any part of England that desires to compliment his services instead of being compelled to contest with twenty small men in his own district, as in America."

ENGLISHMEN AND THE LION.

Dr. Talmage wrote that the traveler sees more animals done in stone and marble and bronze in Europe than in the United States.

"If young Americans, wanting quills to write with, have plucked the American eagle until, featherless and with an empty craw, it sits on the top of the Rocky Mountains wishing it were dead, the English have paid quite as much attention to the lion. You see it done up in every shape, sitting or standing, everywhere. The fountains are guarded with lions; the entrances of houses flanked with lions; the signs of stores adorned with lions—fighting lions, sleeping lions, crying lions, laughing lions, couchant lions. English artists excel with this animal. When French and German sculptors attempt one it is merely a lion in the abstract, too weak to rend a kid and never having seen a jungle. But lying on the base of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square are four lions that look as though they had a moment before laid down there and curled their long tails peacefully around, and had just stopped there a few minutes to see what was going on at Charing Cross. On the top of Northumberland House is a lion with mouth open and tail extended in rigid rage, making you feel uncertain which way to run, as you know not with which end he will assault you. There

are more lions in London than in Numidia. Beef and mutton are liked well by the Englishman, but for regular diet give him lion."

FINDS TITLED PEOPLE UNOSTENTATIOUS.

Although fed upon lion, Dr. Talmage did not think such a diet made the Englishmen ostentatious. "The Marquis of Townshend," he wrote, "who once presided at my lecture at the Crystal Palace, had the simplicity of a child, and meeting him among other men you would not suspect either his wealth or his honors. The Earl of Shaftesbury is like a good old grandfather from whom it requires no art to evoke either a tear or a laugh. The family of Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, is like any other Christian home which has high art and culture to adorn it. Among the pleasantest and most unaffected of people are duchesses and "right honorable" ladies. The most completely gospelized man I ever met was the Earl of Kintore, since deceased. Seated at his table some years ago, he said: 'Do not forget our journey next Sabbath night.' It was useless to tell me not to forget that which I had so ardently anticipated. At six o'clock his lordship called at the hotel, not with carriage, for we were going where it was best for us to go afoot. With his servant to carry his coat and Bible and psalm book we sauntered forth. We were out to see some of the evening and midnight charities of London.

VISITS THE CHARITY LODGING HOUSES.

"First of all we went into the charity lodging houses of London, the places where outcast men, who would otherwise have to lodge on the banks of the Thames, or under the arch bridges, may come in and find gratuitous shelter. These men, as we went in, sat around in all stages of poverty and wretchedness. As soon as the Earl entered they all knew him. With some he shook hands, which in some cases was a big undertaking. It is pleasant to shake hands with the clean, but a trial to shake hands with the untidy. Lord Kintore did not stop

to see whether these men had attended to proper ablutions. They were in sin and trouble, and needed help, and that was enough to enlist all his sympathies. He addressed them as 'gentlemen' in a short, religious address, and promised them a treat 'about Christmas,' telling them how many pounds he would send; and accommodating himself to their capacity, he said: 'It would be a regular blow-out.' He told me that he had no faith in trying to do their souls good unless he sympathized practically with their physical necessities.

MISSIONS AND OUT-DOOR MEETINGS.

"From this charity lodging house, which the inmates call the 'House of Lords,' we went to one of the inferior quality, which the inmates call the 'House of Commons.' There were different grades of squalor, different degrees of rags. From there we went to missions, and out-door meetings, and benevolent rooms, where coffee and chocolate were crowding out ale and spirits. Ready with prayer and exhortation himself, his lordship expected everybody with him to be ready, and, although he had promised to do the talking himself, he had a sudden and irresistible way of tumbling others into religious addresses; so that, at the close of this Sunday, which I had set apart for entire quiet, I found I had made five addresses. But it was one of the most refreshing and instructive days of all our lives. As we parted that night on the streets of London, I felt I had been with one of the best men of the age. I have never met him since. Not long after he went home to his Master to receive his reward."

A QUEER SCOTTISH BAPTISM.

Dr. Talmage had an experience in the central part of England while on a lecture tour in 1892 that is well worth recounting: "It was about ten o'clock at night," as he tells the story, "after the close of a lecture, and in the private parlor of a hotel, that a rap was heard at the door. Word came in that a young man was there, desiring me

to officiate at a baptism. I thought there must be some mistake about it, and so delayed my appearance.

"About five minutes before the starting of the rail train I came to the door of the private parlor and confronted a young man in a high state of excitement. He said that he had come all the way from Scotland to have me baptize his child. I told him the thing was impossible, for the train would go in five minutes. But this only made the man more intense. So I said: 'Where is the baby? I have no time to wait.' The young man rushed down stairs, and returned with the mother and child. As she unrolled the boy from her plaid there came to sight the phophecy of a genuine Roderick Dhu. I wanted an hour to baptize a boy like that. Scotch all over. What cheek bones, and what a fist! Give him plenty of porridge and the air of Loch Vennachar, and what a man he will make! Chief of Clan Alpine! I asked the mother what she was going to call him, and she said 'Douglass!' What a name, suggestive of victory, defeat, warrior, blades and gates of Stirling Castle!

NO TIME FOR REMINISCENCES.

"But it was no time to indulge in Scottish reminiscences. If that infant Highlander was to be baptized by me it must be within the next sixty seconds. I had the father and the mother, and the baby, and the minister, but no water. I hastily scanned all the vases and cups in the room. There was no liquid in all the place save the cocoa left over from the evening repast. 'Get some water in a second,' I almost demanded. From the next room the father returned in a moment, bringing a glass of it, clear, bright water, fit to christen a Douglass, opaline as though just dipped by Rob Roy from Loch Katrine. 'Douglass!' I called him, as the water flashed upon the lad's forehead, quick and bright as the gleam of Fitz James' blade at Inverlochy. I had no time for making out a formal certificate, but only the words, 'Baptism, August —th,' the name of Douglass and my own. As I darted for

the cars, the young man submerged me with thanks, and put into my hands as a baptismal gift the 'Life of Robert McCheyne,' the glorious Scotchman who preached himself to death at thirty years of age, but whose brave and godly words are still resounding clear as a pibroch among the Scottish hills."

TALMAGE LIKED THE SCOTCH.

Dr. Talmage expressed his admiration of the Scotchman in no uncertain language. "There is something about the Scotch character," he says, "whether I meet it in New York, or London, or Perth, that thrills me through and through. Perhaps it may be because I have such a strong tide of Scotch blood in my own arteries. Next to my own beloved country give me Scotland for residence and grave. The people are in such downright earnest.

"Take a Glasgow audience, and a speaker must have his feet well planted on the platform, or he will be overmastered by the sympathy of the populace. They are not ashamed to cry, with their broad palms wiping away the tears, and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, or snicker, or chuckle. Throw a joke into a Scotchman's ear and it rolls down to the center of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways, toward the foot and brow, until the emotion becomes volcanic, and from the longest hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the nail on the big toe there is paroxysm of cachinnation. No half and half about the Scotch character. What he hates, he hates; what he likes, he likes. A Scotchman seldom changes. By the time he has fairly landed on his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol. And I like this persistence. Life is so short that a man can't afford to change his mind."

SINCERITY OF THE WELSH.

The Welshman much resembles the Scotchman in his sincerity of purpose is Dr. Talmage's verdict of that honest people. "The namby-

pamby traveler," writes the doctor, "afraid of getting his shoes tarnished, and who loves to shake hands with the tips of his fingers or with his hand on a level with his cravat, and desires conversation in a whisper, would be disgusted with Wales. But they who have nothing of the fastidious in their temperaments, and who admire strength of voice, strength of arm, strength of purpose and strength of character, will find among the Welsh illimitable entertainment and opportunities for profitable study. They are the most genial and hearty of all people, I think, I have ever met. When they laugh they laugh, and when they cry they cry, and when they cheer they cheer, and there is no half-way work about it. They are sincere, and they are natural in showing their sincerity.

"Many bad English novels that blight other countries cannot live a month in the pure atmosphere of these mountains. The fact is, that the Welsh are an intensely religious people, and one of their foremost men declares that in all their literature there is not one book atheistic or infidel."

CHAPTER XI.

SERMONS REACH TWENTY MILLIONS PER WEEK.

UNUSUAL ELOQUENCE OF HIS PULPIT UTTERANCES ATTRACT ATTENTION OF PRESS, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR—PUBLISHED IN AMERICA—GREAT BRITAIN SPREADS THEM BROADCAST—TRANSLATED INTO MANY LANGUAGES—THEY REACH THE EYES AND HEARTS OF CONTINENTALS ALL OVER EUROPE.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage had the largest congregation of any man that ever lived. Every week the words he uttered from the pulpit were heard or read by twenty millions of people. It is doubtful if the world will ever see again such widespread dissemination of one man's views as attended that of Dr. Talmage. The Brooklyn minister was more than a mere preacher. He was a word painter, a coiner of phrases, a master builder of sentences, an architect of sermons. Always a tremendous worker, he never slighted a single sermon, and they were delivered in the most beautiful language, and for that very reason had a value from the sentiments they expressed. It was this feature of his pulpit utterances that appealed to the newspapers generally all over the world.

TEN THOUSAND SERMONS.

During his lifetime Dr. Talmage wrote perhaps five or six, or perhaps ten thousand sermons, very few of which have gone unchronicled; most of them have appeared simultaneously in thousands of publications all over the world. The leading dailies of Great Britain, Canada, United States, Australia, France, Germany, Sweden and Russia printed them for years in full, and when Dr. Talmage was nearing the silver jubilee of his service in Brooklyn it is said that his congregation each week was never less than twenty-five million. His sermons were remarkable pictures, the preacher using words and phrases as a painter does colors and brushes.

In the sermon on the text, "The Sun Shall be Turned Into Darkness," in which Dr. Talmage denounces atheism as a retrogression into barbarism, he says: "My friends, there has never been such a plot on earth as that which infidelity and atheism have planned. We were shocked a few days ago because of the attempt to blow up the Parliament Houses in London, but if infidelity and atheism succeed, they will dynamite a world. Let them have their way and the world will be a house with just three rooms—the one a mad house, another a lazzaretto, the other a pandemonium. In a theater the tragedy comes first, the farce afterwards; but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first, the tragedy afterwards, and in the former, atheists laugh and mock, but in the latter, God will laugh and mock."

THRILLING DESCRIPTION OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

In a sermon preached by Dr. Talmage in 1880, just after his return from a trip to the South, the eminent divine gave this vivid description of the scene from the famous Lookout Mountain: "Looking each way and any way from the top of that mountain, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding through the valley, curling and coiling around, making letter S after letter S, as if that letter stood for Shame, that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other, while God and nations looked on. I have stood on Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevadas and on the Alps, but I never saw so far as from Lookout Mountain.

"Why, sir, I looked back seventeen years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party, while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. Four years of internecine strife seemed to come back, and, without any chronological order, I saw the events: Norfolk Navy Yard on fire; Fort Sumter on fire; Charleston on fire; Chambersburg on fire; Columbia, South Carolina, on fire; Richmond on fire. And I saw Ellsworth fall and Lyon fall, Stonewall Jackson fall. And I saw hundreds of grave trenches afterward cut into two great gashes across the land, the one for the dead men of

the South, the other for the dead men of the North. And my ear as well as my eye was quickened, and I heard the tramp, tramp of the national army, and I heard the explosion of mines and gunpowder magazines, and the crash of fortification walls, and the 'Swamp angel,' and the groans of dying hosts falling across the pulseless heart of other dying hosts. And I saw still further out, and I saw on the banks of the Penobscot and the Oregon and the Ohio and the Hudson and the Roanoke and the Yazoo and the Alabama, widowhood and orphanage and childlessness —some exhausted in grief and others stark and mad, and I said: 'Enough! Enough have I seen into the past from the top of Lookout Mountain. Oh God! Show me the future!' And standing there it was revealed to me. And I looked out and I saw great populations from the North moving south, and great populations from the South moving north, and I found that their footsteps obliterated the hoof-mark of the war chargers, and I saw the Angel of the Lord of Hosts standing in the national cemetery, trumpet in hand, as much as to say, 'I will wake these soldiers from their long encampment.'

HARVESTS OF SNOW AND GOLD.

"And I looked, and I saw such snowy harvests of cotton and such golden harvests of corn as I had never imagined, and I found that the earthworks were down, and the gun carriages were down, and the war barracks were all down, and I saw the rivers winding through the valley, making the letter S—no more S for shame, but S for Salvation."

As a sample of the orator's forcefulness of diction and fluency of metaphor, the following is a good example:

"How the shadows shuffle! How the crags shiver! How the echoes raise! An express train at night on the Rocky Mountains! The irresistible trampling the immovable! Yet the way smoothed down by human engineering. Then it will not be difficult to prepare the way for the grander coming, when the mountains shall be made low and the crooked

straight, and rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together."

Dr. Talmage was not without the sense of humor. One time in his pulpit he made the following observation on the subject of anonymous letter writing: "Sometimes an anonymous crime takes the form of a newspaper article, and if the matter be pursued, the editor-in-chief puts it off on the managing editor, and the managing editor upon the book critic, and the book critic upon the reporter. Whether Adam or Eve or the serpent was the most to be blamed for the disappearance of the fair apple of reputation is uncertain; the only thing you can be sure of is that the apple is gone. No honest man will ever write a thing for a newspaper, in editorial or any other column, that he does not sign his name to or is not willing to acknowledge."

TALMAGE'S VIEWS ON THE RACE COURSE.

Dr. Talmage, preaching on the dissipation of the race course some years ago, had this to say:

"We have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race course, and multitudes flock to the watering places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households as to the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common-sense view of this potent, all-absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

THE HORSE MORE THAN A BEAST.

"There needs to be a re-distribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock

off his coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semi-human and knows how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in my text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostrils, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle and what Landseer did for the dog, Job with mightier pencil doth for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, into every great occasion, into every great triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war; a black horse—that meant famine; a pale horse—that meant death; a white horse—that meant victory.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

"But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in a turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means—rewards by all means. Without the prize the horse's fleetness will never be fully developed. If it costs one thousand, five thousand or ten thousand dollars, and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent; and gambling, whether on a large scale or on a small scale, ought



REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The above picture with autograph signature shows the great preacher as he looked when chaplain of the 13th Regiment, Brooklyn.



RELIEF STATION ESTABLISHED BY DR. TALMAGE—BROOKLYN.

The above is one of the many ways Dr. Talmage helped the needy during the panic of 1893.

to be denounced of men as it will be a curse to God. If you have won fifty cents or a thousand dollars as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. You cannot afford to keep it. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children, generally both and all.

"St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest represents him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says: 'The armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses.' I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten, and outraged on earth, should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if, after all, St. John's descriptions of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative, but somewhat literal.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND HIS HORSE.

"As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgies almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow anyone irreverently to touch his old war horse, Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting, at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died, his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home: 'Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?'

"There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war-charger, Marchegay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God

that in 'St. Roman's Well' he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son, Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

MALTREATMENT OF THE HORSE.

"But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse? All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned four thousand horses, and some say forty thousand, wrote in the Bible: 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. He says: 'I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground.' The Ettrick Shepherd in his matchless Ambrosial Nights speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy.

"I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I can not very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our ploughs, and turns our threshers and our mills, and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging

that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen and heated and over-driven; into an everlasting stage-horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics! Oh, is it not a shame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last —the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day? It ought to be that if any man overdrives a horse, or feeds him when he is hot, or recklessly drives a nail into the quick of his hoof, or rowels him to see him prance, or so shoes him that his fetlocks drop blood, or puts a collar on a raw neck, or unnecessarily clutches his tongue with a twisted bit, or cuts off his hair until he has no defense against the cold, or unmercifully abbreviates the natural defense against insectile annoyance—that such a man as that himself ought to be made to pull and let his horse ride!

THE HORSE SHOULD BE DEVELOPED.

"But not only do our humanity and our Christian principles and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse; but I go further, and say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and his majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. I am glad that large books have been written to show how he can be best managed, and how his ailments can be cured, and what his usefulness is, and what his capacities are. It would be a shame if in this age of the world, when the florist has turned the thin flower of the wood into a gorgeous rose, and the pomologist has changed the acrid and gnarled fruit of the ancients into the very poetry of pear, and peach, and plum, and grape, and apple, and the snarling cur of the Orient has

become the great mastiff, and the miserable creature of the olden times barnyard has become the Devonshire, and the Alderney, and the Short-horn, that the horse, grander than them all, should get no advantage from our science, or our civilization, our Christianity. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arched neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the furthest goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oat bins, and blanketed in comfortable stall. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent forage and soft litter and paradisiacal pasture field.

SWIFTER MEN AND HORSES WANTED.

"Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the north, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and in beauty and in majesty, are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles the hour is better than an express train going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very few good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as in a Bucephalus. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the Church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations, as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses.

"From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which

Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalrymen. In this arm of the service, Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only seven hundred men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of seventy thousand. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes.

THE BEST WAY TO KEEP PEACE.

"The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the Word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

"What a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash fifty or a hundred thousand dollars change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by gaining the bet; for if a man lose in a bet at a horse race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

"An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse races, and they are about equally leprous: by 'auction pools,' by 'French mutuals,' by what is called 'bookmaking'—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every pool seller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent, and slyly 'ringing up' more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win, and written over every judge's stand, and written on every

board of the surrounding fences. That word is 'swindle!' Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of the legislature bet. Members of congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday schools, I am told, bet.

GETTING MONEY WITHOUT EARNING IT.

"Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides to-day to get money without earning it? That is the curse of all the cities: it is the curse of America—the effort to get money without earning it, and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into these gambling practices. I preach this sermon on square, old-fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse, I have said nothing against the turf. I have said everything against their prostitution. Young men, you go into straightforward industries and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager; but you get in with some of the whisky, rum-blotched crew which I see going down on the boulevards. Though I never bet, I will risk this wager, five millions to nothing, you will be debauched and damned.

A MAN MAY OWN A HORSE AND BE A CHRISTIAN.

"Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him; but be careful which way you drive. You can not always tell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horses head. In my boyhood, we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them, and they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is, that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago unhitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon-house never again to take it down; but in those good old times I learned something

that I never forgot, that a man may admire a horse and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not always be willing to take the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the Church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses of fire: 'My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' "

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

One of Talmage's best and most eloquent sermons was entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" It is as follows:

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we will have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?" Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious tones, an appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blow from the northeast, and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on Eastern or Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say, "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say, "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble, the "Noes" would have it. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, *it all depends upon the kind of life you live.*

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money-getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires, and next to them those who have half a million. There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn that is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when Marine Bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall Street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send footmanned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony; she will not listen. Mind you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that!

Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you. But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position.

Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness, who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out-and-out rakes

in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices, and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regret without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russia. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth if you only got it. Perhaps you got it by failing four or five times. It is the most rapid way of accumulation in this country—that is, the quickest way to get in social position. Those who fail only once are not very well off, but by the time a man has failed the second time he is comfortable, and by the time he has failed the third time he is affluent. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quick it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling with forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune. Ah! my friends, when you really lose your money, how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear

they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour, which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in, and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominate in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium, and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century, at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch the sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

"Here is a work which, after six thousand years of battling with tempest and accident, is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden

lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantle of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins to the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime, sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty. I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me! Here, I have sixty years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished, and illumined, and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next sixty years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next sixty years? I will try. God help me!"

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side, and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets

the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes, and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter into the joys of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words, "His life was worth living."

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany, went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches, and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed toward the door, and said: "Let me go, let me go to my *liebe mutter.*" Major-generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You say: "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded, not according to the greatness of your work,

but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

CHAPTER XII.

BECOMES PASTOR IN PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S CHURCH.

HIS ABANDONMENT OF BROOKLYN FOR WASHINGTON A SURPRISE—ACCEPTANCE OF CALL TO FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CAPITOL CITY UNEXPECTED—PREACHES AT FIRST WITHOUT SALARY ARRANGEMENT—WANTED TO BE IN THE CENTER OF THE GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS OF THE NATION.

Washington society and people in Washington not in society were surpised beyond measure in September, 1895, when it was authoritatively announced that Dr. Talmage, for a quarter of a century identified with the Brooklyn Tabernacle, had abandoned the City of Churches to become an associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C. What added to the surprise was the somewhat peculiar history of this peculiar Presbyterian church. It was a church whose popularity and usefulness faded away many, many years before Dr. Talmage ever thought of becoming a spiritual adviser to Grover Cleveland, President of the United States. The greater part of its congregation had migrated to the fashionable quarters of the city to the northwest, leaving the old brick church on Four and a Half street down among the lawyers' offices and boarding houses, forgotten and almost deserted. In this condition it remained for many years, until Grover Cleveland, becoming President of the United States, discovered in Dr. Byron Sunderland an old acquaintance, and lifted his neglected church into erstwhile prominence by being married by its pastor, and going there occasionally with his lovely bride to worship. The same crowds of curious public who used to hang about the doors of the old Metropolitan Methodist Church next door to Dr. Sunderland's to see General Grant arrive on Sunday morning, the same crowds that filled the street about the Foundry Church to see the Hayes family coming on foot to worship, and

the same crowds that were wont to sit on the benches in LaFayette Square to see President Arthur walk through it from the White House to St. John's Church, blocked the streets in front of the First Presbyterian Church to gaze on Grover Cleveland and his bride. The crowd went every Sunday during the first Cleveland administration in spite of many disappointments, but at the time Dr. Talmage accepted the call to the church the crowds came less often and the President more seldom than the crowds.

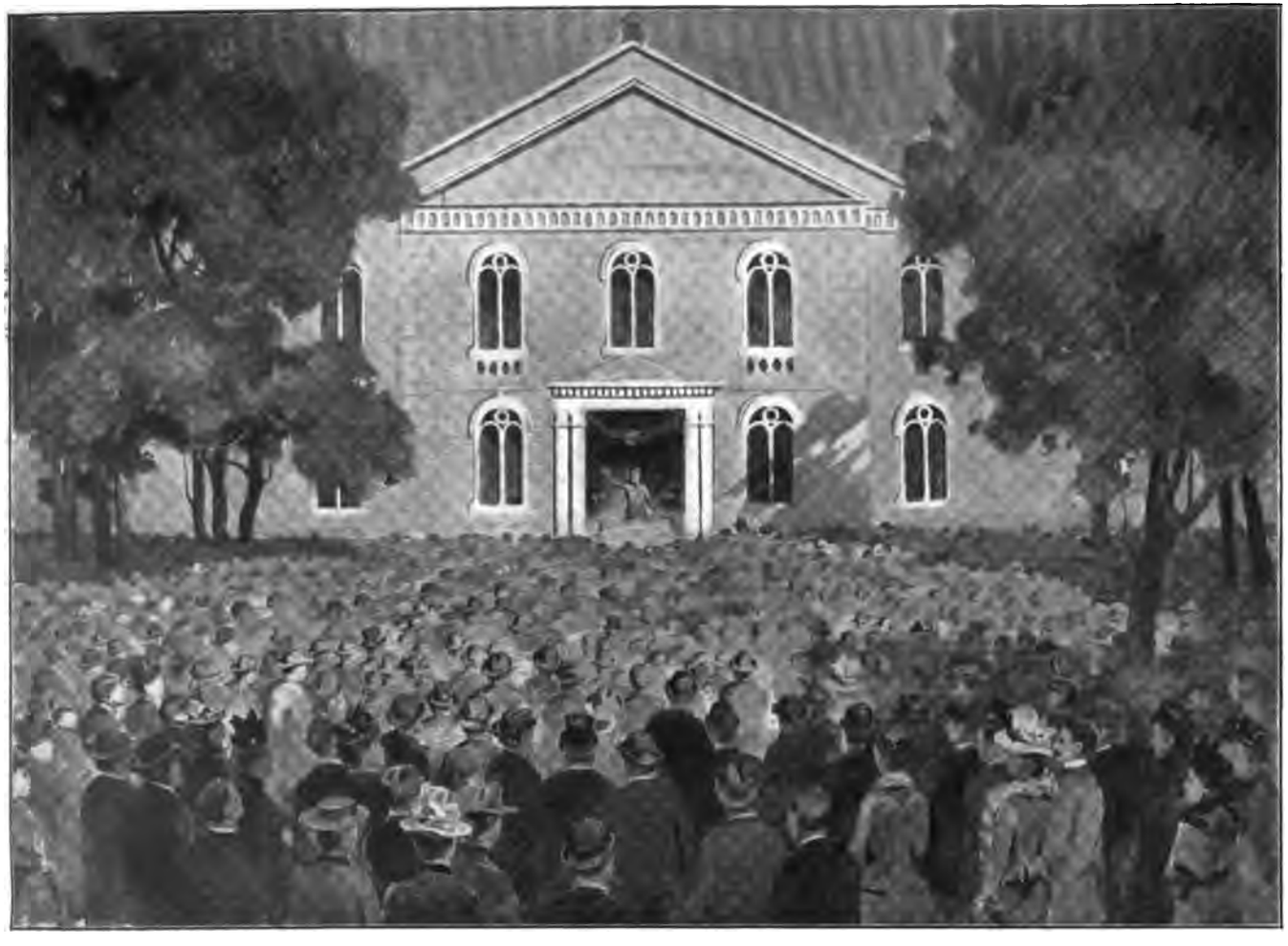
A SURPRISE TO WASHINGTON.

Nevertheless, Washington was surprised when Dr. Talmage was to come and preach to the President and have his sermons go forth with the endorsement of the First Presbyterian Church, whose most conspicuous, and, in fact, the only conspicuous pew holder, was the Chief Magistrate of the federal government. Almost as much of a surprise after the knowledge of his acceptance of the call was occasioned by the statement that Dr. Talmage came without any salary. As a matter of fact, no salary had been stipulated. Dr. Talmage simply agreed to come and preach on Sunday evening and to allow the salary matter to be settled later. However, Dr. Talmage used to come for the reason that he had long wanted to have his sermons originate in and be disseminated from the central seat of politics, administration and statesmanship. He believed it to be the center of national life of this country.

HISTORY OF THE CALL TO WASHINGTON.

The true version of the call of Dr. Talmage to the First Presbyterian Church of Washington probably had never been told previous to the great preacher's death. It is as follows:

Dr. Sunderland called the officers of the church together one day on his return from the North and told them that Dr. Talmage's son Frank had been talking to him about the church and the possibility of locating his father here as assistant or associate pastor. Dr. Sunder-



DR. TALMAGE ADDRESSING A MONSTER OPEN-AIR SERVICE AT JOHN WESLEY'S CHURCH, LONDON.



TALMAGE SPEAKING TO SALVATION ARMY—LONDON.

land said he told Frank that the Washington people would be delighted to have him, and that he himself would be pleased with the association. Dr. Sunderland saw in it the hand of Providence in that it would bring throngs and money to the old church whose interests and perpetuity he had so much at heart. He advised the trustees of the church to draw up a letter and call to Dr. Talmage, which was done.

FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH FIRST CHURCH.

The financial arrangement made between the trustees of the First Church and Dr. Talmage showed extreme liberality on the part of the latter. Dr. Talmage was to make no charge for his services. Whatever surplus was found after payment of salaries of the other two pastors and all expenses, he would take, but no more. Many wild rumors of a princely salary paid him were afloat. But the greatest amount paid him in any one year was $3,500, and he never made application to the trustees or to the treasurer for any funds, nor did he make any complaint if the surplus was not what he hoped or expected.

He was always sensitive to public criticism, which seemed strange for one who for several decades had stood in the fierce light of it, and so at his request the trustees endeavored not to admit the public to their financial records while he was connected with the church.

AGREEMENT AS TO DIVISION OF WORK.

As to his pastoral duties and his work as a pastor, it should be borne in mind by those who are given to detract from his great service to mankind, and by small minds, which are always envious of men of genius, that a positive, unmistakable agreement was made by him with the spiritual and temporal authorities of the church in a conference at the Arlington that he should not be called upon to make pastoral calls or to conduct funerals. And it is due to the memory of this great man that this was not done because he wished to escape it, but was

offered by him as a plan to divide the church work, so that his pulpit associates should not be deprived of active labor and participation.

Mr. C. L. Du Bois, chief of surveys of the General Land Office at Washington and elder and trustee of the First Presbyterian Church, had this to say of Dr. Talmage's coming to Washington, and of his work there:

"In church matters," said Mr. Du Bois, "I have probably been more intimately associated with Dr. Talmage than any one else in this city during his residence here and more particularly while he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of which I was treasurer, elder and trustee at the time of his coming among us.

"My intercourse with Dr. Talmage was thus an intimate and cordial one, and I had an opportunity to observe at close range his character and his disposition. I found him a most genial, appreciative, high-minded, liberal man. This is a natural corollary of thirty years of sermon writing and preaching. In his tribute to the printing press he said one day: 'It has enabled me to preach a sermon to the public once a week for thirty years without a single exception.' When this is comprehended, can any one estimate or appreciate the vastness of the good he has wrought upon the countless millions who have read and heard his marvelous teachings?

"Of course, it would be presumptuous in me to attempt a eulogy. Such a man needs none. It is found in the thousands and thousands of lives he has made better and brighter all over the world.

LEFT FINANCIAL MATTERS TO OTHERS.

"Personally, I had a great affection for him. I could not help it. His nature was sunny and his disposition optimistic. I have many letters and notes which breathe this temperament. It seems as though he attended to all church matters himself, but had some member of his family look after the financial and business part of his affairs. I asked once if he received that little Christmas present I sent him ($500

on his salary), and he said, 'I believe my daughter did speak of having received it,' showing that he left these matters to her at that time. He was prompt and methodical in all his engagements and preferred to have all arrangements made in advance. He always selected his hymns during the week and sent them to me by special messenger, to be transmitted to the chorister and printed in the leaflet or bulletin. One kind act of his I shall forever remember most gratefully. It is the Presbyterian custom to baptize persons on communion Sabbath, but as it happened on a rainy day my wife was afraid to take our baby down for the ceremony, and wished me to ask Dr. Talmage to perform the rite the next Sabbath if it should be a pleasant day. I hesitated, knowing he did not like interruptions to the regular procedure, but upon a hint of my wishes, conveyed to him in writing, he sent a special messenger to me with a cordial and graceful note heartily consenting, and asking me to bring the baby forward after the second hymn, and he would be glad to christen him. It was an impressive baptism, and I am keeping that letter for the boy to read in the coming years, because I am sure he will treasure it as a valuable souvenir of a famous man.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE AT WASHINGTON.

"Attention has often been directed to the growth of the church during the Talmage pastorate, and inquiries have been made of me as to whether his preaching resulted in accessions. I have always answered in this way: that a number of our people were not comfortable or satisfied with the crowds of strangers who squeezed themselves into their pews, and they took letters to other churches in the city, but on the other hand their places were filled by new members, mostly by letter, and it is a fact drawn from the records of the church that during the period of his ministry the actual membership of the church was at high-water mark.

"Dr. Talmage always conducted the midweek prayer meeting when

he was not absent lecturing, and the services were profoundly interesting and instructive. This fact is not generally known. To sum up, as a result of four years' close observation of this remarkable divine, I can truthfully assert that he was a man of deep and fervent piety. To my mind there is nothing in the report so often credited that he was fond of advertising himself or of preaching sensational sermons. He was, it is true, full of quaint sayings, original presentations of the truth, and unique oratory, but who will deny his splendid courage on all occasions when he came out on the right side of every momentous question. Vigor, boldness, and sincerity were his characteristics. There never was but one Talmage; there never can be, it is believed by many, such a preacher. He stands forth a solitary figure among the world-famous men of this century, a man who preached the gospel to a larger number of hearers than any one in modern or ancient times."

Dr. Talmage practically retired from actual pastoral work in the First Church in 1900, the greater part of his time from that year until his death being devoted to editorial work and lecturing.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAMILY LIFE FILLED WITH JOY AND TRAGEDY.

YOUNG MARRIED LIFE BLIGHTED BY DEATH OF WIFE BY DROWNING—MARRIES HAPPILY A SECOND TIME—DEATH AGAIN TAKES HIS MATE—THIRD WIFE A TALENTED WOMAN WHO IS A SOCIAL FAVORITE IN WASHINGTON AND ELSEWHERE—CHARMING HOME LIFE—INTERESTING FAMILY.

Dr. Talmage was married three times. He was married when in his early twenties to Miss Mary R. Avery of Brooklyn. For several years their life was very happy, and, with their one child, a little daughter, they made a congenial family until the greatest tragedy of Dr. Talmage's life destroyed the home. His wife was drowned in the Schuylkill river, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Tragic as was the death, it caused Dr. Talmage less sorrow than the terrible lie which was told about the manner of her death. The shadow of that malevolent falsehood hung over the lives of Dr. Talmage and his second wife until the latter passed beyond knowledge of such things. It was always a bitter subject with Dr. Talmage, and the shadow never did leave him.

The story was this and it was malignantly circulated that Dr. Talmage's first wife was drowned because he permitted her to sink while he saved the life of the other woman in the boat, the latter afterwards becoming the preacher's second wife.

DR. TALMAGE'S OWN STORY.

Only once did Dr. Talmage ever refer to this officially, but it was forceful and to the point. It came in one of his most effective sermons some years ago, and this is the way he denounced the falsehood which blighted his home more than the tragedy did of his first wife:

"There is a falsehood which strikes a different key, for it strikes

the sanctity of my home, and when I tell the story the fair-minded men and women and children of the land will be indignant. I will read it, so that if any one may want to copy it, they can. It has been stated over and over again in private circles, and hinted in newspapers, until tens of thousands of people have heard the report, that sixteen or seventeen years ago I went sailing on the Schuylkill River with my wife and her sister, who was my sister-in-law; that the boat capsized, and, having the opportunity of saving either my wife or her sister, I let my wife drown and saved the sister, I marrying her in sixty days.

A HEART-RENDING CALAMITY.

"I propose to nail the infamous lie on the forehead of every villain, man or woman, who shall utter it again, and to invoke the law to help me. One beautiful summer morning, my own sister, Clara Talmage Whitenack, and her daughter Mary being on a visit to us in Philadelphia, I proposed we go to Fairmount Park and make it pleasant for them. With my wife and child, she being a little daughter, my sister Sarah and her daughter, I started for Fairmount. Having just moved to Philadelphia I was ignorant of the topography of the suburb. Passing along by the river I saw a row boat and proposed a row. I hired a boat and we got in. We did not know anything of the dam across the river, and, unwarned by the keeper of the boat of any danger, I pulled straight for the brink, suspecting nothing until we saw some one wildly waving on the shore as though there was danger. I looked back and lo, we were already in a current of the dam. With a terror that you cannot imagine I tried to back the boat, but in vain. We went over. The boat capsized. My wife instantly disappeared and was drawn under the dam, from which her body was not brought until days after; I, not able to swim a stroke, my niece hanging on to me, my sister Sarah clinging to the other side of the boat. A boat from shore rescued us. After an hour of effort to resuscitate my child, who was nine-tenths dead—and I can see her blackened body yet rolling over the barrel, such

as is used in restoring the drowned—she breathed again. A carriage came up, and, leaving my wife in the bottom of the Schuylkill River and with my little girl in semi-consciousness, blood issuing from her nostrils and lips, wrapped in a shawl on my lap, and with my sister Sarah and her child in the carriage, we rode to our desolate home. Since the world was created a more ghastly and agonizing calamity never happened. And that is the scene over which some ministers of the gospel, and men and women pretending to be decent, have made sport.

A CRUEL ACCUSATION REFUTED.

"My present wife was not within a hundred miles of the place. So far as being sisters, the two were entire strangers. They never heard of each other, and not until nine months after the tragedy on the Schuylkill did I even know of the existence of my present wife. Nine months after that calamity on the Schuylkill she was introduced to me by my brother, the Rev. Goyn Talmage, now of Port Jervis, New York. My first wife's name was Mary R. Avery, a member of the Reformed Church, Harrison Street, South Brooklyn, where there are many hundreds of people who could tell the story. My present wife, I say, was not within a hundred miles of the spot. Her name was Susie Whittemore, and she was a member of the Reformed Church in Greenpoint, where multitudes could tell the story. Multitudes of people on the banks of the Schuylkill who witnessed my landing on that awful day of calamity, and hundreds of people within an hour's walk of this place and who knew Mary Avery, and hundreds of people in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, who knew my present wife—Susie Whittemore—what do you think, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, editors and reporters, of a lie like that manufactured out of whole cloth? I never have spoken of this subject before and I never shall again, but I give fair notice that if any two responsible witnesses will give me the name of any responsible person after this, affirming this slander, I will pay the informant $100 and I will put upon the criminal, the loathsome wretch who utters it, the full force of the law."

DR. TALMAGE'S SECOND WIFE.

Early in 1863, when Dr. Talmage was preaching in Philadelphia, he went one evening to the church of his elder brother, the Rev. Goyn Talmage, in Greenpoint, Long Island, to deliver a lecture on "Rocks on Which People Split."

It was after the lecture, while the two brothers stood talking, that the older said:

"DeWitt, let me present you to Miss Whittemore—Miss Susan Whittemore, one of the brightest young members of my church."

And with these words the future Whitefield of the American pulpit was introduced to the woman who was destined to share his later honors and triumphs.

Miss Whittemore's father was a real estate broker and architect of Greenpoint. Previous to his settlement there, the family resided on East Eighth street, in New York city, and it was there that his daughter, Susan Curtiss Whittemore, was born. Her education was carefully regarded, and when she was fifteen the family moved to Birmingham, Connecticut, where she finished her training at the high school. Clara Louise Kellogg was one of her classmates. A few years later the Whittemores settled in Greenpoint.

THE BEST IDEA OF A HELPFUL WIFE.

On May 7, 1863, Miss Whittemore was married to T. DeWitt Talmage in the building where they had first met a few months before, the Greenpoint Dutch Reformed Church. The bridegroom was then but little known outside of his own field; reputation had not yet come, and thus Mrs. Talmage started with her husband at almost the foot of the ladder of fame which he soon began to climb so quickly. And few wives have proved such helpmeets to their husbands as did Mrs. Talmage. She fulfilled the best idea of a helpful wife, and proved her husband's richest endowment.

Mrs. Talmage was distinctly her husband's right hand, and all the details of his busy life were looked after by her. She was a splendid business woman, having a rare executive ability, capable of easily handling a number of things at the same time. Much of Dr. Talmage's daily work was planned and laid out by her. She made his pastoral and social engagements, and all his lecturing interests were in her hands. She knew his capacities even better than he. Whenever a journey was to be made, it was she who laid out the route, procured the tickets and staterooms, and attended to all the details. No public man, perhaps, was saved so many annoyances as was Dr. Talmage by his wife's foresight and ability.

SAW ONLY THE CHEERFUL SIDE OF LIFE.

In her personality Mrs. Talmage was favored. Her disposition was sympathetic by nature. Like her husband, she saw only the cheerful side of life. Her whole *personnel* suggested activity. Her eyes were a good index to her life; they were never still. Her features were pleasing, and were rarely without the smile which continually played upon them. She was of medium height, full of figure, and more often considered handsome than fair. Her face was youthful, because she kept her heart young and her hands busy. She was a good dresser, always tasteful in her wardrobe, but never showy.

Five children resulted from the marriage. The eldest daughter, May Mortimer, was her mother's constant companion and her social representative upon many occasions. The second daughter, Edith Elwood, married many years ago, making a most desirable and happy marriage for herself, and adding the dignity of grandmother to her mother's other attributes. Jeanie Gasherie, nicknamed "Daisy" by her fond father, is third in age. Maude Demorest is the "baby" of the family. The only son is Frank DeWitt, whose talents the public has already judged from his public lectures. In him is centered the

hopes of thousands that the light of the Talmage genius will not extinguish with the father.

Two other children were given to Dr. Talmage by his first marriage. Of these, Thomas DeWitt, Jr., is dead, while Jessie, happily married, is the counterpart of her mother in all that appertains to womanly graces.

The second Mrs. Talmage died in 1895.

TALMAGE'S LOVE FOR HIS MOTHER.

Whenever Dr. Talmage received congratulations or praise for his successes on the platform and pulpit, his mind would revert to his saintly mother, to whom he ascribed the credit for his right start in life. In speaking of her several years ago, he said: "Just before their marriage day, my father and mother stood up in the old meeting house at Somerville, New Jersey, and took upon them the vows of the Christian. Through a long life of vicissitude she lived harmlessly and usefully, and came to her end in peace. No child of want ever came to her door and was turned empty away; no one in sorrow came to her but was comforted; no one asked her the way to be saved but she pointed him to the cross. When the angel of life came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to rejoice at the incarnation. When the angel of death came to a neighbor's dwelling, she was there to robe the departed for the burial. We had often heard her, when leading family prayers in the absence of my father, say: 'O Lord, I ask not for my children wealth or honor, but I do ask that they all may be the subjects of Thy comforting grace!' Her eleven children brought into the kingdom of God, she had but one more wish, and that was that she might see her long-absent missionary son. And when the ship from China anchored in New York harbor, and the long-absent one passed over the threshold of his paternal home, she said: 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.' The prayer was soon answered.

WE NEVER FORGET THE LOOK OF MOTHER'S HANDS.

"It was an autumnal day when we gathered from afar and found only the house from which the soul had fled forever. She looked very natural, the hands very much as when they were employed in kindness for her children. Whatever else we forget, we never forget the look of mother's hands. As we stood there by the casket, we could not help but say: 'Doesn't she look beautiful?' It was a cloudless day when, with heavy hearts, we carried her out to the last resting-place. The withered leaves crumbled under hoof and wheel as we passed, and the sun shone on the Raritan river until it looked like fire; but more calm and beautiful and radiant was the setting sun of that aged pilgrim's life. No more toil, no more tears no more sickness! Dear mother! Beautiful mother!"

DR. TALMAGE'S THIRD MARRIAGE.

Shortly after this sermon, the second Mrs. Talmage died. There were seven children; the oldest son, named for his father, died many years ago. The Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage is pastor of The Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago. The other children were girls, all of whom are married.

Dr. Talmage's third wife was a widow, Mrs. Charles Collier of Pittsburg. They were married January 26, 1898, at Pittsburg, and the wedding was the culmination of a brief courtship, an engagement tinged with romance. Dr. Talmage and his bride met for the first time the previous summer in New York. Though Dr. Talmage was many years Mrs. Collier's senior, a bond stronger than friendship was formed when they parted with an understanding that a correspondence was to be kept up. Three weeks previous to the wedding the engagement was announced quietly to his intimate friends. The wedding itself was a surprise to nearly every one. Mrs. Collier was thirty-nine years old at the time of her marriage. She had one daughter, Miss Rebecca Collier, who was seventeen years old at the time of the wedding of her

mother to Dr. Talmage. Mrs. Talmage is a pronounced brunette, quite a beauty, with a great mass of black hair, tinged with gray, tall, dignified and graceful. Since her removal to Washington she has been a social favorite in official circles, and has entertained quite elaborately. She is said to be wealthy in her own right.

TALMAGE'S VIEWS OF HOME LIFE.

Dr. Talmage had a most beautiful home on Massachusetts avenue, in the city of Washington. He loved beautiful things, and he always made his home the most attractive place on earth for his children. He once said, "I think that we might all make our homes a hundredfold more attractive than they are. You will never keep your boy away from outside dissipation until you make your domestic circle brighter than other places he can find. Do not sit glum and with half-condemnatory look amid the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself. Let your children be young. Do not put on a sort of supernatural gravity as though you never liked sportfulness. You liked it just as much as your children do. Some of you are full of mischief you have never indicated to your children or your grandchildren, and you never got up in the morning until you were pulled out of bed! Do not stand before your children pretending to be specimens of immaculate goodness. Do not, because your eyesight is dim and your ankles are stiff, frown upon the sportfulness which shows itself in the first lustre of the eye and in the bounding foot of robust health. Do not sit with the rheumatism wondering how the children can go on so. Thank God that they are so light of spirit, that their laughter is so free, that their spirits are so radiant."

CHAPTER XIV.

A WONDERFUL ANSWER TO PRAYER.

DR. TALMAGE ON HOW HIS FAMILY BECAME MINISTERS—HIS MOTHER THE GODLIEST PERSON HE EVER KNEW—BELIEVE WOMEN TO BE NATURALLY BETTER THAN MEN—PAYS MANY BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTES TO WOMANHOOD.

Both of Dr. Talmage's parents were marked in their characteristics, and their differences blended in a common life rendered their home one of harmony, consecration, benignance and cheerfulness. The father won the confidence and the honors a rigid, common-sense, truly American community had to yield. The mother was the counseling, quietly provident force which made her a helpmeet indeed, and her home the center and sanctuary of the sweetest influences. The family was a deeply religious one.

BELIEVE IN EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

The now far-famed DeWitt said on August 12, 1885, at the "Faith Cure" Rooms, Bethshan, London:—

"I tell you that I believe in prayer because there is something in the ancestral line that makes me believe. My grandfather and grandmother went to a great revival meeting in Baskingridge, New Jersey, and they were so impressed with the religious service that they went home and said, If we could only have our children converted, if we could only have this great influence in our family! That night all the young folks were to go off to a very gay party. Grandmother said, 'Now, when you are all ready for the party come into my room, as I have a word to say to you.' She was somewhat of an invalid, not able to get about much. The children came into the room where she sat, and she said, 'Now you are going to the party, going to have a very

gay time. I want you to know that all the time you are there your mother is praying for you, and that we will kneel and pray for you until you come back.' They all went to the gay party, and, as may be well supposed, did not have a very good time. They knew their mother was praying for them.

TOLD THE WAY TO SALVATION.

"Grandmother went to bed, and the next morning very early she heard crying and sobbing in the room below. It was one of her little party crying to God for mercy, seeking a new heart, wanting to act on the Christian life. My Aunt Phoebe said to grandfather, 'Go down and find what is the matter; go and hunt up Samuel—he is gone to the barn; he feels worse than I do.' Grandfather went to the barn and found Samuel there kneeling and crying to God for mercy. He told him the way of salvation, so that he became a minister of Jesus Christ, and there was no man more useful in America during the century than he. Then Samuel said, 'Go to the wagon-house; David is there.' Grandfather went to the wagon-house. There was David, afterward my own father. He told David the way to the cross. David became a Christian. David, then a young man, had some one to whom he was affianced at the foot of the lane, not far off—Catherine Van Nest, afterward my mother. He told the story of the cross to her, and she became a Christian. A great awakening resulted as this story went round the neighborhood, and people heard what things were going on in Mr. Talmage's family. Why, they were all getting converted, and the whole family were converted to God. And finally, as many as two hundred and eighty from that neighborhood stood up in one church to profess Christ.

A WEEKLY AFTERNOON FOR PRAYER.

"That story lingered in my mother's mind until she made a covenant, after her children were born, with five of her neighbors, to meet

and pray one afternoon of each week for the salvation of her household. These five mothers met. I did not hear this story till after my mother's death. Nobody knew why these five persons met, there was a sort of mystery about it. Sometimes the question was put, 'Mother, where are you going?' She used to answer, 'I am just going off a little while.' They met to pray for their children; they prayed until they were all converted, myself the last. Oh! I believe in prayer. I believe you can get just what you ask of God if it is good for you. This story has no end."

WOMEN BETTER THAN MEN.

In an interview when in Chicago not many years ago, Dr. Talmage said that he believed women to be naturally better than men, and that they were getting better all the time. The eminent preacher wrote much of and for woman, and, naturally enough perhaps, one of the first members of the fair sex whom he discussed was Mother Eve, of whom he said:

"When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam, and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon woman from the platform and stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband, and upon the whole human race, I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity, down among the dungeons, or up among the thrones.

"Of course, I am not referring to representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Savior; of grandmother Lois, immor-

talized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover. I write not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers, and sisters and daughters, attend to the sweet offices of home.

MIGHTIEST INFLUENCES COME FROM THE HOME.

"When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of all nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency, and fatigue, and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city; and the sisters, by their gentleness, refined the manners of the brother; and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. Need I go into history to find you illustrations? Ah, no! In your own memory there is at least one such."

Dr. Talmage, in speaking of women's rights, said that one of the specific rights of woman is the right to reach heaven. "Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven; while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone into the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small rooms, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side and worn-out eyes, to the 'House of many mansions!' No more stitching until twelve o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show it was not done quite right. An end forever to the great sorrows which bow the shoulders and whiten the hair. An eternal farewell to the petty cares that carve the wrinkles across cheek and brow.



STREET SCENE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

The above is a photograph of a street scene during Talmage's last lecture tour to the Pacific Coast.



ARRIVAL OF FOOD SUPPLIES—ST. PETERSBURG.

Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads; heaven for broken hearts; heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps; no more rough blows across the temples; no more sharp, keen, bitter curses!

TOIL AND STRUGGLE AND SUFFERING.

"Some of you will have no rest in this world; it will be toil and struggle and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize that He is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear He sets another gem in that crown; whenever you have a pang of body or soul He puts another gem in that crown, until, after awhile, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to His angel, 'The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it.' And as the Lord of righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, 'Who is she?' and Christ will say, 'I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.' And then God will spread a banquet, and He will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast; and the tables will blush with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life; and water from the fountains of the rock will flash from the golden tankards; and the old harpers of heaven will sit there making music with their harps. And Christ will point you out amid the celebrities of heaven, saying, 'She suffered with me on earth; now we are going to be glorified together.' And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulations—'Hail! Hail!' And there will be hand-writings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian nobleman with horror—but fire-tipped fingers writing in blazing capitals of light and love and victory: 'God hath wiped away all tears from all faces!' "

ON WOMAN'S RIGHT TO VOTE.

Dr. Talmage once declared that woman always had voted and always would. "Our great-grandfathers," he said, "thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship. The right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to me to be a feeble thing. Take your husband for example. He is a Christian man, a man of intelligence. He comes up to the ballot-box and drops in his vote. Right after him comes a drunkard, or a man ignorant of not only what his vote means, but lacking in the capacity to even read the ballot in his hand. He drops his vote and it counteracts that of your husband. His vote means just as much as does that of the man of your home. But if in the quiet of home-life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities."

THE LITTLE FOIBLES OF THE FAIR SEX.

Occasionally the eloquent divine seemed to enjoy exploiting the weaknesses of his gentle sisters, as witness the following:

"When a woman listens to what color fashion dictates shall be her hair, she gives ear to an element in our modern life that is making society more and more insincere every day. I sometimes stop to mar-

vel what this element called 'fashion' has done. Through its teachings its devotees are made so insincere that you scarcely know when to believe them and when not. They ask you to 'come and call,' and you do not know whether or not they really want you. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. One learns to take almost everything said by these people at a discount. Word is sent, 'Not at home,' when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say 'the furnace has just gone out,' when in truth they had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table, when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. 'It was an heirloom, and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather.' People who will lie about nothing else, will lie about a picture. On a small income this 'Fashion' practically teaches us that we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit, and a sham.

"Some very good women I know have a way of getting irritable when the silver penetrates into their hair, and perhaps some of those to whom I write have the same feeling. Whimsical fashion, I notice, changes its mind very often as to which is the best color for the hair. The Romans sprinkled theirs with silver and gold. Our ancestors powdered theirs white. Human custom decides this and decides that; but God declares that He likes *frost color* best when He says: 'The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be in the way of righteousness.' Indeed! is there anything more beautiful? Alas! for those who will not take the adornment, and who swear by all the dyes of the apothecary that they will not have it. Nevertheless, my dear woman, let me tell you that the greater part of humankind look upon gray hairs as a

crown of glory. It is beautiful in the church, it is beautiful in the home, it is beautiful at the wedding, it is beautiful at the burial."

INFLUENCE OF A GOOD MOTHER.

One of the most touching of Dr. Talmage's discourses was on the subject of "Motherhood," in which he said that to him, "that Christmas night at Bethlehem had no more beautiful significance than that it was the birth of an honored motherhood as well as of a Savior. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Savior to Bethlehem without Mary being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 25th awoke, by Divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words 'Mother!' In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St. Bernard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated?

A GOOD, FAITHFUL, HONEST MOTHER.

"When you hear some one in sermon or oration speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, that was my mother. The first word a child utters is apt to be 'Mamma,' and the old man in his dying dream calls, 'Mother! Mother!' It matters not whether she was brought up in the surrounding of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her

own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fire-place, with great back-log ablaze on a winter night.

"It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, and how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain! And was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible you used to read, and kneel in the same place where you used to pray.

"But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of the earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place for us, right beside you, at the banquet.

"Slow-footed years! More swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun;
Homesick we are for thee—
Calm land beyond the sea."

CHAPTER XV.

A STAR UPON THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

ADDRESSED SOME OF THE GREATEST AUDIENCES EVER ASSEMBLED—BROKE ALL RECORDS ABROAD—SOME REMINISCENCES—LECTURED IN EVERY IMPORTANT TOWN IN AMERICA.

One of the most wonderful magnets of any lecture platform, Dr. Talmage lectured for nearly forty-five years. He made tremendous amounts of money from his lectures alone, and by managers was considered for many years one of the greatest attractions they could possibly offer to the public, either in America or abroad.

BEGINNING OF LECTURING CAREER.

He began his lecturing career in 1860. That was in Philadelphia, and year after year, as his fame increased and his acquaintance broadened, he commanded larger and larger sums. His lowest guaranty for a lecture was five hundred dollars, and the average paid to him was one thousand dollars flat. Only the best of operatic stars commanded anything near like this sum, and few of these ever exceeded the amount paid to Dr. Talmage at the time that he was prominent as a lecturer. Dr. Talmage, however, never allowed his lecturing to interfere with his pastoral duties, and usually limited the number to about fifty per annum. Because of this, managers did not think his terms excessive, and their profit was certain, the size of it depending merely on the capacity of the hall that could be secured for the lecture. In the various seasons of his career as a lecturer Dr. Talmage probably visited every town and city of any importance whatever in the United States, and it is certain that he drew some phenomenal houses, both in this country and abroad. On his trip around the world in 1894, and in some of his other trips abroad, the

eagerness of the people to hear him resulted in semi-panic at different places where the halls were inadequate for the accommodation of all.

It is a truth beyond cavil that this clerical orator, while making a tour of Europe in 1885, addressed open-air audiences in Belfast and Edinburgh numbering more than forty thousand, and in Agricultural Hall, London, he was once received by twenty thousand people. The following night he lectured to nine thousand and ten paid admissions in the same immense theater. Though he has been abroad many times, he is always greeted with the same warmth, as was proved when he made a complete tour of Scotland and England in 1893, and no hall was large enough to accommodate the tremendous crowds which clamored for admittance.

GREETED BY GREAT AUDIENCES.

While he has lectured and preached in every town of any size in America, and although the standard of high prices was unswervingly maintained, there was seldom standing room in the spacious hall or theater when Brooklyn's greatest preacher mounted the stage. He had a very large variety and number of lectures, most of them of a very serious nature, intended to be helpful rather than entertaining or amusing. His magnetism, his delivery and his wonderful rhetorical ability fitted him well for the lecture stage; at any time he could have left the church and earned a small fortune every year, simply as a lecturer and public reader.

As an example of his eloquence as a lecturer, extracts from a number of Dr. Talmage's most famous talks are given below:

PEOPLE — AGREEABLE AND DISAGREEABLE.

"Before talking about agreeable or pleasant people, I will say something about disagreeable people:

"Of all the ills that flesh is heir to, a cross, crabbed, ill-contented man is the most unendurable, because the most inexcusable. No occasion, no matter how trifling, is permitted to pass without eliciting his dissent, his sneer, or his growl. His good and patient wife never

yet prepared a dinner that he liked. One day she prepares a dish that she thinks will particularly please him. He comes in the front door, and says, 'Whew! whew! what have you got in the house? Now, my dear, you know that I never did like codfish!' (Laughter.)

"Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds the most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and he does not believe the entertainment will be much, after all.

"He sits motionless and disgusted. He goes home, saying: 'Did you see that fat musician that got so red blowing that French horn? He looked like a stuffed toad. Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady has? Why, it was a perfect squawk! The evening was wasted.'

"And his companion says, 'Why, my dear!'

" 'There, you needn't tell me—you are pleased with everything. But never ask me to go again!'

"He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He yawns. He gapes. He twists himself in his pew, and pretends he is asleep and says, 'I could not keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?'

EVERY-DAY THINGS IN THE PULPIT.

"Next Sabbath he enters a church where the minister is much given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says, 'How dare that man bring such every-day things into his pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon and the fir-tree, instead of the hickory and sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and Schuylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined. Why, it is ridiculous!'

"Perhaps, afterward, he joins the church. Then the church will have its hands full. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister would preach differently, that the elders would pray

differently. In the morning, he said, 'The church was as cold as Greenland;' in the evening, 'it was hot as blazes.' They painted the church; he didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisles; he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace; he didn't like the patent. He wriggles and squirms, and frets, and stews, and worries himself. He is like a horse that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedge-hog he is all quills. Like a crab, that you know always goes the other way, and moves backward in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost he has gone by the heel—so that the first thing you know you don't know anything —and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you. (Laughter.)

PICKING A QUARREL WITH ST. PETER.

"So some men are crabbed—all hard-shell, and obstinacy and opposition. I do not see how he is to get into heaven, unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. (Laughter.) Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than for discords, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and coloquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than nightshade. And in a word, where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shells washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in the child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging a tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, 'I will sing soprano,' and the cascade replying, 'I will carry the bass,' let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the beast to growl, and the grumbler to find fault. (Applause.)

"Now we will talk about agreeable people:

GOOD-HUMORED HUSBANDS.

"Strange that, in such a very agreeable world, there should be so many disagreeable people! So many everywhere but—here! (Laughter.) I see by your looks, my friends, that none of you belong to this class. These good-humored husbands before me are all what they ought to be, good-natured as a May morning; and when the wife asks for a little spending-money, the good man of the purse says, 'All right; here's my pocket-book. My dear, take as much as you want, and come soon again.' (Laughter.) These wives at eveningtide always greet their companions home with a smile, and say, 'My dear, your slippers are ready and the muffins warm. Put your feet up on this ottoman. Bless the dear man!' (Laughter.) These brothers always prefer the companionship of their own sisters to that of any one else's sister, and take them out almost every evening to lectures and concerts. And I suppose that in no public building to-night in this city, or in any other city, is there a more mild, affable, congenial and agreeable collection of people than ourselves.

"The world has a great many delightful people who are easily pleased. They have a faculty of finding out that which is attractive. They are like a bee that no sooner gets out of the hive than it pitches for a clover-top. They never yet walked into a picture-gallery but they were refreshed and thankful. They saw some exquisite gem that kindled their admiration. There was some pleasant face in a picture that for hours kept looking over their shoulder.

"They will never forget how in one of them a vine in filial affection, with its tender arm hugged up an old grandfather of a tree that was about to feel the stiff breeze.

"They never came from a concert, but there was at least one voice that they admired, and wondered how in one throat God could have placed such exhaustless fountains of harmony.

BEAUTIES OF SPRING AND SUMMER.

"They like the spring, for it is full of bird and bloom, and, like a priestess, stands swinging her censer of perfume before God's altar; and the summer is just the thing for them, for they love to hear the sound of mowing-machines, and battalions of thunderbolts grounding arms among the mountains; and autumn is their exultation, for its orchards are golden with fruit, and the forests march with banners dipped in sunsets and blood-red with the conflicts of frost and storm. (Applause.)

"And they praise God for winter, that brings the shout of children, playing blind-man's buff, with handkerchief they can see through, around a blazing fire, and the snow shower that makes Parthenons and St. Mark's Cathedrals out of a pigeon-coop, and puts brighter coronets than the Georges ever wore on the brow of the bramble, and turns the wood-shed into a 'royal tower' filled with crown jewels; and that sends the sleigh-riding party, in buffalo robes, behind smoking steeds, with two straps of bells, and fire in the eye, and snort of the nostril, and flaunt of the mane, impatient of the sawing of the twisted bit and the reins wound around the hands of the driver, till, coming up to the other gay parties, we slacken the rein and crack the whip, and shout, 'Go 'long, Charley!' and dart past everything on the road, and you can only take in the excited roan span by putting your foot against the dash-board, and lying back with all your strength, and sawing the bit, while the jolly hearts in the back seats mingle the ha, ha, ha, ha! with the jingle, jingle, jingle of the sleigh-bells, and the hostler of the hotel grabs the bridle of your horses, while you go in to warm and take a glass of—very weak lemonade! (Laughter.)

LAUGHTER BY THE BOTTLEFUL.

"Now, there are many people thus pleased with all seasons, and complain not in any circumstances. If you are a merchant, they are the men whom you want for customers; if you are a lawyer, they are

the men whom you want for clients and jurors; if you are a physician, they are the men you want for patients; but you don't often get them, for they cure themselves by a bottle of laughter, taken three or four times a day, well shaken up. Three cheers for the good-natured man; three groans for the gouty and sour-tempered! (Applause.)

"It is strange that there should be any rivalries among ministers of religion, when there is so much room for all to work. But in some things they are much like other people. Like all other classes of men, they have one liver apiece, and here and there one of them a spleen. In all cases the epigastric region is higher up than the hypogastric, save in the act of turning a somersault. Like others, they eat three times a day when they can get anything to eat. Besides this, it sometimes happens that we find them racing for some professional chair or pulpit. They run well—neck and neck—while churches look on and wonder whether it will be 'Dexter' or the 'American Girl.' Rowels plunge deep, and fierce is the cry, 'Go 'long! Go 'long!' The privilege of preaching the gospel to the poor on five thousand dollars a year is enough to make a tight race anywhere. But only one mounts the coveted place; and forthwith the cry goes up in conventions and synods: 'Unfit for the place! Can't preach! Unsound in the faith! Now is your chance, oh, conferences and presbyteries, to cut behind!' (Laughter.)

ALL MEN ADMIRE BEAUTY.

"A fair woman passes. We all admire beauty. He that says he don't, lies. A canting man, who told me he had no admiration for anything earthly, used, instead of listening to the sermon, to keep squinting over toward the pew where sat Squire Brown's daughter. Whether God plants a rose in parterre or human cheek, we must admire it, whether we will or not. While we are deciding whether we had better take that dahlia, the dahlia take us. A star does not ask the astronomer to admire it, but just winks at him, and he surrenders, with all his telescopes. This fair woman in society has many satellites.

The boys all run for this prize. One of them, not having read enough novels to learn that ugliness is more desirable than beauty, wins her. The cry is up: 'She paints! Looks well; but she knows it. Good shape; but I wonder what is the price of cotton! Won't she make him stand around! Practicality worth more than black eyes! Fool to marry a virago!'

"Thank God there are so many in the world that never 'cut behind,' but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. Here is a young man, clerk in a store. He has small wages, and a mother to take care of. For ten years he struggles to get into a higher place. The first of January comes, and the head of the commercial house looks round and says: 'Trying to get up, are you?' And by the time three more years have passed the boy sits right beside the old man, who hands over the reins, and says, 'Drive!' Jonathan Goodhue was a boy behind the counter; but his employer gave him a ride, and London, Canton and Calcutta heard the scratch of his pen. Lenox, Grinnell, and the Aspinwalls carried many young men a mile on the high road of prosperity.

"There are hundreds of people whose chief joy is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. May such a kind man always have a carriage to ride in and a horse not too skittish! As he goes down the hill of life, may the breeching-strap be strong enough to hold back the load!"

EXTRACT FROM TALMAGE'S GREAT TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

"Joseph's brethren dipped their brother's coat in goat's blood, and then brought the dabbled garment to their father, cheating him with the idea that a ferocious animal had slain him, and thus hiding their infamous behavior.

"But there is no deception about that which we hold up to your observation to-night. A monster such as never ranged African thicket or Hindostan jungle hath tracked this land, and with bloody maw hath

strewn the continent with the mangled carcasses of whole generations; and there are tens of thousands of fathers and mothers who could hold up the garment of their slain boy, truthfully exclaiming: 'It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him.'

"There has, in all ages and climes, been a tendency to the improper use of stimulants. Noah, as if disgusted with the prevalence of water in his time (laughter), took to strong drink. By this vice, Alexander the Conqueror was conquered. The Romans at their feasts fell off their seats with intoxication. Four hundred millions of our race are opium eaters. India, Turkey and China have groaned with the desolation; and by it have been quenched such lights as Halley and De Quincey. One hundred millions are the victims of the betel-nut, which has specially blasted the East Indies. Three hundred millions chew hashish, and Persia, Brazil and Africa suffer the delirium. The Tartars employ murowa; the Mexicans, the agave; the people at Guarapo, an intoxicating quality taken from sugar-cane; while a great multitude, that no man can number, are disciples of alcohol. To it they bow. Under it they are trampled. In its trenches they fall. On its ghastly holocaust they burn.

DRUNKENNESS AFFECTS ALL CLASSES.

"Drunkenness: does it not jingle the burglar's key? Does it not whet the assassin's knife? Does it not cock the highwayman's pistol? Does it not wave the incendiary's torch? Has it not sent the physician reeling into the sick-room; and the minister with his tongue thick into the pulpit? Did not an exquisite poet, from the very top of his fame, fall a gibbering sot, into the gutter, on his way to be married to one of the fairest daughters of New England, and at the very hour the bride was decking herself for the altar; and did he not die of delirium tremens, almost unattended, in a hospital?

"Tamerlane asked for one hundred and sixty thousand skulls with which to build a pyramid to his own honor. He got the skulls, and

built the pyramid. But if the bones of all those who have fallen as a prey to dissipation could be piled up, it would make a vaster pyramid.

"Who will gird himself for the journey, and try with me to scale this mountain of the dead—going up miles high on human carcasses, to find still other peaks far above, mountain above mountain, white with the bleached bones of drunkards?

THE SABBATH SACRIFICED TO THE RUM TRAFFIC.

"The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people, the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe store is closed; severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window-shutters of the grog-shops! Our laws shall confer particular honor upon the rum-traffickers. All other trades must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing and hosiery and hardware and lumber and coal, take off their hats to the rum-seller, elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed license for Sunday work. But swing out your signs, on ye traffickers in the peace of families, and in the souls of immortal men! Let the corks fly and the beer foam and the rum go tearing down the half-consumed throat of the inebriate. God does not see! Does he? Judgment will never come! Will it? (Voices, 'Yes! yes!')

MORE LAW THAN IS EXECUTED.

"People say, 'Let us have more law to correct this evil.' We have more law now than we can execute. In what city is there a mayoralty that dare do it? The fact is, that there is no advantage in having the law higher than public opinion. What would be the use of the Maine law in New York? Neal Dow, the mayor of Portland, came out with a posse and threw the rum of the city into the streets. But I do not

believe that there are three mayors in the United States with his courage or nobility of spirit.

"I do not know but that God is determined to let drunkenness triumph, and the husbands and sons of thousands of our best families be destroyed by this vice, in order that our people, amazed and indignant, may rise up and demand the extermination of this municipal crime. There is a way of driving down the hoops of a barrel so tight that they break.

"Oh! we are a Christian people! From Boston a ship sailed for Africa, with three missionaries and twenty-two thousand gallons of New England rum on board. Which will have the most effect; the missionaries, or the rum?

"Shall we try the power of the pledge? There are thousands of men who have been saved by putting their names to such a document. I know it is laughed at; but there are men who, having once promised a thing, do it. 'Some have broken the pledge.' Yes; they were liars. But all men are not liars. I do not say that it is the duty of all persons to make such signature; but I do say that it will be the salvation of many of you.

"The glorious work of Theobald Matthew can never be estimated. At his hand four millions of people took the pledge, including eight prelates and seven hundred of the Roman Catholic clergy. A multitude of them were faithful.

"Dr. Justin Edwards said that ten thousand drunkards had been permanently reformed in five years.

"Through the great Washingtonian movement in Ohio, sixty thousand took the pledge; in Pennsylvania, twenty-nine thousand; in Kentucky, thirty thousand, and multitudes in all parts of the land. Many of these had been habitual drunkards. One hundred and fifty thousand of them, it is estimated, were permanently reclaimed. Two of these men became foreign ministers, one a governor of a State and several were sent to Congress. Hartford reported six hundred re-



DR. TALMAGE—ITALY.

The above picture shows the great orator while on a vacation. He always took time to look after his personal appearance.



DR. TALAMAGE AND THE RUSSIAN STUDENTS.

formed drunkards; Norwich, seventy-two; Fairfield, fifty; Sheffield, seventy-five. All over the land reformed men were received back into the churches that they had before disgraced; and households were re-established. All up and down the land there were gratulations and praise to God.

"The pledge signed, to thousands has been the proclamation of emancipation. (Applause.)

INEBRIATION AN AWFUL DISEASE.

"I think that we are coming at last to treat inebriation as it ought to be treated, namely, as an awful disease, self-inflicted, to be sure, but nevertheless a disease. Once fastened upon a man, sermons will will not cure him; temperance lectures will not eradicate the taste; religious tracts will not arrest it; the gospel of Christ will not arrest it. Once under the power of this awful thirst, the man is bound to go on; and if the foaming glass were on the other side of perdition, he would wade through the fires of hell to get it. A young man in prison had such a strong thirst for intoxicating liquors, that he cut off his hand at the wrist, called for a bowl of brandy in order to stop the bleeding, thrust his wrist into the bowl and then drank the contents.

"Stand not, when the thirst is on him, between a man and his cups! Clear the track for him! Away with the children; he would tread their life out! Away with the wife; he would dash her to death! Away with the Cross; he would run it down! Away with the Bible; he would tear it up for the winds! Away with heaven; he considers it worthless as a straw! 'Give me the drink! Give it to me! Though hands of blood pass up the bowl, and the soul trembles over the pit,—the drink! give it to me! Though it be pale with tears; though the froth of everlasting anguish float in the foam; give it to me! I drink to my wife's woe; to my children's rags; to my eternal banishment from God and hope and heaven! Give it to me! the drink!'

"The rum fiend is coming into your homes.

"Oh, how this rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful house, so that when you opened the front door to go in you would see it in the hall; and when you sit at your table you would see it hanging from the wall; and when you open your bedroom you would find it stretched upon your pillow; and waking at night you would feel its cold hand passing over your face and pinching at your heart!

BALEFUL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

"There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan's voice and shattered the golden scepter with which he swayed parliaments and courts? What foul sprite turned the sweet rhythm of Robert Burns into a tuneless ballad? What brought down the majestic form of one who awed the American senate with his eloquence, and after a while carried him home dead drunk from the office of secretary of state? What was it that crippled the noble spirit of one of the heroes of the late war, until the other night, in a drunken fit, he reeled from the deck of a Western steamer and was drowned! There was one whose voice we all loved to hear. He was one of the most classic orators of the century. People wondered why a man of so pure a heart and so excellent a life should have such a sad countenance always. They knew not that his wife was a sot.

"I call upon woman for her influence in the matter. Many a man who had reformed and resolved on a life of sobriety, has been pitched off into old habits by the delicate hand of her whom he was desirous to please.

"Bishop Potter says that a young man, who had been reformed, sat at a table, and when the wine was passed to him refused to take it. A lady sitting at his side said, 'Certainly you will not refuse to take a glass with me?' Again he refused. But when she had derided him for lack of manliness he took the glass and drank it. He took another

and another; and, putting his fist hard down on the table, said, 'Now I drink until I die.' In a few months his ruin was consummated.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE TO CHANGE.

"I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of death. Oh, what a change it would make in your home! Do you see how everything there is being desolated? Would you not like to bring back joy to your wife's heart, and have your children come out to meet you with as much confidence as once they showed? Would you not like to rekindle the home lights that long ago were extinguished? It is not too late to change. It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smooth out from anxious brows the wrinkles which trouble has plowed. It may not call back unkind words uttered or rough deeds done—for, perhaps, in those awful moments you struck her! It may not take from your memory the bitter thoughts connected with some little grave; but it is not too late to save yourself and secure for God and your family the remainder of your fast-going life.

"But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot down right, and say to your companions and friends: 'I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life, nor will I countenance the habit in others?' Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has stood opening the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until now the door swings no more upon its hinges, but day and night stands wide open to let in the agonized procession of doomed men.

"Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? I beg you to get out of the business. If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbor drink, how many

woes must be hanging over the man who does this every day, and every hour of the day!"

MAJOR POND'S STORY OF TALMAGE'S LECTURE TOURS.

Major J. B. Pond, the noted manager of lecturers, was one of the first to recognize the talents of Dr. Talmage and the possibilities of the financial success which would attend an extended lecturing tour of the great divine. Major Pond in his "Eccentricities of Genius" gives an entertaining account of his meeting Dr. Talmage, of the proposals which led up to his first tour of Great Britain, and of the enormous success of this trip. Major Pond's narrative is as follows:

"One morning in early June of 1879 I was passing a news stand in front of the Astor House in New York, and was attracted to a small placard which read: 'Christian Herald and Signs of the Times. Only authorized publication of the Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermons.' I bought the paper and read the attractive headlines and an editorial by its editor, describing the popularity of Dr. Talmage as a preacher and his influence on the religion of Great Britain. I called on Dr. Talmage and found him ready to listen to a proposition to go abroad. He had never crossed the ocean, but had heard that his sermons were extensively published abroad. In fact, the last mail had brought him a letter from the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Leeds, asking him to deliver ten lectures in the larger cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland for his passage and ten pounds a lecture. The doctor asked me to write a proposition and to call in the morning. I wrote as follows:

" 'Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage,

"'Dear Sir: I will give you $10,000 for one hundred lectures in Great Britain this summer, paying all the traveling expenses for yourself and Mrs. Talmage from the time you sail from America until you return; settlement to be made weekly. Yours truly, J. B. Pond.'

DR. TALMAGE ACCEPTS MAJOR POND'S OFFER.

"The following morning I called again and he read me a letter which he had prepared:

" 'J. B. Pond.

" 'Dear Sir: I will deliver one hundred lectures for you in Great Britain, beginning within three weeks, for $100 a lecture, you paying the expenses of myself, wife, and daughter from the time we sail until we return. T. DeWitt Talmage.'

"The next morning found me on board the City of Berlin, bound for England for the first time. Upon my arrival at Westminster Palace Hotel, in London, I found several gentlemen waiting to see me. They were the editors of religious papers who wanted to secure privileges during the lectures to be given under my direction. I secured $500 from one man for the exclusive right to paste advertisements of his paper on the benches in the halls where Dr. Talmage was to lecture. From another I secured £100 for the exclusive right to publish Dr. and Mrs. Talmage's pictures.

HIGHEST FEE EVER PAID TO A LECTURER.

"The afternoon I arrived in London the editor of the Christian Herald brought me a paper, fresh from the press, with the announcement that I was to manage Dr. Talmage. Mr. Thorn, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Leeds, wanted the first ten lectures in Great Britain, and offered me £20 each for them. He said this was the highest fee ever paid for a lecture in that country. He asked time to wait upon his associates at Exeter Hall. Upon his return he offered me £50 each for ten lectures to be delivered at Nottingham, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds, Edinburgh, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bradford, and Sheffield. I closed the contract, fixing the first date in Nottingham, June 18.

"At 8:30 o'clock the next morning, as I was eating breakfast, I was approached by an attendant of the hotel, who said:

" 'The post has just brought your letters; where shall I take them, sir?'

" 'Bring them to me here.'

" 'But I can't. There are several baskets full.'

"I accompanied the fellow to the office and there found between four hundred and five hundred letters from every part of Ireland, England, and Scotland, and many telegrams. All were seeking to secure Rev. Dr. Talmage for a lecture. I felt certain that the doctor had no idea of his popularity over there. In addition to the letters, callers flocked in and filled the lobbies of the hotel, waiting answers to their cards. I could not see half of them. With the aid of secretaries and a map, I was soon able to see I could easily fill five hundred lecture engagements. I replied to the smaller cities that no proposition to lecture would be considered under £100, and to the larger cities, like London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, etc., that £300 would be required. I received acceptances of propositions to Dublin and Belfast for £200, and to Liverpool, Manchester, and Bristol for £300. Many correspondents were so anxious to secure contracts that they sent checks by return mail. In some instances checks were sent back to me a second time with the assurance that I was held to produce Dr. Talmage, or would have the law applied to force me. Such a scramble for an attraction I had never dreamed of before.

"While the mail was piling up, I accepted an invitation for Dr. Talmage to preach in the Islington Presbyterian Church, Colebrooke road, Beside-the-Angel. He was to have £10 for that.

GIVEN WARM WELCOME.

"I met Dr. and Mrs. Talmage and Miss Jessie Talmage in London safe and well, but very tired. He said he had had a narrow escape with his life; that as soon as the steamer arrived in Queenstown great

delegations rushed aboard the boat and down to his stateroom, shouting, 'Welcome, Talm-o-d-ge.' (They all gave the broad sound of 'o' to the middle 'a' of his name.) 'Welcome, welcome. God bless you. God bless Mrs. Talmage. God bless Miss Talmage. Where is the doctor?'

"And, rushing into the stateroom, they got hold of Mrs. Talmage's arm, she being in the lower berth, and nearly jerked it out of its socket. They got hold of the doctor before they got through, and pulled him out of his room and shook hands with him, shouting, 'Welcome! God bless you!' all day on the steamer and on the cars to London. I did not see Dr. Talmage the next morning, as he was preparing his sermon for the afternoon. We drove to Islington Church, seeing a hillside black with thousands of people as we drew near.

SURROUNDED BY A MOB.

"Soon we were surrounded by an impassable mob, which shouted incessantly, "Talm-o-d-g-e. God blass Talm-o-d-g-e!' and rushed for us. Some jumped on to the carriage and got hold of his hands and succeeded in keeping them. One succeeded in tearing off Talmage's coattail, shouting, 'I want this for a souvenir!' Then they unhooked the horses and hauled the divine through a great jam of humanity and amid uproars and noises which Niagara could hardly have drowned. Finally, the preacher was lifted bodily and carried over the heads of the mob and thrust into the packed church. I was compelled to wait outside in the carriage until the ceremony was over. What took place can best be inferred from the following item, which appeared in the London Daily News of the following day:

" 'The public announcement that the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, was to preach, attracted yesterday evening a large number of persons to the outside at least of the Islington Presbyterian Church. The seat-holders and a few others having tickets were en-

abled to get in sideways, filling all the seats fully two hours before the service commenced. Thousands of persons either went away altogether or remained to take their chances among the public rush at a quarter past six, the services commencing at half past. The church then quickly became crammed, amid cries and shrieks here and there for help in consequence of the pressure, and a few windows had to be broken to increase the ventilation. Many persons were injured.'

CORDIAL, BUT BOISTEROUS.

"The same performance was gone through with after the service, except that the horses were hitched up. The crowd followed for at least half a mile, shouting praises for 'Talmage' as we drove away. The doctor was very tired. At dinner both he and Mrs. Talmage could talk of nothing but this 'overwhelmingly cordial greeting to an American minister.' 'Major, did you ever hear of such a greeting to a minister?' Dr. Talmage asked me, and I certainly never had.

" 'This is going to be awful; how can I ever live through a succession of ovations like that?' he said.

" 'DeWitt, you can never endure it,' said Mrs. Talmage.

"That evening Dr. Talmage and I had our first private business talk. 'How much am I to get out of it?' he asked. 'You get your $100 a night and your expenses,' I replied; 'isn't that our contract?' 'Oh, I can't do that,' he said, 'it would be the ruination of my health; and you would be getting rich and I would have nothing. I can't stand it and must give the whole thing up unless I can have at least $250 a lecture.' 'That's all I get for the first ten lectures,' I said, 'and by that time we don't know whether they will be worth any more. I am ready to do the fair thing, and will certainly make no new contract until I see whether the one we have is any good.' 'Very well,' he said, 'stop it all; I will take Mrs. Talmage and Jessie and go to Paris and get rest, which I need and must have.'

SAT ON THE STEPS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Thus we sat on the steps of Westminster Abbey until 2 o'clock Monday morning, and the doctor was booked to lecture at Nottingham that night. When we separated he asked me what hour he had better start for Nottingham if he went. I said 9:30. 'I'll see you at breakfast at 8 and tell you finally,' he said.

"As we sat down to breakfast the doctor handed me a note. It read: 'Pay me $200 a lecture and my expenses (not those of my family), and I will go on for 100 lectures. Put this note in your pocket.' I read and replied: 'All right, Dr. Talmage, I accept. Mrs. Talmage, do you know about this?' 'Yes, Major Pond,' she said, 'and I'm so glad you and Dr. Talmage have come to an agreement.'

FILLED THE HOUSE.

"At Nottingham I learned that the people had filled the house early that afternoon, and that no others could get in. The crowd was ready for Dr. Talmage to go on at any time. When he went to the hall there were thousands of the same human strata which had been seen on Sunday, waiting to set eyes on Dr. Talmage, and they were enthusiastic to the verge of insanity. The police had protected a back entrance, so that the speaker, chairman, and mayor could get in. I proceeded to London and began booking the remainder of the engagements. One night I received a telegram from Talmage telling me to stop everything. It was from Birmingham. I told him to finish the Manchester lecture the next night, and that I would meet him there. I arrived at Manchester about 5 p. m. In passing the city hall and public buildings I observed crowds of thousands and thousands of people, and asked my cabby what they were out to see. He said a Yankee minister by the name of Talm-o-d-g-e was to lecture there that night, and the people were trying to see him and get seats in the hall where he was to appear. The crowd was not noisy, but simply made a dash for the

door of the hall, burst open the door, and crammed in. Every now and then I could hear some one say, 'I will see Talm-o-d-g-e.'

TALMAGE WAS "BUSINESS."

"Dr. Talmage saw me after the lecture. There was very little ceremony. He struck right out from the shoulder. It was business. 'You have got to pay me $350 a lecture or I go home,' he said. 'I cannot stand this tremendous succession of ovations.' I told him if he could do it for $350 he could do it for the price we agreed upon in London. 'I am killing myself and making you or somebody else rich,' he declared, 'and I get nothing for it. Say yes or no.' He was positive, but good natured. I said: 'Dr. Talmage, I am getting $250 each for this series of ten lectures, as you know. I am not making a fortune. I will give you your $250 each for 100 lectures, no more.' Finally he said: 'Well, that's the best you can do, is it?' 'Yes, sir, and if you do this, I will hire an English lawyer to draw up papers that will hold.' 'All right,' he said, 'make your contract and I will sign it.'

CROWDS WERE IMMENSE.

"This had been a long siege. We went together to Liverpool, Glasgow, and other cities in Scotland, and such crowds! The tenth lecture of the tour concluded my contract with the Leeds Y. M. C. A., at $250 a lecture. On them I had made nothing, but during the time I had booked the balance of the lectures, ninety in number, at a very handsome profit, the lowest fee being £80 and the highest £250. His final lecture in England was sold in Liverpool to the Y. M. C. A. for £400. The Leeds Y. M. C. A. made $5,000 on the series of ten lectures, or $500 profit on each lecture. At the low prices paid for admission in England, 1s, 2s 6d to 3s 6d, it can be seen the crowds must have been enormous.

MARVELOUS SCENES IN ENGLAND.

"I believe I witnessed marvelous, unmatched scenes in old England that summer. Such tribute as was laid at Talmage's feet was never paid to any other religious leader, and when these people came to find the lectures more of a secular, not religious, character, their disappointment knew no bounds. His final lecture in Liverpool was a dismal failure. Four responsible men had signed the contract for $2,000. I settled for $500, and if Dr. Talmage had not refunded that amount to the Y. M. C. A. committee I believe he would have been mobbed. But he had made the feeling. If he had only emulated his own teachings instead of using an old American lyceum lecture he might have had a triumphant home-coming instead of the one he did have, but he seemed to disregard in every way the wishes of the people who paid to see and hear him. The result to the management was the loss of time. Dr. Talmage got all that was made on the tour, $17,500. Instead of one hundred lectures, he delivered seventy."

CHAPTER XVI.

PERSONALITY OF THE MAN AND POWER OF HIS INFLUENCE.

MANNER A WINNING ONE—HAD A SUNNY DISPOSITION AND BRIGHT SMILE—WAS WONDERFULLY MAGNETIC—APPEALED TO THE MASSES—INFLUENCED THOUSANDS OF LIVES FOR THE BETTER.

Dr. Talmage, endowed with strength and vigor of the farm, had the muscular build, broad shoulders and thick appearance of a man who had spent much of his life in the open air. He was rather undersized so far as height goes, and was not particularly prepossessing in appearance. There was no magnificence about his stage presence, but when the man got into action on the stage or in the pulpit one looked at his physical self, for there was a magnetism about his delivery, a brightness about his smile and an infectiousness of his ever-prevalent optimism that never failed to take hold of his auditors. His manner of delivery was peculiar. When at his best he could be likened to nothing else so well as a locomotive of flesh and blood, nerves and sinews. He impressed the eye equally with the ear. Ridiculed because of his breaking away from old traditions and obsolete forms that have prevailed in the conservative pulpit for years, Dr. Talmage was utterly oblivious of all criticism when in the pulpit.

ALWAYS MASTER OF HIS AUDIENCE.

His delivery was all his own—it fitted him perfectly. Talmage, standing before his desk intoning his sermon, would be Iago singing nursery rhymes or the bard of Avon writing love sonnets. His voice could scarcely be called musical, yet it was not unpleasant, and in a way was remarkable for its capacity of strong and startling tones; its range and volume in the presence of vast assemblages has seldom if ever been equalled. From text to peroration he was always master of his audience,

for he was intense in his dramatic effects, vigorous if not startling in manner and gesture, and, like the skillful playwright, possessed the power of leading his hearers step by step to tableaux of crucial intensity. And having them at the climax, quickly turning and describing the most weird pictures, he could call forth tears and smiles at will, could be sombre or gay, humorous or sorrowful, but never could be despairing. He was a born optimist.

In Dr. Talmage's eye there always beamed an abiding faith in his fellow men. He had a strong, beautiful imagination, was ambitious, and had ability in a business way that is seldom found in professional men of his calling. His managing power, tact and eloquence drew thousands to the tabernacle when he was its guiding star. His energy and love of the cause for which he labored enabled him in solving intricate problems of ways and means to carry his church over increasing obstacles where others would have failed. He possessed in addition to other great and good qualities untiring perseverance, and a physical vigor to support such a temperament. He was a lovable man, a charming companion, and his home life was ideal. In Brooklyn, at the end of his pastorate in the tabernacle, he lived in the most fashionable section of the city, in a large, richly furnished house, where they lived well and entertained lavishly.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage was doubtless the most famous minister of his age.

Of a visit to Dr. Talmage since his removal to Washington a friend thus spoke:

A VISIT TO TALMAGE'S HOME.

"Never will I forget the pleasant impressions of a several hours' talk with Dr. Talmage in his beautiful home in Washington. Dr. Talmage is, like the late Mr. Gladstone, a gentleman of the old school of manners, slightly dignified, but gracious and courteous to the last degree. He was very kind and perfectly frank in answering my varied questions about his experiences, views and methods of work. He seemed as pleased as a boy, and as unaffected, in showing me the treasures and souvenirs

gathered in the course of his long and honorable career. I saw with keen interest the Oriental room, decorated in oriental fashion, and containing a slab of marble from Mar's Hill in Athens; a piece of the Parthenon; a piece of the Acropolis; a piece of rock from Mount Sinai; a piece of porcelain from Pilate's bath-room; a phylactery such as is described in the Gospels, etc. We also visited the library where stood row upon row of well-thumbed books; and the gymnasium at the top of the house, where Dr. Talmage takes regular exercise, for he is a great believer in exercise for keeping the brain clear and the body in the best condition for hard intellectual work. As an example of the doctor's intense devotion to exercise, he told me that for many years, whenever he reached a town where he was to lecture, he always slipped quietly down the street and took a run for a mile or two along the country roads."

METHOD OF PREPARING SERMONS.

In a recent interview Dr. Talmage was asked if he would tell of his method of preparing sermons.

"I will be glad to tell you," he answered. "Having first compared the subject under consideration as far as I can, I call in my stenographer and dictate to him. As I dictate the sermon so I deliver it on Sunday, but do not feel bound to limit myself to the previously dictated version. My best days for work are Tuesdays and Wednesdays. I brood over the subject, and read a great deal on the topic, but do most of my work while walking. I jot down notes in a little book. Sometimes I write out the point to be made, for when things are not very clear I find nothing defines an obscure subject as well as a pen. If a man doesn't use a pen he becomes verbose. What would occupy two or three pages of dictation can be composed by a pen into an epigram or garlanded into a metaphor.

"But I feel that one's ease in preparing sermons lies a great deal in having his work way ahead. For example last week I finished a sermon on a subject that I had prepared all the material for fifteen years ago.

HARDLY ANY KNOWLEDGE BUT WILL PROVE USEFUL.

"I have found that there is hardly anything one knows that does not some time come into play. I think if this fact of the value of miscellaneous information were more generally recognized it would be far better. I have a lot of old patent office reports that in certain moods I take up, and they are very suggestive. Books are locomotives that start the train of thought. A man may read a chapter that will unfold his thoughts in directions that are new and very important. Let me give you an example of the value of both general reading and preparation far in advance. Fifteen years ago I was sitting one day on the piazza of the Felix hotel in Lexington, Kentucky. A gentleman said to me: 'What do you think of the coming sermon?' I had recently been reading Dr. Cummings on prophecies. That suggested to me the twentieth century sermon, and I preached it three weeks ago."

"What was the nature of your first sermon, Dr. Talmage?"

"It was over illustrated," he replied. "Illustrations are as natural to me as breathing. It has always been the question with me how to get rid of illustrations. I naturally think in metaphor. When I preached my first sermon I could analyze a subject as well as now. Even to-day I find my earliest analyses of texts very useful. Some things are born in us and other things come by elaborate and hard study."

AS TO ELOCUTION AND STYLE.

"In view of your remarkable power over an audience, Dr. Talmage, would you object to telling where you studied elocution and style?"

"I never took but three lessons in elocution in my life," said the doctor. "With that exception all the training I secured was in a grammar school where a young fellow and myself went out in the woods and trained the volume of our voices. When a boy I had a rather weak voice, but later in life I could easily speak to 4,000 or 5,000 people in the open air. Nor have I had any training in style. To speak in metaphor is natural with me. I use it in conversation at home as well as in the pulpit.

And I find that the majority of people understand this figure of speech better than any other."

"Can you not give me a few words about your travels?"

TRAVEL AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION.

"With pleasure," he replied. "I have always felt that travel was one of the best methods of education. Things are so different when you come to look at them from their descriptions. From the beginning of my ministry I had three or four journeys that I wanted to make and I have made them all. I wanted to go to the Holy Land; to Europe; and to take the Pacific course around the world, especially to see Australia, New Zealand and India. I spoke every day in each of these countries. And once had an interesting experience of preaching in Ceylon with two interpreters—one interpreting to the Ceylonese, and one to the Hindoos.

"You must have met some interesting people in the course of your travels, Dr. Talmage. Who were two or three of the most notable ones?"

"I think Gladstone was one of the most imposing men I ever met," he replied. "He was six feet four inches in height and well proportioned. His marvelous influence, his wonderful vocabulary, his great personal magnetism, all combined to make him a peer among men. He was the personification of health.

"I think the Empress of Russia is the most charming woman I ever met; and the Queen of Greece the most magnificent and gracious personage. I was cordially received right into the family of the Czar of all the Russias. They had for years read my sermons. The Queen of Greece also reads my sermons and by her gracious permission I was given a slab of marble from Mar's Hill where Paul delivered his immortal message to the Athenians."

THE KIND OF PREACHING NEEDED TO-DAY.

"Dr. Talmage, what is the kind of preaching needed to-day, and what should be the training of young ministers?"



DR. TALMAGE ON HIS TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.



TALMAGE VIEWING EGYPT FROM THE TOP OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

"The only kind of preaching that reaches the heart of the world is the sympathetic and the helpful. The preacher should start out with the idea of helping somebody. Everybody wants help except a fool. All have needs and infirmities. Tell me how many people there are in an audience and I will tell you how many people need help.

"I have sometimes thought that after his college course a man should go back to the old time method of being associated with an old and excellent pastor, in helping him preach and visit. Intellectuality has never converted men and never will. The simple fact is that if a man goes into the pulpit to catch an audience by pure force of brain power, he will fail, because some persons in the room will know more than he does in various directions. And that is especially important when we come to consider the subject of political preaching. I don't believe a man who preaches politics does anything except irritate his audience.

"I think theological students ought to have a thorough knowledge of systematic theology, for that is the framework of religion. But to-day too much attention is paid to the controversial element. The tendency of some seminaries I know is to make out and out infidels, to loosen the faith. There are criticisms of the Bible in some theological seminaries that I consider infamous. It isn't the well-known infidels that are injuring the Christian religion to-day. It is the professors that are teaching that the Garden of Eden is an allegory; that the story of Jonah is a myth; and that most of the miracles can be accounted for in a natural way, when the fact is that if our religion is not a supernatural religion it is the biggest fraud ever hoisted upon the human race. Supernaturalism must be maintained and made dominant.

ORATORY AS A HELP TO PREACHERS.

"I believe our future preachers should be given a daily drill in oratory. I should think that when a man gets so near his profession as to be in the theological seminary there ought to be hours of every day given to the art of expression—not to a theatrical or tragic or grandilo-

quent expression of thought, but to a common-sensical improvement of the art of speech."

"What do you consider the best method of dealing with the liquor question?"

"I believe we must bring into greater prominence moral suasion in overcoming this evil and expect less of legal enactment. People have made the question of temperance too much a legal question and have neglected moral suasion, without which all laws of creation would amount to nothing. There used to be great temperance meetings every winter for rescuing drunkards. Now all temperance meetings are along the line of laws."

A BELIEVER IN PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

Dr. Talmage was always a devotee of physical exercise and the healthy out-door sports. He gave up a portion of each day to recreation and walking. "I am fond of walking," he wrote when residing in Brooklyn. "Sometimes I tramp seven or eight miles in one day. I have another form of recreation and recuperation, which I have not before seen included in this category. It is railroad riding. I could ride for a week, as I have often done when journeying from New York to San Francisco, and not feel tired. Railroad traveling I consider to be good exercise. I have always been quite a fanatic on the subject of gymnastic exercise. I have been accustomed to gymnastic exercises ever since I entered my profession. When I lived in Philadelphia, I went every day, except Sunday, to the gymnasium. I have been a good deal to the gymnasiums of Brooklyn, but railroad traveling, as I indicated, has very much the same effect, and I ride a great deal in railroad trains. I take all the modes of gymnastic exercise, except those that are very violent. I never hang by my feet upside down to a bar, which is only an invitation to apoplexy. I do not go in for throwing very heavy weights. I think gymnastic exercise has done a great

deal of harm to a great many people, who have not used it with common sense.

A GOOD RUN AS AN EXERCISE.

"I have no particular hours for exercise, but I generally take it in the afternoon. I have a peculiarity respecting running. I always run a little every day. I started that habit when I was in the grammar school, and have kept it up ever since. Five minutes of a good stout run will give as much exercise as two hours' walking. The difficulty is, that people of sedentary habits do not take a full inspiration, which fills the lungs, but running brings into action every part of the lungs. If one should undertake the habit of running at forty or fifty years of age it might be perilous, but if one begins in boyhood, and keeps the habit up and does not run with anxiety, or reference to catching a railway train, he will find it healthy. As a consequence of these habits of exercise I have had more vigorous health than any person I ever heard of, which statement I make with gratitude to a good Providence, and not in any boastful spirit.

"I do not run long at a time—not long enough to get any sense of exhaustion. There is a very marked difference between running for exercise and running because you are late, or running because you wish to overtake something. In this latter case you forget yourself and over-exert. But if a man is running for exhilaration he stops when the exhilaration gives out.

"If I am in Brooklyn I generally take my runs in Prospect Park. If I go off to lectures—as I generally do at least once a week—as soon as I get to the city or hotel I find the nearest way out into the country. I have always had the theory that it should be a part of a man's religion to look after his bodily health."

TALMAGE A LOVER OF ANIMALS.

A natural love for "the birds of the air and the beasts of the field" was born in T. DeWitt Talmage. He was fond of the horse, and made

mention of this good friend of man many times in his sermons. On one of his European trips he wrote that the continental cities "were not ashamed to take some bird or beast under their patronage. Venice looks especially after her pigeons. Strasburg pets the storks whose nests are on almost all the chimneys. Berne carefully guards her bears. Egypt apotheosizes cats. Oh, that the cruelty of man to bird and beast might come to an end! They have more right to the world than man, for they preceded him in the creation, the birds having been made on Friday and the cattle on Saturday morning, man coming in at the fag-end of the week. No wonder that these aborigines of the world sometime resist, and that the bees sting, and the bears growl, and the cats get their backs up, and the dogs bark, and eagles defend their eyries with iron beak, the crags echoing with the clangor of this flying squadron of the sky!"

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE FOREST.

Born and brought up on a farm and in a country village, it is no wonder that Dr. Talmage loved the woods and out-door life. He was never happier than when in the woods. "A few trees do not satisfy me," he once wrote. "They seem to me to feel lonely, and sigh; but give me the untamed woods, that with innumerable voices talk all night in their sleep, and when God passes in the chariot of the wind, wave their plumes and shout as multitudes in a king's procession. Shrubs and bushes do not know much, and have but little to say, but old trees are grand company. Like Jothams, they talk in parables from the top of Gerizim; have whole histories in their trunk; tell you of what happened when your father was a boy; hold engravings on their leaves of divine etching, and every bursting bud is a 'Thanatopsis.' There are some trees that were never meant to be civilized. With great sweat and strain I once dug up from the woods a small tree and set it in our door-yard; but it was always in a huff. I saw at the time that it did not like it. It never felt at home among the dressed-up ever-

greens. It is difficult successfully to set hemlocks and kalmias, and witch-hazel, into the rhyme of a garden. They do better in the wild blank verse of the forest. Nature is no novice at poetry, and makes few mistakes in the settings she gives her lyrics."

A PEN-PICTURE OF NATURE.

As beautiful a description of one of Nature's landscapes as was ever penned is Talmage's description of an autumnal scene in the West. "For several years I made a lecturing expedition to the far west," he wrote, "and one autumn I saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsey's and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches His canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming up into solferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest pre-

pared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of Divine glory had dashed its surf to the tiptop of the Alleghanies, and then had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern."

TALMAGE AS A READER OF MEN.

T. DeWitt Talmage was a man of keen perception, and besides being a close observer of nature was a reader of mankind. Perhaps nothing will more clearly illustrate his powers in this direction than a little essay he penned upward of twenty-five years ago, called "Our Spectacles." It reads as follows:

OUR SPECTACLES.

A man never looks more dignified than when he takes a spectacle-case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences overawed by such a demonstration, feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face, who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose, could give an irresistible look, and by one glance around the room would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men, who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such facial appendage, been made to look so classical that the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents additional salary. Indeed, we have known men who had kept their parishes quiet by this spectacle power. If Deacon Jones criticised, or Mrs. Go-about gossiped, the dominie would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose close up to his eyebrows, and concentre all the majesty

of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning-glass of Archimedes devoured the Roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted, and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently—not so much because our eyes are different, as because the medium through which we look is different.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. Taking our position at Trinity Church, and looking down Wall Street, everything is gloomy and depressing in financials, and looking up Broadway, everything is horrible in the fashions of the day. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned-beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy, men so heavy, and the world so dark? *Blue* spectacles, my dear, blue spectacles!

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs on Chatham Street for twelve cents, and diamonds at the dollar-store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a greenback with an X on it as a sure sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite; and that when people go to see the lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and

buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal-tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a gruff "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any mortal optician inform us? *Green* goggles, my dear, green goggles!

Your neighbor's first great idea in life is a dollar; the second idea is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him a mere question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands, he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of Julys and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece. He has calculated how much the interest would have been on the widow's "two mites" if she had only kept them till now. He thinks that the celestial city with pavements of gold is a great waste of bullion. No steel or bone eye-glass would fit the bridge of his nose. Through what does he look? *Gold* spectacles, my dear, gold spectacles!

I know a man who sees everything as it is: black is black, white is white, and speckled is speckled. He looks straight through a man, taking him at any point—heart, lungs, liver, ribs, backbone being no obstruction. People pass before him for what they are worth. The color of the skin is nothing, the epaulettes nothing, the spurs are nothing. He thinks no more of a dog because it once ran under the carriage of the Lord Mayor; and when a prince has an attack of nose-bleeding, the blood seems no more royal than that of other people. He takes out of one of his vest-pockets scales, in which he weighs

a man in an instant. He takes out of the other vest-pocket a chemical apparatus, by which he tells how much of the man is solid, and how much gas. He never saw an angel or a spook. He never had a presentiment. Rather than trouble the spirits of the future world to come this way, he concludes to wait till he can go to them. He consults no wizard to find out the future; but by honest industry and Christian principle, tells his own fortune. The number of cats that wake him up at unseasonable hours is four, while to others it would have been fifty. In the music of his life there are but few staccato passages. He uses no microscope to enlarge the little, or telescope to bring hither the distant, but simply a plain pair of spectacles, honest spectacles, truth-speaking spectacles!

But sometimes these optical instruments get old and dim. Grandmother's pair had done good work in their day. They were large and round, so that when she saw a thing she saw it. There was a crack across the upper part of the glass, for many a baby had made them a plaything, and all the grandchildren had at some time tried them on. They had sometimes been so dimmed with tears that she had to take them off and wipe them on her apron before she could see through them at all. Her "second-sight" had now come, and she would often let her glasses slip down, and then look over the top of them while she read. Grandmother was pleased at this return of her vision. Getting along so well without them, she often lost her spectacles. Sometimes they would lie for weeks untouched on the shelf in the red morocco case, the flap unlifted. She could now look off upon the hills, which for thirty years she had not been able to see from the piazza. Those were mistaken who thought she had no poetry in her soul. You could see it in the way she put her hand under the chin of a primrose, or cultured the geranium. Sitting on the piazza one evening, in her rocking-chair, she saw a ladder of cloud set up against the sky, and thought how easy it would be for a spirit to climb it. She saw in the deep glow of the sunset a chariot of fire, drawn by horses

of fire, and wondered who rode in it. She saw a vapor floating thinly away, as though it were a wing ascending, and Grandmother muttered in a low tone: "A vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away." She saw a hill higher than any she had ever seen before on the horizon, and on top of it a King's castle. The motion of the rocking-chair became slighter and slighter, until it stopped. The spectacles fell out of her lap. A child, hearing it, ran to pick them up, and cried: "Grandmother, what is the matter?" She answered not. She never spake again. Second-sight had come! Her vision had grown better and better. What she could not see now was not worth seeing. Not now *through a glass darkly!* Grandmother had no more need of spectacles!

CHAPTER XVII.

ANECDOTES SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

TALES ILLUSTRATING THE CHARACTER OF THE GREAT PREACHER—SOME OF THE INCIDENTS IN HIS CAREER THAT CHANGED HIS AFTER LIFE—GREAT EPISODES IN HIS LIFE HISTORY—ANECDOTES INNUMERABLE TOLD OF AND BY THE ILLUSTRIOUS DIVINE.

Stories and anecdotes innumerable could be related of T. DeWitt Talmage—in fact, volumes could be filled with them. A more prolific writer probably never lived, and no man more frequently made use of story and anecdote in his sermons and lectures than he. He was not without a large vein of humor, and when in the mood could vie with any of our famous wits in framing an apt reply.

HARD ON THE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

After the burning of the second tabernacle in October, 1889, when an acquaintance remarked to him that the Lord seemed to deal hardly with his church, he said: "No, the Lord has blessed us all the time."

"But what a loss," the friend said. "Three hundred thousand dollars!"

"Oh, no!" replied the witty preacher, "the Lord is chastising the insurance companies. We were fully insured."

THE DOG AND THE ICE-CREAM FREEZER.

Dr. Talmage was fond of relating an incident which occurred in his younger married days. He said that he was sitting in the country parsonage on a cold winter day, looking out of his back window toward the house of a neighbor. She was a model of kindness, and a most convenient neighbor to have.

"It was a rule between us," said the doctor, "that when either house was in want of anything it should borrow from the other. The rule worked well for the parsonage, but rather badly for the neighbor, because on our side of the fence we had just begun to keep house, and needed to borrow everything, while we had nothing to lend except a few sermons, which the neighbor never tried to borrow, from the fact that she had enough of them on Sundays. There is no danger that your neighbor will burn a hole in your new brass kettle if you have none to lend. It will excite no surprise to say that we had an interest in all that happened on the other side of the parsonage fence, and that any injury inflicted on so kind a woman would rouse our sympathy.

"On the wintry morning of which I speak, our neighbor had been making ice-cream; but there being some defect in the machinery, the cream had not sufficiently congealed, and so she set the can of the freezer containing the luxury on her back steps, expecting the cold air would completely harden it. What was my dismay to see that my dog Carlo, on whose early education I was expending great care, had taken upon himself the office of ice-cream inspector, and was actually busy with the freezer! I hoisted the window and shouted at him, but his mind was so absorbed in his undertaking he did not stop to listen. Carlo was a greyhound, thin, gaunt and long-nosed, and he was already making his way on down toward the bottom of the can. His eyes and all his head had disappeared in the depths of the freezer. Indeed, he was so far submerged that when he heard me, with quick and infuriate pace coming up close behind him, he could not get his head out, and so started with the encumbrance on his head, in what direction he knew not. No dog was ever in a more embarrassing position—freezer to the right of him, freezer to the left of him, freezer on the top of him, freezer under him. So, thoroughly blinded, he rushed against the fence, then against the side of the house, then against a tree. He barked as though he thought he might explode the nuisance with loud sound, but the sound was confined in so strange a speaking-

trumpet that he could not have known his own voice. His way seemed hedged up. Fright and anger and remorse and shame whirled him about without mercy.

HOLDING ON TO THE DOG'S TAIL.

"A feeling of mirthfulness, which sometimes takes me on most inappropriate occasions, seized me, and I sat down on the ground, powerless at the moment when Carlo most needed help. If I only could have got near enough, I would have put my foot on the freezer, and, taking hold of the dog's tail, dislodged him instantly; but this I was not permitted to do. At this stage of the disaster my neighbor appeared with a look of consternation, her cap-strings flying in the cold wind. I tried to explain, but the aforesaid untimely hilarity hindered me. All I could do was to point at the flying freezer and the adjoining dog, and ask her to call off her freezer, and, with assumed indignation, demand what she meant by trying to kill my greyhound. The poor dog's every attempt at escape only wedged him more thoroughly fast. But, after a while, in time to save the dog, though not to save the ice-cream, my neighbor and myself effected a rescue. Edwin Landseer, the great painter of dogs and their friends, missed his best chance by not being there when the parishoner took hold of the freezer and the pastor seized the dog's tail, and, pulling mightily in opposite directions, they each got possession of their own property. Carlo was cured of his love for luxuries, and the sight of a freezer on the back steps till the day of his death would send him howling away."

THE STORY OF THE TWO BROTHERS.

In doctrine, Dr. Talmage was always strictly orthodox. He never changed his belief nor leaned toward agnosticism. When asked about opposing some new theological ideas one day, he said:

"No, I haven't time. I will keep on the main track. There is

nothing gained to Christianity by wrangling. You remember the story of the two brothers," he said, "who went out to take an evening walk, and one of them looked up to the sky and said:

" 'I wish I had a pasture-field as large as the night heavens.' And the other brother looked up into the sky, and said:

" 'I wish I had as many oxen as there are stars in the sky.'

" 'Well,' said the first, 'how would you feed so many oxen?'

" 'I would turn them into your pasture,' replied the second.

" 'What! whether I would or not?'

" 'Yes, whether you would or not.'

"And there arose a quarrel; and when the quarrel ended, one had slain the other."

One day, speaking of joining the church, Mr. Talmage said: "Every Christian should anchor to a church. If he gets into trouble, the church will take care of him. A pious captain of a Cunarder was riding over to Philadelphia on the cars. A young man came and sat down by him, when the captain said:

" 'Going over to Philadelphia?'

" 'Yes, I'm going there to live,' replied the young man.

" 'Have you letters of introduction?' asked the old captain.

" 'Yes,' said the young man, and he pulled some of them out.

" 'Well,' continued the old sea-captain, 'haven't you a church certificate?'

" 'Oh, yes,' replied the young man, 'I didn't suppose you would want to look at that.'

" 'Yes,' said the sea-captain, 'I want to see that. As soon as you get to Philadelphia, present that to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule, as soon as I get into port, to fasten my ship, fore and aft, to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream, floating hither and thither with the tide.' "

IT NEVER PAYS TO HUNT A FLY.

One very warm summer when the mosquitoes and flies were more bothersome than usual—an occasion when most men would have been tempted to use harsh language—Talmage sat down to his desk and calmly wrote a dryly-humorous essay on the small insect. "It never pays to hunt a fly," he wrote. "You clutch at him; you sweep your hand convulsively through the air; you wait till he alights on your face, and then give a fierce slap on the place where he was. You slyly wait till he crawls up your sleeve, and then give a violent crush to the folds of your coat, to find out that it was a different fly from the one you were searching after. *That* one sits laughing at your vexation from the tip of your nose. Apothecaries advertise insect exterminators; but if in summer time we set a glass to catch flies, for every one we kill there are twelve coroners called to sit as jury of inquest; and no sooner does one disappear under our fell pursuit, than all its brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces and second cousins come out to see what in the world is the matter."

THE STORY OF THE KILKENNY CATS RETOLD.

In the earlier days of his ministry Dr. Talmage made a humorous analysis of the story of the Kilkenny cats, in order to forcibly illustrate the contrariness of human nature. His version of this famous battle is as follows:

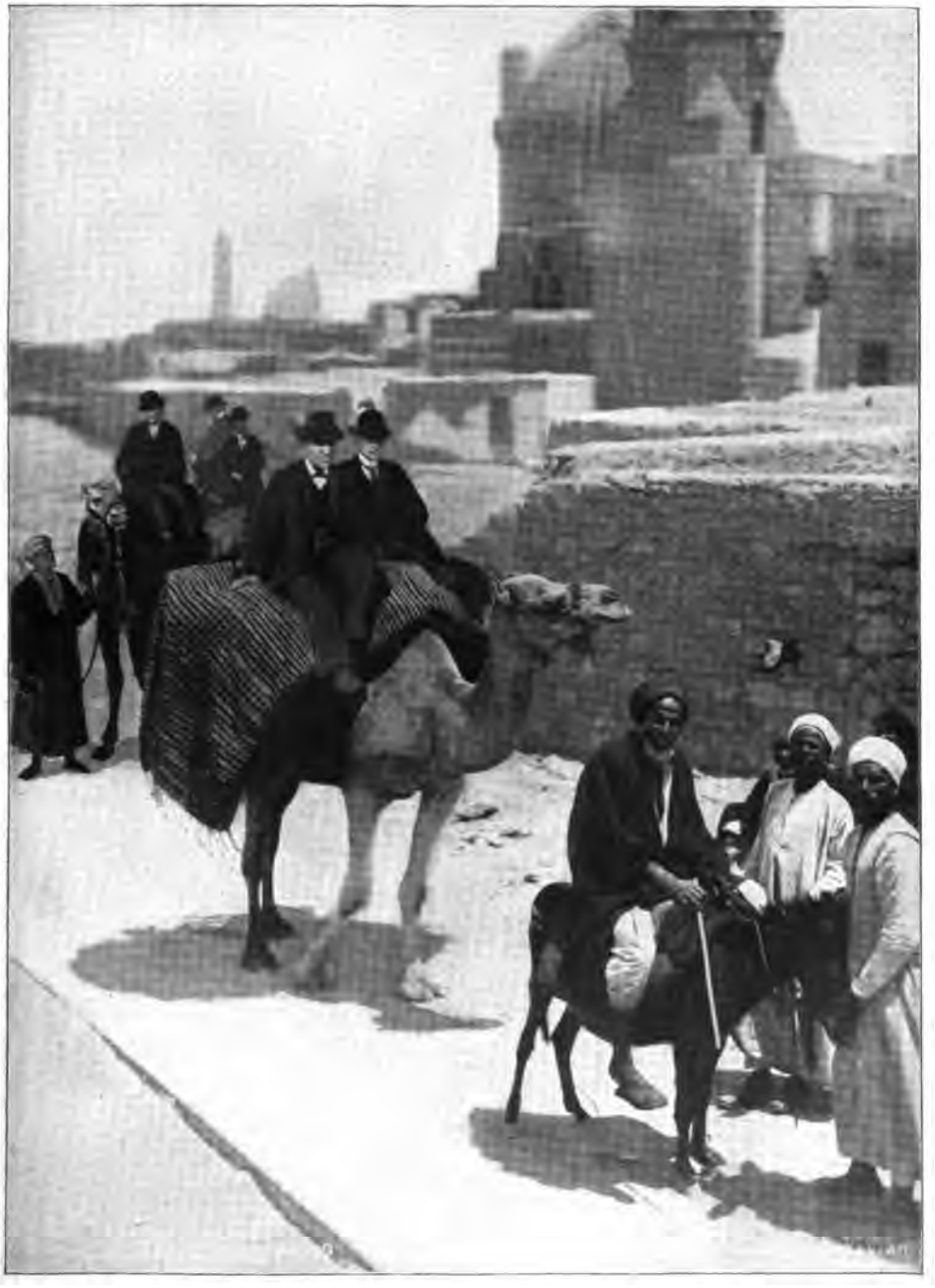
Among the beautiful hills of an inland county of Ireland, occurred a tragedy with which we are all familiar. It seems that one day, urged on by a malevolent and violent spirit, two cats ate each other up, leaving nothing but the tips of their tails. There never has been a more exhaustive treatment of any subject.

We were once disposed to take the whole account as apocryphal. We asked ourselves how it was possible. There are anatomical and mathematical laws denying it. Admit a moment, for the sake of argu-

ment, that they succeeded in masticating each other's heads, all progress must have ceased at that point, for the teeth of both parties having been destroyed, how could they have pursued their physiological investigations any further? Beside this, digestion could not have been going on in both their stomachs at the same time, for at the hour when the salivary fluid was passing from the parotid and submaxillary glands of cat number one upon cat number two, the pancreatic secretions in the latter would have been so neutralized that they could not have acted upon the organism of the former.

Furthermore: The conclusion of the Kilkenny story in regard to the uninjured extremities of the two cats would seem to prove the fallacy of the whole narrative, because the ferocity of felines which stopped not for ribs, back-bone, sirloin, and haunches, would have gone on till none would have been left to tell the tale.

Nevertheless, I must accept the historical accuracy of the statement. It is confirmed by the Fathers and contemporary witnesses, and by our own observation. In our boyhood, the housekeeper complained about a cat that was perpetually ravaging the milk-pans; and so we descended into the cellar with a bean-pole, expecting at one blow to wreak capital punishment upon the depredator. It was one of the evilest hours of our lives. Sitting in our study this morning, at peace with all the world, we shudder at the reminiscence. At our first stroke the cat of ordinary dimensions swelled up into a monster, that with glaring eyes darted after us. We felt that our future usefulness, and the interests of the Reformed Dutch Church, with which we were then connected, depended upon the strength of our bean-pole, and with one terrific stroke we sent her back to the wall of the cellar. Each stroke of our weapon increased the circumference of her eyes, the height of her bristles, the length of her tail, and the agony of the encounter. Our bean-pole broke! but this only roused us to more determination. What a story it would be to tell, that a youth, fresh from scanning Virgil, and from parsing of Milton's Battle of Archangels, had been



DR. TALMAGE SIGHTSEEING IN CAIRO.



DR. TALMAGE IN ST. PETERSBURG ON HIS WAY TO CZAR'S PALACE.

killed by a cat! That should never be! She came up with redoubled fury, the dirt flying from her paws, and her intensity of feeling on the subject emphasized by a supernatural spit. We called out for re-enforcements. The housekeeper came with broomstick to the charge. We gave her the field. We did not want to monopolize all the glory of the affray. We stood on the steps with every possible word of encouragement. We told her that the eyes of the world were upon her. We cried: "Give it to her!" All our sympathies were with the broomstick; and it is sufficient to remark that we won the day.

I have been ready ever since to believe the story of the Kilkenny cats. If any other cat, and in the same frame of mind, had met the one that we fought, they would not have stopped, they could not have been appeased, they would have clinched, gnawed, chewed up, ground to pieces, and devoured each other, and the melancholy event with which we opened this chapter would have been equalled if not surpassed.

But why go so far to look for Kilkenny cats, when we could, in three minutes, point you out a dozen?

Two men go to law about some insignificant thing. They retain counsel, enter complaints, subpœna witnesses, empanel juries, hear verdicts, make appeals, multiply costs. Adjournment after adjournment, vexation after vexation, business neglected, patience exhausted, years wasted, and on both sides the last dollar spent, the cats have interlocked their paws, clashed each other's teeth, opened each other's jaws, and gulped down each other's all! Extermination more complete than that of Kilkenny.

Two women slander each other. "You are a miserable creature!" says one. "You're another!" is the reply. Each one hauls out to public gaze all the frailties of her antagonist. They malign each other's hats as shocking, each other's hair as false, each other's teeth as bad specimens of dentistry. While Betsy is going up Fourth Street to denounce Hannah, Hannah is going down Fifth Street slashing Betsy.

Oh! they do hate each other with a relish! If they should happen to come into physical encounter, the whole field of conflict would be strewn with chignons, frizettes, switches, pads, bustles, chests that had ceased to heave, false calves, Marie Antoinette slippers, and French heels. These two cats meet on cross-streets, and their eyes flare, and there is a sudden dash, and the fur flies, and down the hill of respectability they roll together, over and over and over, covered with dirt and slush—now one on the top, now the other, now neither, for they have both vanished. *Exeunt* cats of Kilkenny!

A church is divided into two parties. What one likes the other abhors. They feel it their duty to stick to it. In the devotional meeting they *pray at* each other's inconsistencies, hoping that the prayer will go to heaven, but by the way of Deacon Rafferty's pew, just stopping a moment to give him a shaking. If one wants the church built on the hill, the other wants it down by the saw-mill. If the one wants the minister to avoid politics, the other would like to have him get up on the side of the pulpit and give three cheers for John Brown's knapsack, which is said to be still "strapped upon his back!" When Elder Bangs sits still in prayer, Elder Crank stands up to show his contempt for such behavior. If one puts ten cents on the plate, the other throws a dollar on the top of it, to show his abhorrence of such parsimony. The whole church catches the quarrelsome spirit, and begins to go down. One-half of the choir eats up the other half. The pew devours the pulpit, and the pulpit swallows the pew. The session take down the trustees, and the trustees masticate the session. The Sunday school and sewing-society show their teeth, and run out their claws, and get their backs up, and spit fire. And church councils assemble to stop the quarrel, and cry "Scat! scat!" to the infamous howlers. But the claws go on with their work, till there stands the old church by the wayside, windowless and forsaken! Nothing more nor less than a monument to the memory of the dead ecclesiastical cats of Kilkenny!

But why should I libel the cats by placing them in such disagreeable company? Old Tabby, the Maltese, with a blue ribbon about his neck, and a white spot on his face, ever since the day his mother took him tenderly by the nape of the neck and lifted him out of the ash-barrel, the place of his nativity, has been a pet of your family. He never had anything but a velvet paw for the children that mauled him. lifting him by the ears, or pulling him by the tail backward up and down the nursery. He ate out of the same saucer with the children, not waiting for a spoon. And when a pair of little feet stopped short in the journey of life, the white lids covered the eyes like untimely snow on violets, and you went in one rainy day to look at the little bed on which the flaxen curls once lay, you found old Tabby curled up on the pillow; and he looked up as if he knew what was the matter.

Old Tabby is almost blind now. Mice may canter across the floor without disturbing his slumber. Many of the hands that stroked him are still now, and he knows it. After a while his own time will come, and with all four paws stretched out stiff and cold, you will find him some morning dead on the door-mat.

Then the children will come and wrap him up, and carry him out, and dig a hole, and bury him with a Sunday-school hymn, putting up a board at his head, with this epitaph written on it in lead pencil: "Here lies O!d Tabby! Requies—cat in Pace!"

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE TONGUE.

In speaking of lying and slander Dr. Talmage said that the tongue "is loose at one end and can swing either way, but it is fastened at the other end to the floor of your mouth, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags. Xanthus, the philosopher, told his servant that on the morrow he was going to have some friends to dine, and told him to get the best thing he could find in the market. The philosopher and his guests sat down the next day at the table. They had nothing but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue cooked in

this way and tongue cooked in that way, and the philosopher lost his patience and said to the servant: 'Didn't I tell you to get the best thing in the market?' He said: 'I did get the best thing in the market. Isn't the tongue the organ of sociality, the organ of eloquence, the organ of kindness, the organ of worship?' Then Xanthus said: 'To-morrow I want you to get the worst thing in the market.' And on the morrow the philosopher sat at the table, and there was nothing there but tongue—four or five courses of tongue—tongue in this shape and tongue in that shape, and the philosopher again lost his patience and said: 'Didn't I tell you to get the worst thing in the market?' The servant replied: 'I did, for isn't the tongue the organ of blasphemy, the organ of defamation, the organ of lying?' Employ the tongue which God so wonderfully created as the organ of taste, the organ of deglutition, the organ of articulation, to make others happy, and in the service of God! If you whisper, whisper good—encouragement to the fallen and hope to the lost. The time will soon come when we will all whisper! The voice will be enfeebled in the last sickness, and though that voice could laugh and shout, and sing and halloo until the forest echoes answered, it will be so feeble that we can only whisper consolation to those whom we leave behind, and only whisper our hope of Heaven."

AN INCIDENT IN TALMAGE'S FATHER'S LIFE.

Dr. Talmage once told this story of his boyhood days: "The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: 'DeWitt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time,' he said, 'when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most

lucrative office in all the gift of the people of the county; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust Him.' "

TALMAGE'S INTERESTING THOUGHTS.

As illustrating the forcefulness of manner and originality of thought of Dr. Talmage, the following paragraphs taken at random from sermons and lectures will give the reader an insight into the character of the man:

On the Bible.—After the battle before Richmond had been over several days, a man was found dead, with his hand on the open Bible. The summer insects had taken the flesh from the hand, and there was nothing but the skeleton left; but the skeleton fingers lay on the open page, and on this passage: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Well, the time will come when all the fine novels we have on our bedroom shelf will not interest us, and all the good histories and all the exquisite essays will do us no good. There will be one Book, perhaps its cover worn out and its leaf yellow with age, under whose flash we shall behold the opening gates of heaven.

On Protestantism.—The term Protestantism reminds us of the prompt answer which was given by Wilkes, who was asked by a Romanist, "Where was your church before Luther?" "Where was your face before you washed it this morning?" replied Wilkes.

On Inconsistency.—A poor boy slyly takes from the basket of a market woman a choke pear—saving some one else from the cholera—and you smother him in the horrible atmosphere of Raymond street jail, or New York Tombs, while his cousin, who has been skillful enough to steal $50,000 from the city, you will make a candidate for the New York Legislature.

On Sin.—The Egyptian queen was a fool when she dissolved a priceless pearl in a single cup of pleasure! The Indian chief was a fool

when he, underrating the momentum of the current, and thinking he could stem the mighty flood, launched his canoe in the rapids and went over Niagara! He is a fool who sports with a deadly serpent! A man is a fool, who, unarmed and alone, springs to combat with a lion! But sin is stronger than a lion, and more venomous than a serpent! The momentum of its destroying flood is mightier than Niagara's, and, more precious than all queenly regalia, it dissolves in one cup of evil gladness "the Pearl of Great Price!"

On Remorse.—For every sin, great or small, conscience, which is the voice of God, has a reproof more or less emphatic. Charles IX., responsible for the St. Bartholomew massacre, was chased by the bitter memories of his deeds, and in his dying moments said to his doctor, Ambrose Parry:

"Doctor, I don't know what's the matter with me; I am in a fever of body and mind, and have been for a long while. Oh, if I had only spared the innocent and the imbecile and the crippled!" Rosseau declared in old age that a sin he committed in his youth still gave him sleepless nights. Charles II., of Spain, could not sleep unless he had in the room a confessor or two friars. Cataline had such bitter memories he was startled at the least sound. Cardinal Beaufort, having slain the Duke of Gloucester, often in the night would say:

"Away! away! Why do you look at me?"

Richard III., having slain his two nephews, would sometimes in the night leap from his couch and clutch his sword, fighting apparitions.

On Life.—I once stood on a platform with a clergyman, who told this marvelous story: "Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theater, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theater to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theater. One of

the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home, and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

On Destiny.—In the State of Ohio there is a court-house that stands in such a way that the rain-drops that fall on the north side go into Lake Ontario and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, while those that fall on the south side go into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. Just a little puff of wind determines the destiny of a rain-drop for two thousand miles. What a suggestive thought, that you and I may be setting in motion influences that shall determine a man's destiny for eternity!

On Forgiveness.—An old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood back, expecting to hear her scold frightfully; but she stooped down and picked up the apples and said: "God forgive you, my son, as I do." The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black, he called her mother, and said: "Forgive me, mother, I will never do anything so mean again." Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.

On Mercies.—There was a man who came over from New York some years ago, and threw himself down on the lounge in his house, and said, "Well, everything's gone." They said, "What do you mean?" "Oh," he replied, "we have had to suspend payment; our house has

gone to pieces—nothing left." His little child bounded from the other side of the room, and said:

"Papa, you have me left." And the wife, who had been very sympathetic and helpful, came up and said:

"Well, my dear, you have me left." And the old grandmother, seated in a corner of the room, put up her spectacles on her wrinkled forehead and said:

"My son, you have all the promises of God left." Then the merchant burst into tears and said:

"What an ingrate I am! I find I have a great many things left. God forgive me."

On Salvation.—I was reading of a ship that was coming from California during the time of the gold excitement. The cry of "Fire! fire!" was heard on shipboard, and the captain headed the vessel for the shore, but it was found that the ship would be consumed before it reached the beach. There was a man on deck fastening his gold around him in a belt, just ready to spring overboard, when a little girl came up to him and said:

"Sir, can you swim?" He saw it was a question whether he should save his gold or save that little child, and he said:

"Yes, my darling, I can swim," and he dashed his gold on the deck. "Now," he says, "put your arms around my neck; hold on very hard; put your arms around my neck."

And then the man plunged into the sea and put out for the beach, and a great wave lifted him high upon the shore, and when the man was being brought to consciousness he looked up; the little child, with anxious face, was bending over him. He had saved her.

On Self.—General Fisk says that he once stood at a slave-block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him, "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said:

"Twenty dollars." (He was very old, and not worth much.)

"Twenty-five," said a second.

"Thirty," "Thirty-five," "Forty."

The aged Christian minister began to tremble; he had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just seventy dollars, and expected with the seventy dollars to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more.

"Forty," "Forty-five," "Fifty," "Fifty-five," "Sixty," "Sixty-five."

The old man cried out, *"Seventy for my soul. Not a cent for the body!"* The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid; and the auctioneer struck him down to himself.

"Done—done! Soul and body for seventy dollars!"

The wicked value the body more than the soul.

On Baptism.—When I was in San Francisco a few summers ago, at the close of the preaching service, a young man came up on the steps of the pulpit and said:

"You don't know me, do you?"

"No," I replied, "I do not remember you."

Said he, "I am James Parrish. Don't you know James Parrish?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I do know you; I remember." Then the scene all flashed back upon me of a small room in Syracuse, New York, and a dying mother who sent for me and an elder of the church to come and baptize her children; and again I saw her lying there as she turned to me and said, "Mr. Talmage, I sent for you; I am going to die, but I can't die until my children are in the church of God. Will you please to baptize them?" And "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," I baptized them. Then she folded her hands and said, "It is enough. Lord Jesus, come quickly."

What was the use of having her children in the church?

I said to the young man standing on the pulpit stairs in San Francisco, "Oh, yes, I suppose you yourself have become a Christian, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "I have."

"I knew you would," I said. "Any young man who had a mother like yours could not help but be a Christian."

A father said to his son, "You are too young to connect yourself with the church of God;" and the next day, while they were out in the fields, there was a lamb that had strayed away, and it was bleating for its mother, and the father said to the son:

"Take that lamb over to the fold to its mother."

"Father," said the boy, "I guess not; you had better let it stay out here six months, and see whether it lives or not; and if it lives then we can take it in."

The father felt the truth at his heart, and said:

"My son, take that lamb in, and you go yourself the next time the Lord's fold opens."

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A PROLIFIC WRITER—HIS WORK AS AN AUTHOR.

DR. TALMAGE A GREAT WORKER—WROTE MUCH FOR THE RELIGIOUS PRESS—WAS WIDELY INTERVIEWED—AUTHOR OF MANY BOOKS.

Always a busy man, Dr. Talmage wrote something like eight or ten thousand sermons during his life. Many of these were published in book form, and thousands that were never printed in book form were scattered broadcast by the newspapers of the day. With his lectures, his regular church work and the many calls upon his time, besides the absolute necessity of spending much time on his sermons every week, he found time to write of his travels, commentaries on different stories of the Bible and books of advice and counsel to the young and religiously inclined, and these have had a wide sale. As soon as he returned from his trip around the world in 1894, he published a large volume describing the scenes and incidents of that triumphal tour.

TALMAGE'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Immediately after his return from abroad in February, 1890, after touring the Holy Land in search of new and fresh material, he began writing his Life of Christ. His publisher expected at that time to make $500,000 out of the sale for himself and $250,000 for Dr. Talmage. He also wrote a large book on the question of Christian Marriage, calling it "The Wedding Ring." It had a large circulation at the time of its publication and was widely noted in the religious and secular press. Identified for a great number of years in the closest editorial and business relations with the "Christian Herald," this paper has become in reality, as far as the people are concerned, his official organ. It has done much to further the fame of the noted preacher, and he himself has been perhaps its most famous contributor. Of his sermons one day

he said: "There are fifty-four heavy volumes of my sermons in print, and those are only the ones my publishers picked out. In 1892 I estimated that I had delivered between four thousand and five thousand sermons; how many more I have written since then I do not know."

Dr. Talmage wrote easily and with as great freedom as he talked or spoke from the pulpit. He had no particular literary habits but worked early and late and had regular hours for concentration in his study. That he was able to accomplish one-half the literary work he did accomplish is little short of a miracle, for his time was fully occupied with travel, church duties and the writing of his sermons. That he did accomplish more than that is testified by the large list of books he has placed upon the market, some of which are as follows:

"Crumbs Swept Up;" "Around the Teatable;" "Mask Torn Off;" "The Marriage Ring;" "Woman: Her Powers and Privileges;" "From Manger to Throne;" "Sports that Kill;" "The Earth Girdled;" "The Pathway of Life;" "Old Wells Dug Out;" "Every-Day Religion;" "Sundown;" "Fishing Too Near Shore;" "Night Sides of City Life;" "Live Coals," and a score of other volumes of sermons and addresses, some of which had wide circulation.

ENORMOUS SALE OF TALMAGE'S BOOKS.

All of Dr. Talmage's books were widely read, and of his Life of Christ, entitled "From Manger to Throne," it is said that over four hundred thousand copies were sold. He also edited successively the "Christian at Work," "Advance," "Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine" and the "Christian Herald," retaining charge of the last named up until the time of his death. He was also constantly upon the lecture platform, and some idea of his drawing capacity as a speaker as well as of the financial independence his gifts brought him may be gathered from the fact that he was once offered and refused $50,000 for a series of lectures whose dates, locality and subjects should be completely his own choice. Some one once counted up his receipts from his various sources

of income and estimated that his gray matter of brain could produce from $500 to $1,000 a day the year round.

MADE IMMENSE SUMS OF MONEY.

That Dr. Talmage made enormous sums of money can not be gainsaid, but it is equally true that he was always prodigal with his funds, generous and openhearted in his charity and toward his friends, traveled in the best of style, spent money freely if not lavishly, and, in general, maintained an expensive establishment. He was always averse to giving any idea of the amount of money he made out of his various enterprises; perhaps this was due to criticism directed against him, the burden of which was that he was mercenary in his public attitude.

ESTIMATE OF TALMAGE'S EARNINGS.

About the time of his Silver Jubilee he was asked to give an estimate of his earnings from all sources. He declined flatly, saying: "All I can say about it is that the Lord has been very good to me." However, a very close friend of his, when asked the same question, said: "I think a very low estimate of the money received by Dr. Talmage from his lectures and his books would be $350,000, and the total may be a great deal more. Two things are also certain. He could have made double what he has made if he had not refused on account of his church work and no other man that I ever heard of has had anything like his success in the same field."

In 1890 an authoritative announcement was made that Dr. Talmage was a millionaire. Whether that was exactly true or not cannot be said. The announcement occasioned great surprise and endless discussion in Brooklyn and other places where Dr. Talmage was known. Although he gave freely to the poor and spent a great deal on himself and family, his enormous income from his salary attached to the tabernacle, from lectures, marriage fees, sermons and other literary work, was at the time of his Brooklyn pastorate easily over $50,000 a year.

AN ENORMOUS INCOME.

What has been the size of his income since Dr. Talmage went to Washington is necessarily more or less a matter of conjecture; while his income has been large, his sermons have been less widely disseminated; and because of increasing age and a desire for rest Dr. Talmage has been withdrawing from his great activities in the lecture field as well as in literary life. Without doubt he died a very rich man, and had he followed a more secular profession he doubtless would have been immensely wealthy at the time of his death.

In Brooklyn the Talmage family always lived in excellent style, entertained freely and were fond of having their friends about them, and since living in Washington the beautiful home of the Talmages on Massachusetts avenue has been the center of much social gayety.

NO USE FOR TRASHY BOOKS.

Dr. Talmage, although a wonderful producer of books himself, was of the opinion that altogether too many books had seen the light of day. On this subject he wrote the following:

"Whether it be Asiatic cholera or the trichinæ that has got among books I know not, but most certain it is they are dying a hundred a day. The second-hand bookstores are the morgues where thousands of them are laid out. Many of them died after doing their work, and their end was peace. But many of them from the start were afflicted with a marasmus that never allowed them to take one healthy breath. The mortality of novels is something fearful. Three-fourths of them never paid the publishing expenses.

EXPECTATIONS OF BOOK WRITERS.

"Most people need to publish one book in order to find what an expensive and unsatisfactory business it is in most cases. I had a friend who had given birth to a religious poem. He thought it would rival 'Paradise Lost,' and shake the nations. He kept the secret under

lock and key for a long while, showing it only to a few special friends, and that under promise of secrecy. He grew thin in calculating at what time the world could best endure the exhilaration of its publication. At last the manuscript was in type, and the proof was read, and the book put upon the market. He banqueted his friends on publication day, in anticipation of a large fortune. He figured up how many would be sold. First, he calculated on disposing of twenty thousand; but as he reviewed the importance of the work and the fascination of the style, he put the figures to fifty thousand. Afterward, bethinking himself of the fact that it is impossible to keep a rare thing on this side of the Atlantic, and the certainty of its world-wide distribution, he concluded it reasonable to expect the circulation of one hundred thousand.

The fact was, that of the first edition of five hundred copies, one hundred and fifty were sold, and the rest were given away. Its rivalry did not hurt John Milton's reputation a bit. My friend's experience was that of the man spoken of in the tenth chapter of Revelation: 'I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey; and as soon as I had eaten it, my belly was bitter.' My friend died of chagrin, and went where his book had no circulation, and therefore will never see this article; otherwise I would not have written it. Before any one issues a book he had better make a tour of the second-hand bookstores, and ask what proportion of the books published in this day are profound fizzles.

THE BEST WAY TO REFORM THE RACE.

"I once had a cross old relative who believed in war, because he thought the best way to reform the race was to keep killing it off. While I reject that theory I really believe that this epidemic among books is fortunate. If one-half of the books which have been printed in the last thirty years had continued to live, our libraries and bookstands would have been so crowded that the world would have had no room to turn around. If all the snow that has ever fallen had continued

lying on the ground, we should have had banks of it reaching well up on toward the moon; but fortunately the crystals melt; and the only reason that our way is not entirely blocked by snowstorms of literature is because through the paper mills the material soaks away. Long life to all good books, and honorable sepulture to those that die early!"

ON THE DEATH OF PERIODICALS.

Much in the same vein is the following on the short life and early mortality of newspapers and periodicals. The article was written in 1876, but bears as much truth to-day as it did then. "There is a fearful mortality among periodicals," he wrote. "An epidemic has broken out which has brought to the last gasp many of the dailies, weeklies, and monthlies. During the last few weeks, scores of these have died of cholera infantum. Only a little while ago, they came forth with flaming prospectus and long list of eminent contributors; but the places that knew them once know them no more.

A PROVIDENTIAL INDICATION.

"Men succeeding in nothing else have concluded it to be a providential indication that they should publish a paper. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sunk, and every issue of the majority of the temperance, Sunday-school, religious, and political papers of the country is a plunge into debt from which they are hoping some purchaser will lift them out. It is a constant question in the community where religious newspapers go to when they die? We know where the basely partisan go to, without asking.

"The mania is fearful. Many of our literary friends are uneasy till they have invested their last five thousand dollars in printer's ink. Nine-tenths of them may whistle for their money; but the dog will not come back, having found out some other master. Why all this giving up of the ghost among newspapers?

"Some of them died for lack of being anathematized. Nothing ever succeeds in this country without being well cursed. If a man, or book,



DR. TALMAGE ON JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD.



BAPTISM IN RIVER JORDAN.



DR. TALMAGE AT TOMB OF NAPOLEON—PARIS.



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—WASHINGTON, D. C.

The last pastorate of the late T. DeWitt Talmage.

or periodical go forth unassaulted, ruin is nigh. There is nothing that so decidedly lifts a thing up before the public gaze as the end of a bayonet. The neutral paper almost always fails, because it clears the scorn of parties and churches. Kicks and cuffs are an indispensable inheritance. The more valuable the quarry, the more frequent the blasting. You cannot make wine without the crushing of the clusters. The most successful periodicals of the day are those that have been most violently hounded.

WHAT AN EDITOR MUST UNDERSTAND.

"Some of these papers died for lack of brains. A man may plead law or preach the gospel with less intellect than is required for the conduct of a paper. The editor must understand something of everything. He wants more than a scissors and a bottle of mucilage. If he merely retail the ideas of others, the public will prefer to go up and get the thing at the wholesale establishment. He must be able, with strong and entertaining pen, to discuss governments, religions, educational enterprises, social changes, books, amusements, men, institutions, everything. He must have strength to take a thought on the end of his pen and fling it a thousand miles, till it strikes within an inch of the point at which he aimed it.

"Lack of capital has thrown others. Ink, paper, press, type, printers, editorial salaries, contributors' fees, postal expenses, rent, machinery, necessary repairs, are taking down many large fortunes. The literary enterprise is often crushed under its own cylinders, is drowned in its own ink, is chewed up with its own type, is shrouded in its own paper, has its epitaph in its own columns. The wider the circulation of the illy-managed newspaper, the more certain the doom. He who attempts to publish a paper without pockets full of ready cash, publishes his own discomfiture. Call on the witness-stand the hundreds of men who are now settling up the bills for their extinct newspaper.

POCKETS TURNED WRONG SIDE OUT.

"Every mail brings to us the parting bow of retiring publishers, with pockets turned wrong side out, from which hungry creditors are trying to milk out another shilling.

"Many of them have died from lack of room. At this very time we have so many good religious papers on our table, we think we shall once in a while have to take up the 'London Punch' to keep ourselves enough worldly to attend to our secular duties. We fear that some of these religious papers will eat each other up, so that there will be nothing left of them save a few remaining columns of advertising medicines and shaving-soap. New York city has ten evening papers; the number of morning papers no one has had time to count. We wish them all success; but it would certainly be wise if the three hundred new periodicals which are about to be started would look before they leap.

"We wonder not at the ambition that aims for the editorial chair. All other modes of affecting the public mind are narrow and weak compared with it. The pen is the lever that moves the world, and the ink-roller of the printing press the battering-ram that smites into the dust the walls of ignorance and sin. But the press is a strong team to drive; and one must be sure of the harness and the wheels, or, coming along a steep place, there will be a capsize, and a wreck from under which the literary adventurers will not have strength to draw themselves. Phæton's attempt to drive the chariot of the sun ended in a grand smash-up."

CHAPTER XIX.

TALMAGE'S VIEWS ON WOMEN.

NOTED DIVINE WROTE MUCH OF AND FOR WOMANKIND—WOMAN THE QUEEN OF THE HOME—THE CURIOSITY OF EVE—INFLUENCE OF WOMAN FOR GOOD—VIEWS ON THE READING OF NOVELS.

Without woman in the church, what a dreary place it would be! No one realized this fact more than did T. DeWitt Talmage, and he frequently addressed himself directly to the gentler sex in his sermons, lectures and writings.

WHAT WOMAN IS.

Dr. Talmage once described woman as a creature direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great nothing short of the Infinite God can tell their bound. Fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world. Of a value that you do not realize unless your mother lived long enough to let you know, or in some great exigency of life when all other resources failed, you were reinforced by a wife's faith in God, that nothing could disturb.

In speaking of woman as being the queen of the home, Dr. Talmage said that "Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and earth itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities. When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia, nor of Anne of England, nor of Marie Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in-arm down life's pathway—sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave,

but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God, whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all Heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now, without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: 'Mother! mother!' Ah! she was the queen."

EVE AND HER CURIOSITY.

In a discourse on Adam and Eve Dr. Talmage said that Eve just wanted to know how the fruit tasted. "She found out," he continued, "but six thousand years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthy curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis, written in the book of nature, illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulchre there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheatre. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescope vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassoed with resplendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypi and the starfish under the sea,

and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, the larva in a beach leaf and the light under the firefly's wing. It has studied the myriads of animalcules that make up the phosphorescence in the ship's wake and the mighty maze of suns and spheres and constellations and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages came to wheels and levers and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or swim the sea, or cleave the mountain until the earth jars and roars and rings, and crackles, and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire draw the continents together. I say nothing against healthful curiosity. But we must admit that unhealthful inquisitiveness has rushed thousands into ruin.

CURIOSITY BLASTED ALL NATIONS.

"Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious. Her curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergy in this day inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness, who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection, and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. There are a thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage, but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection! In the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who have actually been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand why Melchisidec was not!

THOUSANDS OF ADAMS AND EVES.

"Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness. It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the

eye-stare and mouth-gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high with two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial conditions, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle-tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Captain Twaddel and Colonel Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves, who do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them; men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra; good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs! Then, how many young women, through curiosity, go through the whole realm of French novels to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them! They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far down it really is, but they lose their balance while they look and fall into remediless ruin; or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock. By all means encourage healthful inquisitiveness, but discourage illy-regulated curiosity."

THE GLORIOUS RIGHTS WOMAN POSSESSES.

Dr. Talmage did not believe in women taking part in politics. He stated that his chief anxiety was "not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. Take the grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever yet disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while; but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is

within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in the world. Every man knows as well as I do that this outside world, the business world, is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gougings. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Oh, my good woman, thank God you have a home, and that in it you may be queen. Better be there than wear a coronet. Your abode may be of the humblest, but you can, by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in all our great cities—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood, and yet the men who live in them would die rather than surrender them."

A SMALL "DON'T" FOR THE WOMEN.

The eloquent preacher gave his fair hearers a mild lecture whenever he observed anything that he thought called for it. On one of these occasions the lecture was on the habit of scowling, when he said:

"I have a special message for women—one *don't*—small as a word, but mighty in influence. It is this: Don't scowl. Scowling spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and, oh, how much older you look for it. Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot, and knit them even more tightly when we can not think. There is no denying this, there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. 'Constitutional

scowl' we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. 'Cross,' we say about the children, and 'worried to death,' about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage."

ON READING THE MODERN NOVEL.

A woman once asked Dr. Talmage his views on the right or wrong of women reading modern novels, and he replied that it all depended on the novel. "Some novels are exhilarating," he went on to say, "but a great percentage of them seem to me to belong more to the literary men and women of the past than of the present. Some of our modern novels are appalling in their influence." "But," said the lady, "the heroes are so adroitly knavish, and the persons so bewitchingly untrue, and the turn of the story so exquisite, and all the characters so enrapturing, I cannot quit them."

Dr. Talmage replied: "You can find styles of literature just as charming that will elevate and purify, and ennoble, and Christianize while they please. The devil does not own all the honey. There is a wealth of good books coming forth from our publishing houses that

leaves no excuse for the choice of that which is debauching to body, mind and soul. Go to some intelligent man or woman and ask for a list of books that will be strengthening to your mental and moral condition. Life is so short and your time for improvement so abbreviated, that you cannot afford to fill up with husks, and cinders, and debris. In the interstices of business that young man is reading that which will prepare him to be a merchant prince, and that young woman is filling her mind with an intelligence that will yet either make her the chief attraction of a good man's home, or give her an independence of character that will qualify her to build her own home and maintain it in a happiness that requires no augmentation from any of our rougher sex. That young man or woman can, by the right literary and moral improvement of the spare ten minutes here or there in every day, rise head and shoulders in prosperity and character and influence above the loungers who read nothing or that which bedwarfs."

SYMPATHY FOR THE WORKING WOMAN.

Dr. Talmage took a great interest in the working women of New York and Brooklyn, and in his mission work did much to make life pleasanter for many of them. On this subject he once made the following appeal:

"There are sixty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the sunlight comes their death groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurled out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces—pinched, ghastly, hungerstruck! Look at their fingers, needle-pricked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! At a large meeting of these women held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needlewoman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and with her shriveled arm hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out the horrors of her own experience. Stand at the corner of a street in

New York at six or seven o'clock in the morning, as the women go to work. Many of them had no breakfast, except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or the crumbs they chew on their way through the street. Here they come—the working girls of New York and Brooklyn: These engaged in bead-work, these in flower-making, in millinery, in paper-box-making; but most overworked of all and least compensated, the sewing-woman. Why do they not take the city cars on their way up? They cannot afford the five cents. If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into the car, give her a seat. You want to see how Latimer and Riley appeared in the fire. Look at that woman and behold a more horrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death. Ask that woman how much she gets for her work, and she will tell you—six cents for making coarse shirts and furnishing her own thread!"

PURITY IN THE HAUNTS OF SIN.

Speaking of mission work one day, Dr. Talmage said that he never knew of a Christian woman working among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand to ever meet with an indignity. "I stood," he said, "in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh, and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of the place: 'Do you come here nights to hold a service?' 'Oh, yes,' she said. 'Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?' 'Never,' she said, 'never.' That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, an armed police at each corner, is not so well defended as that Christian woman who goes forth on gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the arm of His wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces any one who should offer her indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal

indignation. Some one said: 'I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them.' 'So,' said another man. 'I am afraid, too.' Said the first: 'I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place.' 'Ah,' said the other man, 'I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is that if any of those boys should use a nasty word in that presence the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot.' "

HOW TO CURE "THE BLUES."

A woman once wrote to Dr. Talmage that she often had spells of "the blues," and wanted him to tell her how to cure the malady. The famous lecturer wrote as follows:

"Almost every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key or a subdued mood that, in common parlance, is recognized as 'the blues.' There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all, when 'the blues' seize you, get up and go out of doors. Fresh air, and the faces of cheerful men, and pleasant women, and frolicsome children, will, in fifteen minutes, kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the key-board of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache, and rheumatism and malaria go to see toothache, rheumatism and malaria. On one block in Brooklyn live a doctor, an undertaker and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk on, lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the shutters of your soul, and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in. Besides that, why should any woman sit with the blues? Shone upon

by such stars as dot the Canadian sky, and breathed on by such air, and sung to by so many pleasant sounds, you ought not to be seen moping. Especially if light from the better world strikes its aurora through your night-sky ought you be cheerful. You can afford to have a rough luncheon by the way if it is soon to end amid the banqueters in white. Sailing toward such a blessed port, let us not have our flag at half-mast. Leave to those who take too much wine 'the gloomy raven tapping at the chamber door,' but as for you and I give us the robin red-breast and the chaffinch. Let some one with a strong voice give out the long-metre doxology, and the whole world 'praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

TIMES WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

"Of course there are undoubtedly times when everything seems to go wrong. From seven o'clock A. M. until ten P. M. affairs are in a twist. You rise in the morning, and the room is cold, the steak for breakfast is tough, the stove smokes, the pipes have burst, and you start for your marketing nettled from head to foot. All day long things are adverse. Insinuations, petty losses, meanness on the part of everybody. The ink-bottle upsets and spoils the carpet. Some one gives a wrong turn to the damper, and the gas escapes. Besides this, you have a cold in your head, and a grain of dirt in your eye, and you are a walking uneasiness. The day is out of joint, and no surgeon can set it. Now, the probability is that if you would look at the weather-vane you would find that the wind is northeast, and you might remember that you have lost much sleep lately. It might happen to be that you are out of joint instead of the day. Be careful, and not write many letters while you are in that irritated mood. You will pen some things that you will be sorry for afterward. Let us remember that these spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. That table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard,

pepper, and horse-radish to bring the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness, we would never be ready for emigration to a higher and better world. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shining May. This world is a poor hitching post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip and hasten on toward the warm inn where our good friends are looking out of the window watching to see us come up."

TAKE CARE OF THE PRESENT.

To women who are always worrying about the future Dr. Talmage addressed these words:

"There are women who are in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They are making out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies, and rheumatisms, and neuralgias, and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct, and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for some weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming lifelong invalids. Take care of your health now and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking Him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon and lie down on the pulpit-sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the present, and let the future look out for itself. Don't be oblivious of a future before you, but don't worry and fret about it. Live in the present the very best you know how: let your kindnesses to others be of to-day, your life an immediate example for others."

WORDS TO MARRIED WOMEN.

"Women have the eternal salvation of their husbands in their right hand. On the marriage-day you took an oath before men and angels that you would be faithful and kind until death did you part, and I believe you are going to keep that oath; but after that parting at the door of the grave, will it be an eternal separation? Is there any such thing as an immortal marriage, making the flowers that grow on the tops of the sepulchres brighter than the garlands which at the marriage banquet flooded the air with aroma? Yes; I write here as a priest of the most high God, to proclaim the bans of an immortal union for all those who join hands in the grace of Christ. O woman, is your husband, your father, your son, away from God? Is there a friend whom you can influence? Don't say that you have done all in your power. The Lord demands their redemption at your hands, and will provide the means.

"It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No; her heart is more responsive to the pleading of divine love. She is in a vast majority. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women; so God appoints them to be chief agencies for bringing this world back to God.

STORY OF A CHRISTIAN WIFE.

"The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three, and in private home life. A consistent, consecrated Christian service is an unanswerable demonstration of God's truth. A group of rough men were assembled at a tavern one night. It came on toward morning—one or two o'clock. One man boasted that it did not make any difference what time he went home, his wife cheerfully opened the door and provided an entertainment if he was hungry when he got home. So they

laid a wager. They said: 'Now, we'll go along with you. So much shall be wagered. We'll bet so much that when you go home and make such a demand she will resist it.' So they went along at two or three o'clock in the morning, and knocked at the door. The door opened and the man said to his wife, 'Get us a supper.' She said, 'What shall I get?' He selected the articles of food. Very cheerfully were they provided, and about three or four o'clock in the morning they sat down at the table—the most cheerful one, in all that presence, the Christian wife—when the man, the ruffian, the villain, who had demanded all this, broke into tears, and said, 'I can't stand this. O, what a wretch I am!' He disbanded that group. He knelt down with his Christian wife and asked her to pray for the salvation of his immortal soul, and, before the morning dawned, they were united in the faith and hope of the Gospel.

"MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS HAUNT ME!"

"A patient, loving, Christian demeanor in the presence of transgression, in the presence of hardness, in the presence of obduracy and crime, is an argument from the throne of the Lord Almighty, and blessed is that woman who can wield such an argument. A sailor came slipping down the ratline one night as though something had happened, and the sailors cried, 'What's the matter?' He said, 'My mother's prayers haunt me like a ghost.' Home influences, consecrated, Christian home influences, are the mightiest of all influences upon the soul. There are men who have maintained their integrity, not because they were any better naturally than some other people, but because there were home influences praying for them all the time. They got a good start; they were launched on the world with the benedictions of a Christian mother. They may track Siberian snows, they may plunge into African jungles, they may fly to the earth's end—they cannot go so far and so fast but the prayers will keep up with them."

CHAPTER XX.

TALMAGE ON EVERY-DAY AFFAIRS.

THE GREAT DIVINE TOOK FOR HIS SUBJECTS MANY INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE—THE INFLUENCE OF CLUBS—WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HEALTH RESORTS—VIEWS ON THE TOBACCO HABIT—SOCIAL DISSIPATIONS, THEATRES, ETC.

For the subjects of his discourses Dr. Talmage looked not alone to the Bible, but into the every-day lives of men and women. Many of his sermons of this character were written in his most powerful descriptive manner—sparkling with graceful imagery and illustrated with interesting anecdotes. They will be classed among the keenest, sharpest and most vigorous specimens of oratory ever written, and for originality, force and splendor of imagination will bear favorable comparison with the greatest productions of any age or country.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLUB LIFE.

In a discourse such as described above, Dr. Talmage once spoke as follows on club life:

"Cattle in herds. Birds in flocks. Fish in schools. The human race in social circles. You may by discharge of gun scatter the flock of quails, and you may by plunge of the anchor send apart the denizens of the deep, but they will reassemble. And if by some power you could scatter all the present associations of men, they would again reassemble.

"Herbs and flowers prefer to stand in associations. You plant a forget-me-not or a heart's-ease away up alone on the hillside, and it will soon hunt up some other heart's-ease or forget-me-not. You find the



T. DEWITT TALMAGE AS AN ORATOR.



T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

This picture of the noted divine shows him as he appeared in his home day after day ready to greet his friends. The photograph from which this picture was made was given the author during a recent interview.

herbs talking to each other in the morning dew. A galaxy of stars is a mutual life insurance company. Once in a while you find a man unsympathetic and alone, and like a ship's mast, ice-glazed, which the most agile sailor could not climb; but the most of men have in their nature a thousand roots and a thousand branches, and they blossom all the way to the top, and the fowls of heaven sing amid the branches. Because of this we have communities and societies—some for the kindling of mirth, some for the raising of sociality, some for the advance of a craft, some to plan for the welfare of the State—associations of artists, of merchants, of shipwrights, of carpenters, of masons, of plumbers, of plasterers, of lawyers, of doctors, of clergymen. Do you cry out against this? Then you cry out against a divine arrangement.

"You might as well preach a sermon to a busy ant-hill or beehive against secret societies. In many of the ages people have gathered together in associations, characterized by the old blunt Saxon designation of club. If you have read history you know there were the King's Head Club, and the Ben Jonson Club, and the Brothers' Club—to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged—and the Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell made immortal; and Jacobin Club, and Benjamin Franklin Junto Club, and others almost as celebrated and conspicuous. Some to advance arts, some to vindicate justice, some to promote good literature, some to destroy the body and blast the soul. In our own time we have many clubs. They are as different from each other as the day from the night. I might show you two specimens.

TWO SPECIMENS OF CLUB-HOUSES.

"Here is the imperial hallway. On this side is the parlor, with the upholstery of a Kremlin or a Tuileries. Here is a dining-room which challenges you to mention any luxury it cannot afford. Here is an art gallery with pictures and statues and drawings from the best of artists—Bierstadt and Church and Cole and Powers—pictures for all moods, impassioned or placid: Sheridan's Ride and Farmers at their

Nooning; Shipwreck and Sunlight over the Seas; Foaming Deer with the Hounds after it in the Adirondacks; Sheep Asleep on the Hillside. And here are reading rooms with the finest of magazines, and libraries with all styles of books, from hermeneutics to fairy tale.

"Men go there for ten minutes or for many hours. Some come from beautiful and happy home circles for a little while that they may enter into these club-house socialities. Others come from dismembered households, and while they have humble lodgings elsewhere, find their chief joy here. One blackball amid ten votes will defeat a man's membership. For rowdyism and gambling and drunkenness and every style of misdemeanor a man is immediately dropped. Brilliant club-house from top to bottom—the chandeliers, the plate, the literature, the social prestige a complete enchantment.

"Here is another club-house. You open the door, and the fumes of strong drink and tobacco are something almost intolerable. You do not have to ask what those young men are doing, for you can see by the flushed cheek and intent look and almost angry way of tossing the dice and dropping the chips, they are gambling.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE SUBJECT.

"That is an only son seated there at another table. He had had all art, all culture, all refinement, showered upon him by his parents. That is the way he is paying them for their kindness. That is a young married man. A few months ago, he made promises of fidelity and kindness, every one of which he has broken. Around a table in the club-house there is a group telling vile stories. It is getting late now, and three-fourths of the members of the club are intoxicated. It is between twelve and one o'clock, and after a while it is time to shut up. The conversation has got to be groveling, base, filthy, outrageous. Time to shut up. The young men saunter forth, those who can walk, and balance themselves against the lamp-post or the fence. A young man not able to get out has a couch extemporized for him in the club-house, or by two comrades

not quite so overcome by strong drink, he is led to his father's house, and the door-bell rung, and the door opens, and these two imbecile escorts usher into the front hall the ghastliest thing ever ushered into a father's house—a drunken son. There are dissipating club-houses which would do well if they could make a contract with Inferno to furnish ten thousand men a year, and do that for twenty years, on the condition that no more would be asked of them. They would save—the dissipating club-houses of this country would save—hundreds of homesteads, and bodies, minds, and souls innumerable. The ten thousand they furnish a year by contract would be small when compared with the vaster multitudes they furnish without contract. But I make a vast difference between the club-houses. I have during my life belonged to four clubs—a base-ball club, a theological club, and two literary clubs. They were to me physical recuperation, mental food, moral health.

TEST YOUR CLUB BY YOUR HOME.

"Now, what is the principle by which we are to judge in regard to the profitable or baleful influence of a club-house? That is the practical and eternal question which hundreds of men to-day are settling. First, I would have you test your club-house by the influence it has upon your home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent member of one of the clubs, that three-fourths of the members are married men. That wife has lost her influence over her husband who takes every evening's absence as an assault upon domesticity. How are the great enterprises of art, and literature, and education, and the public weal to go on if every man has his world bounded by his front doorstep on one side, and his back window on the other, his thoughts rising no higher than his own attic, going down no deeper than his own cellar? When a wife objects to a husband's absence for some elevating purpose, she breaks her scepter of conjugal power.

"There should be no protest on the part of the wife if the husband goes forth to some practical, useful, honorable mission. But alas! for

the fact that so many men sacrifice all home-life for the club-house. I have in my house the roll of the members of many of the clubs of our great cities, and I could point you to the names of many who have committed this awful sacrilege.

"Genial as angels at the club-house, ugly as sin at home. Generous to a fault for all wine-suppers and yachts and horse races, but stingy about the wife's dress and the children's shoes. That which might have been a healthful recreation has become a usurpation of his affections, and he has married it, and he is guilty of moral bigamy.

"Under that process, whatever be the wife's features, she becomes uninteresting and homely. He criticises everything about her. He does not like her dress; he does not like the way she arranges her hair; he cannot see how he ever was so unromantic as to offer her his hand and heart. It is all the time talk about money, money, money, when she ought to be talking about Dexters and Derby Days and English drags, with six horses all under control of one ribbon. There are hundreds of homes in New York and Brooklyn being clubbed to death.

MAY MEAN DOMESTIC SHIPWRECK.

"Membership in some of these clubs always means domestic shipwreck. Tell me a man has become a member in a certain club, and tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his accurate biography. By that time he is a wine-guzzler, and his wife is broken-hearted or prematurely old, and his property is lost or reduced, and his home is a mere name in a directory.

"The damage is often increased by the fact that the scion of some aristocratic family belongs to a club, and people born in humbler circles feel flattered to belong to that one where he belongs, not realizing the fact that some of the sons and grandsons of the great commercial establishments of the past as to mind are imbecile, as to body diseased, as to morals rotten. They would long ago have got through with their entire property, but the wily ancestor who got his money by hard knocks

knows how it will be, and so he ties up everything in his will. There is nothing left now to that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast beef rotundity. And yet many a steamer is proud to be lashed fast to that worm-eaten tug, though it pulls straight for the breakers. I can point you to men in Brooklyn and New York who, because of an illustrious ancestry, are now taking scores of men to their eternal ruin.

INFLUENCE ON SECULAR OCCUPATION.

"Another test by which you may try your club-house, or the one into whose membership you are invited, is the question, What is the influence of that institution upon one's secular occupation? I can see how through a club-house men may advance their commercial interests. I have friends who have formed their best mercantile relations through such institutions. But what has been the influence of the one with which you are connected upon your worldly credit?

"Are people more cautious now how they let you have goods? Before you joined the club was your credit with the commercial agency A1? and has it gone clear down on the scale? Then beware!

"We every day hear the going to pieces of commercial establishments through the dissipations of some club-house libertine or club-house drunkard who has wasted his estate, and wasted the estate of others. The fortune is beaten to pieces with the ball-player's bat, or cut amidship by the prow of a regatta, or falls under the sharp hoof of the fast horse, or is drowned in the potions of Cognac and Monongahela. The man's club-house was the Loch Earn, his occupation was the Ville du Havre. They struck on the high seas, and the Ville du Havre went under.

TWO HIGHWAYS TO THE FUTURE.

"Now, here are two highways into the great future, the Christian highway and the unchristian; the one safe, the other dangerous. Anything that makes me forget that, is a bad institution. I had family

prayers before I joined the club. Do I have them now? I attended regularly the house of God before I joined the club. Do I now attend religious service? Would you rather have in your hand, when you come to die, a pack of cards or a Bible? Would you, in the closing moment of your life, rather have the cup of Belshazzarean wassail put to your lip, or the cup of holy communion? Would you, my brother, rather have for eternal companions the swearing, carousing, vile, story-telling crew that surround the table in a dissipating club-house, or your little child, the bright girl that God took? Ah! you would not have been away so many nights if you had thought she was going so soon. Your wife has never brightened up since then. She has not got over it. She never will get over it. What a pity it is that you can not spend more evenings at home consoling that great sorrow! Oh, you can not drown that grief in a wine-cup! You can not forget those little arms that were thrown around your neck while she said: 'Papa, do stay home to-night, do stay home to-night!' You can not wipe from your lips the dying kiss of that little child. And yet there has been many a man so completely overborne by the fascinations of a dissipating club-house, that he went off the night the child was dying of scarlet fever. He came back about midnight, and it was all over. The eyes were closed. The undertaker had done his work. The wife lay unconscious in the next room, from having watched for three weeks. He came up-stairs, and he saw the empty cradle, and saw the window was up. He said, 'What is the matter?' In God's judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!

TAKES DOWN THE BEST MEN.

"The influence which some of the club-houses are exerting is the more to be deplored because it takes down the very best men.

"The admission fee sifts out the penurious, and leaves only the best fellows. They are frank, they are generous, they are whole-souled, they are talented. Oh, I begrudge the devil such a prize! After a while the

frank look will go out of the face, and the features will be haggard, and when talking to you, instead of looking you in the eye they will look down, and every morning the mother will kindly ask, 'My son, what kept you out so late last night?' and he will make no answer, or he will say, 'That's my business.' Then some time he will come to the store or the bank cross and befogged, and he will neglect some duty, and after a while he will lose his place, and then, with nothing to do, he will come down at ten o'clock in the morning to curse the servant because the breakfast is cold. The lad who was a clerk in the cellar has got to be chief clerk in the great commercial establishment; the young man who ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier; thousands of the young men who were at the foot of the ladder have got to the top of the ladder; but here goes the victim of the dissipating club-house, with staggering step and bloodshot eye and mud-spattered hat set sidewise on a shock of greasy hair, his cravat dashed with cigar ashes. Look at him! Pure-hearted young man, look at him! The club-house did that. I know one such who went the whole round, and, turned out of the higher club-houses, went into the lower club-houses, and on down, until one night he leaped out of a third-story window to end his wretchedness.

WHAT THE CHILDREN KNOW.

"Let me say to fathers who are becoming dissipated, your sons will follow you. You think your son does not know. He knows all about it. I have heard men who say, 'I am profane, but never in the presence of my children.' Your children know you swear. I have heard men say, 'I drink, but never in the presence of my children.' Your children know you drink. I describe now what occurs in hundreds of households in this country. The tea-hour has arrived. The family are seated at the tea-table. Before the rest of the family arise from the table, the father shoves back his chair, says he has an engagement, lights a cigar, goes out, comes back after midnight, and that is the history of three hundred and sixty-five nights of the year. Does any man want to stultify him-

self by saying that that is healthy, that that is right, that that is honorable? Would your wife have married you with such prospects?

"Time will pass on, and the son will be sixteen or seventeen years of age, and you will be at the tea-table, and he will shove back and have an engagement, and he will light his cigar, and he will go out to the club-house, and you will hear nothing of him until you hear the night key in the door after midnight. But his physical constitution is not quite so strong as yours, and the liquor he drinks is more terrifically drugged than that which you drink, and so he will catch up with you on the road to death, though you got such a long start of him, and so you will both go to hell together."

TALMAGE ON HEALTH RESORTS.

Dr. Talmage believed in taking an occasional vacation, and when on such short trips as he was in the habit of taking was always on the look-out, and a close observer of everything going on about him. So one Sunday he preached a sermon on Health Resorts. His interesting talk on this subject was in part as follows:

"I believe in watering-places. I go there sometimes. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the Church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, 'Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves.' And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest, do not know how to work.

"But I have to declare this truth, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and eternal destruction of 'a multitude that no man can number.' The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home.

"You will send the dog and cat and canary-bird to be well cared

for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions.

AS TO THE ELDERS AND DEACONS.

"Elders and deacons and ministers of religion, who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take the day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half-disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ-loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas, to get it mended.

"The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, my dear people, take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day,

though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs can not do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the 'Rock of Ages.' This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

TEMPTATION TO SACRIFICE PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

"I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering-place, and that is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places, their health absolutely destroyed! New York and Brooklyn simpletons, boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families, accustomed to going to bed at ten o'clock at night, gossiping until one or two o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams and lemons and lobster salads and cocoanuts, until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long.

"You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth. In the summer, you say to your good health: 'Good-bye; I am going to have a gay time now for a little while; I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn.' Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office, or store, or shop, or counting-room, Good Health will come in and say, 'Good-bye; I am going.' You say: 'Where are you going?' 'Oh,' says Good Health, 'I am going to take a vacation.' It is a poor

rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailor would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering-place: 'Do thyself no harm.'

WATERING-PLACE ACQUAINTANCES.

"Another temptation hovering around the watering-place is the formation of hasty and life-long alliances. The watering-places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances, go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ball-room where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gaily-painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels, as to go among the light spray of the summer watering-place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life.

"Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-handed, soft-headed dude who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in making killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieux, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots are tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie

of a flaming cravat. His conversation made up of 'Ahs!' and 'Ohs!' and 'He hes!'

"There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering-place; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, useless until she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music, and fair faces, and graceful step; but amid the heartlessness, and the inflation, and the fantastic influences of our modern watering-places, beware how you make life-long covenants.

SUMMER READING MATTER.

"Another temptation that will hover over the watering-place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer, takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August, than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I find sitting on a hotel piazza, or under the trees, reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. 'Oh,' they say, 'you must have intellectual recreation.' Yes. There is no need that you take along into a watering-place 'Hamilton's Metaphysics,' or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or 'Faraday's Philosophy.' There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, 'I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane.' Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing-press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise.

"Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry; ringing with merry canto; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

"My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe, and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country."

TALMAGE ON THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Dr. Talmage in his younger days loved a good cigar, but finding that it injured his health and shattered his nerves he gave up the habit many years ago; and after his own experience had shown him the evil effects of tobacco using, he ever afterward preached against its use. In a discourse on this subject he once spoke as follows:

"The two first born of our earth were the grass-blade and the herb. They preceded the brute creation and the human family—the grass for the animal creation, the herb for human service. The cattle came and took possession of their inheritance, the grass-blade; man came and took possession of his inheritance, the herb. We have the herb for food as in case of hunger, for narcotic as in case of insomnia, for anodyne as in case of paroxysm, for stimulant as when the pulses flag under the weight of disease. The caterer comes and takes the herb and presents it in all styles of delicacy. The physician comes and takes the herb and compounds it for physical recuperation. Millions of people come and take the herb for ruinous physical and intellectual delectation. The herb, which was divinely created, and for good purposes, has often been degraded for bad results. There is a useful and a baneful employment of the herbaceous kingdom.

AN HERB THAT BEWITCHED THE WORLD.

"There sprang up in Yucatan, of this continent, an herb that has bewitched the world. In the fifteenth century it crossed the Atlantic Ocean and captured Spain. Afterward it captured Portugal. Then the French ambassadors took it to Paris, and it captured the French Empire. Then Walter Raleigh took it to London, and it captured Great Britain. Nicotiana, ascribed to that genus by the botanists, but we all know it is the exhilarating, elevating, emparadising, nerve-shattering, dyspepsia-breeding, health-destroying tobacco. I shall not in my remarks be offensively personal, because you all use it, or nearly all! I know by experience how it soothes and roseates the world, and kindles sociality, and I also know some of its baleful results. I was its slave, and by the grace of God I have become its conqueror. Tens of thousands of people have been asking the question during the past two months, asking it with great pathos and great earnestness: 'Does the use of tobacco produce cancerous and other troubles?' I shall not answer the question in regard to any particular case, but shall deal with the subject in a more general way.

"You say to me, 'Did God not create tobacco?' Yes. You say to me, 'Is not God good?' Yes. Well, then, you say, 'If God is good, and He created tobacco, He must have created it for some good purpose.' Yes, your logic is complete. But God created the common sense at the same time, by which we are to know how to use a poison, and how not to use it. God created that just as He created henbane and nux vomica, and copperas, and belladonna, and all other poisons, whether directly created by Himself or extracted by man.

EXPERIENCES OF CENTENARIANS.

"That it is a poison no man of common sense will deny. A case was reported where a little child lay upon its mother's lap, and one drop fell from a pipe to the child's lip and it went into convulsions and into death.

But you say, 'Haven't people lived on in complete use of it to old age?' Oh, yes; just as I have seen inebriates seventy years old. In Boston, years ago, there was a meeting in which there were several centenarians, and they were giving their experience, and one centenarian said that he had lived over a hundred years, and that he ascribed it to the fact that he had refrained from the use of intoxicating liquors. Right after him another centenarian said he had lived over a hundred years, and ascribed it to the fact that for the last fifty years he had hardly seen a sober moment. It is an amazing thing how many outrages men may commit upon their physical system, and yet live on. In the case of the man of the jug, he lived on because his body was pickled. In the case of the man of the pipe, he lived on because his body turned into smoked liver.

"But are there no truths to be uttered in regard to this great evil? What is the advice to be given to the multitude of young people? What is the advice you are going to give to your children?

"First of all, we must advise them to abstain from the use of tobacco, because all the medical fraternity of the United States and Great Britain agree in ascribing to this habit terrific unhealth. The men whose lifetime work is the study of the science of health say so, and shall I set up my opinion against theirs?

"About sixty-five years ago a student at Andover Theological Seminary graduated into the ministry. He had an eloquence and a magnetism which sent him to the front. Nothing could stand before him. But in a few months he was put in an insane asylum, and the physician said tobacco was the cause of the disaster. It was the custom in those days to give a portion of tobacco to every patient in the asylum. Nearly twenty years passed along, and that man was walking the floor of his cell in the asylum, when his reason returned, and he saw the situation, and he took the tobacco from his mouth and threw it against the iron gate of the place in which he was confined, and he said: 'What brought me here? What keeps me here? Tobacco! tobacco! God forgive me, God help me, and I will never use it again.' He was fully restored to reason, came

forth, preached the Gospel of Christ for some ten years, and then went into everlasting blessedness.

TALMAGE'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH TOBACCO.

"There are ministers of religion now in this country who are dying by inches and they do not know what is the matter with them. They are being killed by tobacco. They are despoiling their influence through tobacco. They are malodorous with tobacco. I could give one paragraph of history, and that would be my own experience. It took ten cigars to make one sermon, and I got very nervous, and I awakened one day to see what an outrage I was committing upon my health by the use of tobacco. I was about to change settlement, and a generous tobacconist of Philadelphia told me if I would come to Philadelphia and be his pastor he would give me all the cigars I wanted for nothing, all the rest of my life. I halted. I said to myself, 'If I smoke more than I ought to now in these war times, and when my salary is small, what would I do if I had gratuitous and unlimited supply?' Then and there, twenty-four years ago, I quit once and forever. It made a new man of me. Much of the time the world looked blue before that because I was looking through tobacco smoke. Ever since the world has been full of sunshine, and though I have done as much work as any one of my age, God has blessed me, it seems to me, with the best health a man ever had.

"I say that no minister of religion can afford to smoke. Put in my hand all the money expended by Christian men in Brooklyn for tobacco, and I will support three orphan asylums as well and as grandly as the three great orphan asylums already established. Put into my hand the money spent by Christians of America for tobacco, and I will clothe, shelter and feed all the suffering poor of the continent. The American church gives a million dollars a year for the salvation of the heathen, and American Christians smoke five million dollars' worth of tobacco.

"I stand here to-day in the presence of a vast multitude of young people who are forming their habits. Between seventeen and twenty-five



T. DEWITT TALMAGE.
(In His Washington Home.)



DEATH-BED SCENE OF T. DeWITT TALMAGE.

years of age a great many young men get on them habits in the use of tobacco that they never get over. Let me say to all my young friends:

"You cannot afford to smoke; you cannot afford to chew. You either take very good tobacco, or you take very cheap tobacco. If it is cheap I will tell you why it is cheap. It is made of burdock and lampblack and sawdust and colt's foot and plantain leaves and fuller's earth and salt and alum and lime and a little tobacco, and you cannot afford to put such a mess as that in your mouth. But if you use expensive tobacco, do you not think it would be better for you to take that amount of money which you are now expending for this herb, and which you will expend during the course of your life if you keep the habit up, and with it buy a splendid farm, and make the afternoon and the evening of your life comfortable?"

DANCING AND SOCIAL DISSIPATION.

Dr. Talmage loved society, and he liked to see people enjoy themselves; but he believed that social amusements were often carried on to such an extent that they deserved the term of social dissipations. His opinions of this matter are told in the following extracts:

"I am not to discuss the old question, Is dancing right or wrong? but I am to discuss the question, Does dancing take too much place and occupy too much time in modern society? and in my remarks I hope to carry with me the earnest conviction of all thoughtful persons, and I believe I will.

"You will all admit, whatever you think of that style of amusement and exercise, that from many circles it has crowded out all intelligent conversation. You will also admit that it has made the condition of those who do not dance, either because they do not know how, or because they have not the health to endure it, or because through conscientious scruples they must decline the exercise, very uncomfortable. You will also admit, all of you, that it has passed in many cases from an amusement to a dissipation, and you are easily able to understand the bewilderment of the educated Chinaman who, standing in the brilliant circle where

there was dancing going on four or five hours, and the guests seemed exhausted, turned to the proprietor of the house and said: 'Why don't you allow your servants to do this for you?'

DANCING IN ANCIENT TIMES.

"Dancing is the graceful motion of the body adjusted by art to the sound and measures of musical instrument or of the human voice. All nations have danced. The ancients thought that Castor and Pollux taught the art to the Lacedæmonians. But whoever started it, all climes have adopted it. In ancient times they had the festal dance, the military dance, the mediatorial dance, the bacchanalian dance, and queens and lords swayed to and fro in the gardens, and the rough backwoodsman with this exercise awakened the echo of the forest. There is something in the sound of lively music to evoke the movement of the hand and foot, whether cultured or uncultured. Passing down the street, we unconsciously keep step to the sound of the brass band, while the Christian in church with his foot beats time while his soul rises upon some great harmony. While this is so in civilized lands, the red men of the forest have their scalp dances, their green-corn dances, their war dances.

"In ancient times the exercise was so utterly and completely depraved that the Church anathematized it. The old Christian fathers expressed themselves most vehemently against it. St. Chrysostom says: 'The feet were not given for dancing, but to walk modestly, not to leap impudently like camels.' One of the dogmas of the ancient Church reads: 'A dance is the devil's possession, and he that entereth into a dance entereth into his possession. As many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many paces does he make to hell.' Elsewhere the old dogmas declared this 'The woman that singeth in the dance is the princess of the devil, and those that answer are her clerks, and the beholders are his friends, and the music are his bellows, and the fiddlers are the ministers of the devil. For, as when hogs are strayed, if the hogsherd call one, all assemble together, so when the devil calleth one woman to sing in the dance, or to play on

some musical instrument, presently all the dancers gather together.' This indiscriminate and universal denunciation of the exercise came from the fact that it was utterly and completely depraved.

THE CUSTOMS OF THE PRESENT.

"But we are not to discuss the customs of the olden times, but customs now. We are not to take the evidence of the ancient fathers, but our own conscience, enlightened by the Word of God, is to be the standard. Oh, bring no harsh criticism upon the young. I would not drive out from their soul all the hilarities of life. I do not believe that the inhabitants of ancient Wales, when they stepped to the sound of the harp, went down to ruin. I believe God intended the young people to laugh and romp and play. I do not believe God would have put exuberance in the soul and exuberance in the body if He had not intended they should in some wise exercise it and demonstrate it. If a mother joins hands with her children and cross the floor to the sound of music, I see no harm. If a group of friends cross and recross the room to the sound of piano well played, I see no harm. If a company, all of whom are known to host and hostess as reputable, cross and recross the room to the sound of musical instrument, I see no harm. I tried for a long while to see harm in it. I could not see any harm in it. I never shall see any harm in that. Our men need to be kept young, young for many years longer than they are kept young. Never since my boyhood days have I had more sympathy with the innocent hilarities of life than I have now. What though we have felt heavy burdens? What though we have had to endure hard knocks! Is that any reason why we should stand in the way of those who, unstung of life's misfortunes, are full of exhilaration, and full of glee?

WOULD NOT REPRESS YOUTHFUL SPIRITS.

"God bless the young! They will have to wait many a long year before they hear me say anything that would depress their ardor or clip

their wings, or make them believe that life is hard and cold and repulsive. It is not. I tell them, judging from my own experience, that they will be treated a great deal better than they deserve. We have no right to grudge the innocent hilarities to the young.

"As we go on in years let us remember that we had our gleeful times; let us be able to say, 'We had our good times, let others have their good times.' Let us willingly resign our place to those who are coming after us. I will cheerfully give them everything—my house, my books, my position in society, my heritage. After twenty, forty, fifty years we have been drinking out of the cup of this life, do not let us begrudge the passing of it that others may take a drink. But while all this is so, we can have no sympathy with sinful indulgences, and I am going to speak in regard to some of them, though I should tread on the long trail of some popular vanities. What are the dissipations of social life to-day, and what are the dissipations of the ballroom? In some cities and in some places reaching all the year around, in other places only in the summer time and at the watering-places. There are dissipations of social life that are cutting a very wide swathe with the sickle of death, and hundreds and thousands are going down under these influences, and my subject in application is as wide as the continent, and as wide as Christendom. The whirlpool of social dissipation is drawing down some of the brightest craft that ever sailed the sea—thousands and tens of thousands of the bodies and souls annually consumed in the conflagration of ribbons.

HARD TO DRAW THE LINE.

"Social dissipation is the abettor of pride, it is the instigator of jealousy, it is the sacrificial altar of health, it is the defiler of the soul, it is the avenue of lust, and it is the curse of every town in America. Social dissipation. It may be hard to draw the line and say that this is right on the one side, and that is wrong on the other side. It is not necessary

that we do that, for God has put a throne in every man's soul, and I appeal to that throne to-day. When a man does wrong he knows he does wrong, and when he does right he knows he does right, and to that throne that Almighty God lifted in the heart of every man and woman, I appeal.

"In my parish of Philadelphia there was a young woman brilliant as a spring morning. She gave her life to the world. She would come to religious meetings and under conviction would for a little while begin to pray, and then would rush off again into the discipleship of the world. She had all the world could offer of brilliant social position. One day a flushed and excited messenger asked me to hasten to her house, for she was dying. I entered the room. There were the physicians, there was the mother, there lay this disciple of the world. I asked her some questions in regard to the soul. She made no answer. I knelt down to pray. I rose again, and desiring to get some expression in regard to her eternal interests, I said: 'Have you any hope?' and then for the first her lips moved in a whisper as she said: 'No hope!' Then she died. The world, she served it, and the world helped her not in the last.

"I would wish that I could marshal all the young people in this audience to an appreciation of the fact that you have an earnest work in life, and your amusements and recreations are only to help you along in that work. At the time of a religious awakening, a Christian young woman spoke to a man in regard to his soul's salvation. He floated out into the world. After awhile she became worldly in her Christian profession. The man said one day, 'Well, I am as safe as she is. I was a Christian, she said she was a Christian. She talked with me about my soul; if she is safe I am safe.' Then a sudden accident took him off, without an opportunity to utter one word of prayer.

"Do you not realize, have you not noticed, young men and old—have you not noticed that the dissipations of social life are blasting and destroying a vast multitude?"

DR. TALMAGE ON THE THEATRE.

Dr. Talmage liked the plays of Shakespeare and the higher order of clean dramatic productions, but on the whole thought the drama was in a state of decadence from a moral standpoint. "Since the armies of civilization and Christianity started on their march," he said, "they have not fallen back an inch. There have been regiments cowardly, which have retreated and surrendered to the enemy, just as in all armies there are those unworthy the standard they carry; but the great host of God has been answering to the command given at the start of, 'Forward, march!'

"Have the entertainments and the recreations of the world kept abreast in this grand march of the ages? Are the novels of our day superior to those that are past? Is the dance of this decade an improvement upon the dance of other decades? Are the opera houses rendering grander music than that which they rendered in other times? Are parlor games more healthful than they used to be? Are the theatres advancing in moral tone? Mark you, I am not to discuss whether the theatre is right or wrong. I am not to make wholesale attack upon tragedians and comedians. There are a hundred questions in regard to the theatre that might be asked which I shall not answer, the most of them having been answered at some other time in this pulpit. You say that Henry Irving, and Edwin Booth, and John McCullough, and Joseph Jefferson are great actors, and are honorable men. I believe it. The question that I am to discuss is: Are the theatres advancing in high moral tone? and I shall in no wise be diverted from that discussion.

REASONS FOR MORAL DECADENCE.

"There are three or four reasons for answering this question in the negative, and the first is the combined and universal testimony of all the secular newspapers of the land that are worth anything. There is not a secular newspaper of any power in the United States which has not within the past few years, both in editorial and reportorial column, reprehended the styles of play most frequent. It is contrary to the financial

interests of the secular newspaper severely to criticise the playhouse, because from it comes the largest advertising patronage, thousands and tens of thousands of dollars a year. When, therefore, the secular newspapers of the land, contrary to their financial interests, severely criticise the playhouse for imbecile and impure spectacular, their testimony is to me conclusive. On the negative side of this question I roll up all the respectable printing-presses of America.

"Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the depraved advertisements on the bulletin boards and on the board fences and in the show windows, from ocean to ocean. I take it for granted that those advertisements are honest, and that night by night are depicted the scenes there advertised. Are those the scenes to which parents take their sons and daughters, and young men their affianced? Would you allow in your parlor such brazen indecency enacted as is dramatized every night in some of the theatres of America, unless their advertisements be a libel? If the pictures be genuine, the scenes are damnable.

WRONG IN THE PARLOR, WRONG ON THE STAGE.

"That which is wrong in a parlor is wrong on a stage. It ought to require just as much completeness of apparel to be honorable in one place as to be honorable in another. If you, fathers and mothers, take your sons and daughters to see such Sodomite lack of robe, and then, in after time, the plowshare of libertinism and profligacy should go through your own household, you will get what you deserve. It seems as if, having obtained a surplus of sanctity during the Lenten services, right after Easter, all through the United States, the streets become a picture gallery which rival the museums of Pompeii, which are kept under lock and key. Where are the mayors of the cities, and the judges of the courts, and the police, that they allow such things? When our cities are blotched with these depraved advertisements is it not some reason why we should think that the theaters of this country are not very rapidly advancing toward millennial excellence?

"Another reason for answering this question in the negative is the large importation of bad morals from foreign countries to the American stage. France sent one of her queens of the stage to this country, her infamy, instead of a shame, a boast. Never a more popular actress on the American stage, and never one more dissolute. Thousands and tens of thousands of professed Christian men and women went and burned incense before that goddess of debauchery. England, too, has sent her delectable specimens of ineffable sweetness commended by foreign princes, not as good as their mother. When I take into consideration this large importation of bad morals from foreign parts, I come to the conclusion that the American theatres are not, as a general thing, advancing in moral tone.

"Another reason for answering this question to the negative is the fact that the vast majority of the plays of the day are degenerate. I will not name many of them, because I might advertise that which I condemn, and the mere mention of them would be a perfidy. If I mention any they must be those that are a little past, but which may come back again when the American taste wants a change of carrion. Take the plays of the last fifteen years, and I will admit that one-tenth of them are unobjectionable, but the nine-tenths of them are unfit to be looked at by the families of America. Subtract from them the libertinism and the domestic intrigue and the innuendo and the vulgarity and the marital scandalism, and you would leave those plays powerless in the dramatic market.

"Put side by side the plays of the time of Macready and the elder Booth and the modern plays, and you will find there has been an awful decadence. I have not seen those plays, but I have taken the testimony of authentic witnesses, and I have seen the skillful analyses by critics—a score of critics—among them such men as Dr. Buckley, of New York, men who have read scores of the plays and who can report in regard to them—I take the testimony of those who witnessed the plays, and then

I take the testimony of the critics who like the theater and who do not like it,—I put them all together, and I find a moral decadence.

"Now, I demand that as men and women who love the best interests of society, that we band together to snatch the drama from its debased surroundings. I demand that as philanthropists and Christians, we rescue the drama.

THE THEATRE A HUMAN INSTITUTION.

"The drama is not the theatre. The theatre is a human institution. The drama is a literary expression of something which God implanted in nearly all of our souls. People talk as though it were something built up entirely outside of us by the Congreves and the Sheridans and the Shakespeares of literature. Oh, no. It is an echo of something divinely put within us. You see it in your little child three or four years of age, with the dolls and the cradles and the carts. You see it ten years after in the parlor charades. You see it on Thanksgiving Day, when we decorate the house of God with the fruits and harvests of the earth, that spectacular arousing our gratitude. We see it on Easter morn, when we spell out on the walls of the house of God in flowers the words: 'He is Risen,' that spectacular arousing our emotion. Every parent likes it, and demonstrates it when he goes to see the school exhibition with its dialogues and its droll costumes. It is evidenced in the torchlight procession amid great political excitement, that torchlight procession only a dramatization of the political principles proclaimed.

THE DRAMA AN ECHO OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

"Dithyrambic drama, romantic drama, sentimental drama, all an echo of the human soul. Farquhar and Congreve put in English literature only that which was in the English heart. Thespis and Eschylus dramatized only that which was in the Greek heart; Seneca and Plautus dramatized only that which was in the Roman heart; Racine and Alfieri dramatized only that which was in the French and the Italian heart;

Shakespeare dramatized only that which was in the world's heart. But this divine principle is not to be despoiled and dragged into the service of sin. It is our business to rescue it, to lift it up, to bring it back, to exalt it. Will you suppress it? You might as well try to suppress its Creator. Just as we cultivate the beautiful and the sublime in taste by bird-haunted glen and roystering stream and cascade let down over moss-covered rocks, and the day setting up its banners of victory in the east, and passing out the gates of the west, setting everything on fire, the Austerlitz and the Waterloo of a July thunder-storm blazing its batteries into a sultry afternoon, and the round tear of the world wet on the cheek of the night—as by these things we try to culture a taste for the sublime and the beautiful, so we are to culture this dramatic taste by staccato passages in literature, by antithesis and synthesis, by all tragic passages in human life.

MORE DRAMATIC ELEMENT WANTED.

"We are to take this dramatic element and we are to harness it for God. Because it has been taken into the service of sin is nothing against it. You might as well denounce music because in Corinth and Herculaneum it was used to demonstrate and set forth depravity and turpitude. Shall we not enthrone music on the organ because music again and again has been trampled under the foot of impious dance? Because there are pollutions in art shall we turn back upon Church's 'Niagara,' or Powers' 'Greek Slave,' or Rubens' 'Descent from the Cross,' or Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment?' Because these things have been dragged into the service of sin is the very reason that you and I should take the drama out and harness it for God and the truth. You Sabbath-school teachers want more of the dramatic element in your work, in your recital of the Bible scene, in the anecdote that you tell, in the descriptive gesture, in the impersonation of the character you present—you want more of the dramatic element. I can tell in looking over an audience of Sabbath-

school children in which teacher the dramatic element is dominant, and in which the didactic element is dominant.

"Oh, there are hundreds of people who are trying to do good. Have less of the didactic element, and have more of the dramatic. The tendency in our time is to drone religion, to moan religion, to croak religion, to sepulcherize religion, when it ought to be put in animated and spectacular manner.

"I say to all those young men who are preparing for the Gospel ministry, go to your libraries, and you will find that those who bring most souls to God, bring most into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, are dramatic. John Knox, dramatic; Thomas Chalmers, dramatic; Robert M'Cheyne, dramatic; Rowland Hill, dramatic; Robert Hall, dramatic; Robert South, dramatic; Fenelon, dramatic; George Whitefield, dramatic; Dr. John Mason, dramatic; Bourdaloue, dramatic; Dr. Knott, dramatic; George W. Bethune, dramatic. And you have a right to cultivate that element in your nature. Ah, young men preparing for Christian work, and though you may meet with mighty rebuff and caricature if you attempt it, and though you may be arraigned by church courts who will try to put you down, the Lord will start you, and He will keep you all through, and great will be the reward for the assiduous and the plucky."

CHAPTER XXI.

FUNERAL OF T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

IMPRESSIVE SERVICES IN TWO CITIES—WASHINGTON AND BROOKLYN PAY TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT DIVINE—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SENDS A WREATH OF FLOWERS—LIFE-LONG FRIENDS PRAISE THE WORK OF THE DEAD.

Washington paid her last tribute to T. DeWitt Talmage on Tuesday afternoon, April 15, 1902, when throngs of her citizens attended the impressive funeral services of the eminent religious leader, which were held in the Church of the Covenant. That the great pulpit orator was esteemed, loved and honored could not be doubted when one gazed on the sorrowing faces of the men and women of Washington who listened, often with tears in their eyes, to the eulogies paid the dead clergyman by men who had been his closest friends for the past quarter of a century.

IMMENSE CROWDS AT FUNERAL.

The funeral ceremonies were announced to begin at 5 o'clock, but long before that time the crowd began to gather without the church. Thousands of people had collected on the sidewalk in front of the church when the doors were opened at 4:45 o'clock. The building was filled instantly, and many were unable to gain entrance.

At 4:55 o'clock the hearse containing the body of Dr. Talmage was driven solemnly up to the church door, followed by carriages containing his family. With difficulty a passageway through the crowd at the door was made, and the funeral procession proceeded into the church. As the casket entered, Organist Harvey Murray began the "Dead March," from Saul, which continued until the body lay in state

before the altar. Dr. Teunis Hamlin, the pastor of the church, headed the procession down the aisle.

NOTABLE LIST OF PALLBEARERS.

Seldom has such a group of notable men been seen together to do honor to a life-long friend as were the distinguished persons who acted as honorary pallbearers on this solemn occasion. They were as follows:

Mr. Justice Harlan, Mr. Justice Brewer, Senator Dolliver, Senator Burrows, Senator Cullom, ex-Secretary John W. Foster, Mr. B. H. Warner, Rev. Dr. Bittinger, Dr. G. L. Magruder, Rev. Dr. Fiske, Mr. E. M. Branch, Mr. F. M. Lawrence, and Dr. Louis Klopsch, of New York City.

The casket was followed by the Talmage family, as follows: Mrs. Talmage, leaning upon the arm of Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence L. Wyckoff, the latter the bride of a week and the youngest daughter of Dr. Talmage; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mangum, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Allen E. Donnon, Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Talmage, Washington.

FLOWERS FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

The floral offerings, all of which had been placed on and about the chancel rail, were profuse and beautiful. Fully a dozen large pieces were sent, all by friends of Dr. Talmage and of the family. A large, beautiful wreath of lilies was sent by President Roosevelt. The lid of the casket was studded with English violets.

No sermon was preached, the services consisting of music and addresses by friends of Dr. Talmage. Dr. Hamlin conducted the ceremonies.

The music was furnished by the male choir of the church, consisting of Mr. William McFarland, first tenor; Mr. Perry Turpin, second

tenor; Mr. Frank Reeside, baritone, and Mr. Walter Humphrey, bass. Mr. Harvey Murray was at the organ.

EULOGY OF DR. HAMLIN.

As soon as the casket had been placed on its supports and the family of Dr. Talmage and the pallbearers had taken seats, the choir sang, "Lead, Kindly Light," after which Dr. Hamlin read the Presbyterian funeral service. At its conclusion he spoke briefly of the life and character of Dr. Talmage, saying:

"For the past thirty years Dr. Talmage has been known everywhere in the world that English is read, as the greatest preacher of his time. Beecher and Spurgeon stand out as great preachers of the last century, but the sermons of Dr. Talmage were read more widely than either of these. He was a genius and poet in imagination, having a wonderful ability to paint his magnificent thoughts for both the reader and the listener. His human kindness and feeling, his knowledge of human hearts, made him able to touch whoever read his sermons or listened to him speak."

A SORROW DEEP AND HEARTFELT.

Following Dr. Hamlin was Dr. James Demarest, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a lifelong friend and schoolmate of Dr. Talmage, who said in part:

"Has his great heart really ceased to beat? Has his expressive face really become immobile? Have those strong fingers become lax and lifeless? It seems impossible, yet it is true. When this enormous fact dawns on the mind, it causes a great surging of thought, which is followed by intense sorrow; a sorrow deep and heartfelt for the great void which has been created.

"Think how wide is that void! Think how deep is that void! Think, that the wonderful sermons, which used to go into every home, to bring comfort and happiness and relief to the aching and sorrowing

hearts, will never be known again; but remember, that although Dr. Talmage is gone, his influence remains. Still we have the memory of him, and the knowledge that he once lived, and these are thoughts which will never perish.

ONE AIM—ONE CONTROLLING INFLUENCE.

"In years past it has given me the greatest pleasure to defend Dr. Talmage from certain aspersions which were cast upon him. I knew Dr. Talmage intimately, and feel that I understood his character as perhaps few people did. From his earliest life I positively know that he worked with one aim, one controlling influence before him. That influence was his sincerity in preaching the gospel as he believed God intended it should be preached. Any criticisms which may have been heaped upon him were unjust, because throughout his life he was sincere and honest in his convictions. He served God as he believed God intended he should serve."

DR. THOMAS EASTON'S TRIBUTE.

At the conclusion of Dr. Demarest's address the choir sang "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," by Stebbins, after which an address was delivered by Dr. Thomas Chalmers Easton, pastor of Eastern Presbyterian Church. Dr. Easton and Dr. Talmage were friends for twenty years, and it was Dr. Easton who offered prayer Saturday evening at the deathbed of his companion, as the spirit of the great leader departed to its new and greater life. Dr. Easton said:

"Can we compress the ocean into a dewdrop? No more is it possible to condense into one brief hour what is due to the memory of our beloved and illustrious friend.

"If, as his personal friend for over twenty years, I should attempt to open the treasures of his real greatness, where shall we find more of those sterling virtues that poets have sung, artists portrayed, and

historians commended? He was truly a man of God! A vigorous intellect—brilliant imagination lighting up the path of an indomitable will and formulating itself in splendid efficiency. His moral courage was equaled only by his giant frame and physical strength. He was made of the very stuff that martyrs are made of, one of the most remarkable individualities of our times. A man with no negative qualities, aggressive and positive, his whole soul was full of convictions of right and duty. A firm friend, a man of ready recognition, a human magnet in his focalizing power! He was true in every deed and thought of his life.

TALMAGE GREAT IN MAGNANIMITY.

"Dr. Talmage was great in his lofty magnanimity. During the whole period of his ecclesiastical trial in Brooklyn—and I was with him day and night—he never once uttered a word of unkindness against his traducers or those whose malice had been evoked by professional jealousy. Once only did I see him aroused to a white heat of anger and indignation, and then he belched forth as Vesuvius when convulsed with internal fires. It was when a vile sheet of the metropolis persistently assailed him for weeks by deliberate, malicious falsehoods, and by cartoons and charges that only a Satanic brain could hatch.

"He was great in his spirit of philanthropy. When a heathen nation suffered for want of bread, his powerful appeals enabled a response to be given that saved millions on millions of human lives. India, part of England's empire, will never forget America's philanthropic Talmage. Russia acknowledged its everlasting debt to him also for aid in a crucial period, and in the palace of the Czar he was welcomed as a brother beloved. Greece, by its royal sovereign, paid homage to his greatness, and in the throne chamber of the Queen he received her expressed admiration of his genius, fervor, and power as the greatest living preacher of the age."



FUNERAL OF T. DeWITT TALMAGE.

Carrying Casket Up Steps of the Church.



FUNERAL SCENE SHOWING PALL BEARERS.

PREACHED THE GOSPEL, NOT THE PHILOSOPHIES.

Following Dr. Easton was Dr. S. J. Nichols, of Brooklyn. Dr. Nichols knew Dr. Talmage nearly all his life, and from almost boyhood had been his warm personal friend. His address was delivered, in part, as follows:

"Wherever English is spoken or read, there have gone Dr. Talmage's sermons. Messages of comfort, love, and relief have gone from him to tens of thousands of homes, and have become household words. And these homes I speak of are as great in variety as were the oratorical powers of the beloved minister.

"Every one read his sermons. In the railroad shops of Pennsylvania they were pored over during the noon hour. In the hovel of the poor and in the mansion of the rich, Dr. Talmage's sermons were eagerly sought every week, and it is in these places, as well as here, in this beautiful church, that his death is keenly regretted, and that heartfelt sorrow is demonstrated.

"Whatever criticism there was of Dr. Talmage, it must never be forgotten that he preached the gospel, not the philosophies, the ideas, the thoughts, or the whims of men. He spoke with conviction, and preached the gospel of love, hope, and kindness to lost men."

At the conclusion of Dr. Nichols' address, the choir sang "It Is Well with My Soul." Dr. Hamlin offered a fervent prayer, after which the family and pallbearers passed out of the rear door of the building, the others present remaining seated. Organist Murray closed the services by playing Chopin's "Funeral March."

THE LAST LOOK IN WASHINGTON.

At the conclusion of the services, which lasted more than an hour, those present who desired to take the last look at the dead preacher were invited forward. Dr. Hamlin was surprised to learn that a great crowd lingered without, expecting to enter the church and look again

on the face of the great preacher at the conclusion of the services. It was arranged that the public pass up the north aisle of the building and down the south aisle, leaving by the south door. As soon as those who had been in the church viewed the body, the north door was opened and others were permitted to enter. The body remained at the church until 10 o'clock, where it was viewed by thousands of people during the evening. At 10 o'clock it was taken to the Pennsylvania station.

REMOVAL OF BODY TO BROOKLYN.

At 12:10 o'clock Wednesday morning a special car bore the body and the Talmage family to Brooklyn.

Dr. Talmage was a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, and the following members attended the funeral services at the Church of the Covenant: Hon. Cornelius A. Pugsley, treasurer-general National Society, S. A. R.; Maj.-Gen. Joseph C. Breckinridge, ex-president-general National Society, S. A. R.; Surgeon-Gen. George M. Sternberg, U. S. A.; Brig.-Gen. Thomas M. Vincent, U. S. A.; Admiral James A. Greer, U. S. N.; Capt. T. F. Jewell, U. S. N.; Noble D. Larner, Dr. Joseph Taber Johnson, William J. Rhees, Col. Felix A. Reeve, Harry C. McLean, and Henry W. Samson.

BODY INTERRED IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

The burial of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage took place Wednesday morning, April 16, 1902, in Greenwood Cemetery, and in addition to the members of the family and a few close friends who accompanied the remains from Washington over four hundred persons were present.

The grave is about the center of the Talmage plot, between those of the first and second wives of the dead preacher. There were many floral offerings, including a wreath of lilies and ivy, the offering of President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

The relatives and friends from Washington reached the cemetery about 10 o'clock. Among them were Mrs. Elenor Talmage, the widow; her daughter, Miss Rebecca Collier; Rev. Frank Talmage, of Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Warren Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mangam, of Brooklyn; Mr. and Mrs. Donnaix, of Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wyckoff; the ladies daughters of Dr. Talmage. Exactly a week after Mrs. Wyckoff's wedding her father's funeral was held in his church in Washington.

Miss Daisy Talmage, an invalid daughter, was unable to attend. Present also were Mrs. Whittemore and Mrs. Bok, sisters-in-law of Dr. Talmage, and T. V. Talmage, a cousin.

The relatives stood near the grave, and around them gathered several hundred men and women, many of them old parishioners in Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle. Three cushions of English violets completely covered the casket, and the burial plot was hidden under floral tributes from friends in Washington and Brooklyn.

CROSSES OF ROSES AND LILIES.

There was a large cross of green galax leaves with white rosebuds and lilies from the "Christian Herald." Another of red roses and white lilies in smilax was sent by the Tabernacle Sunday School Teachers' Union.

The wreath sent by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt was of brown galax leaves with white roses and lilies, and at the base was a yellow sickle wrought in narcissus. A large wreath of green and white rested at the foot of the grave and a sheaf of wheat in the center.

The Rev. Dr. J. Howard Suydam, of Rhinebeck, an old college friend of Dr. Talmage, made a brief impromptu eulogy. "The whole world," he said, "mourns the departure of this man from this life. Every nation he reached, and all will pay tribute to his memory. Viewed from a human standpoint, it is hard to see how he can be replaced. A man

of gigantic intellect, of high and noble ambitions, has been removed from the earth.

"Dr. Talmage reached more people in his lifetime than any other man in the history of the world. His great aim was to do good to the greatest number, and he had twenty million of readers a week. Well may we regret his departure! We miss him, this man who held out hope to every part of the earth, but it is the Lord's will, and heaven will gain. If here he would ask that we sing and rejoice. Brooklyn has the right to claim his remains. Here he made his greatest triumph and here he worked for all mankind." Rev. Mr. Suydam then offered prayer, all repeating it by request.

AFFECTION SHOWN BY OLD FAMILY SERVANT.

An old colored man who stood near the grave listening intently to the remarks suddenly broke down and sobbed like a child. "Good old man," he exclaimed; "may God bless him!"

No one knew the old darkey, but a relative of the family said that he was always known as William, and for nearly twenty years did chores for Dr. Talmage's household. Immediately after the benediction the aged servant disappeared.

On the casket plate was this inscription:

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
*
* T. DEWITT TALMAGE. *
*
* Jan. 7, 1832. *
*
* April 12, 1902. *
*
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The remains were brought to Jersey City in the same special car that conveyed the remains of the late President McKinley from Buffalo to Canton, and accompanying them as pallbearers were; Rev. Mr. Suy-

dam, Rev. J. Demarest and Rev. Mr. Easton. When the train reached Jersey City Willis E. Stafford, of 45 Court street, assumed charge of the funeral arrangements and conducted the funeral cortege to Greenwood.

Many old parishioners of the Tabernacle and friends of Dr. Talmage were at the service. Among others were: Leonard Moody, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ferguson, Thomas Pitbladdo, ex-trustee of the church; Mrs. E. H. Branch, B. J. Fernie and G. H. Sandison, associated with Dr. Talmage in the "Christian Herald"; F. M. Lawrence, the Rev. Mr. E. Dennett, pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church; the Rev. Dr. James Demarest, pastor of the North Reformed Church, Clermont avenue, who spoke at the funeral service in Washington, and Mrs. Louis Klopsch. Many old friends expressed regret that services were not held in a Brooklyn church, but the family preferred a quiet burial.

Women lingered after the interment, and some carried away flowers and leaves as mementos.

LAST WILL OF T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The last will of Dr. Talmage was filed for probate at Washington, D. C., on April 21, 1902. It bequeathed an estate valued at more than $300,000, of which one-third is bequeathed to the widow and the rest divided equally among the children and their descendants. About $250,000 is in personal property, consisting of secured notes, United States 4 per cent bonds, stock, and cash in bank. The real estate is worth about $50,000, comprising a house at 1400 Massachusetts avenue in this city and property in Easthampton, Long Island, and in Brooklyn. The Washington Loan and Trust Company is named as executor.

The will set aside $1,000 to the Greenwood Cemetery Company of Brooklyn for caring for Dr. Talmage's lots, and directed that in the settlement of the estate each of the children of the testator "shall be charged with the amount of advances made by me to them in my lifetime, as per a memorandum of said advances made by me."

The will gave to the son, the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, all the books, manuscripts, and copyrights thereon now or hereafter secured, in trust, to superintend, manage, and control their printing, publishing, and sale, and gave his son exclusive control of all contracts existing at the time of the testator's death relating to all literary work, with full and unrestricted authority to fulfill and enforce them for the benefit of the estate. Of all moneys arising from the literary productions he is to distribute one-third of the net proceeds to the testator's widow and the remaining two-thirds equally among all of his children, share and share alike, the issue of any deceased child or children to receive the parent's share.

The testator left his library and all books, except as otherwise provided, to the son, Frank, in trust, first, to permit the widow to select therefrom whatever books she desires; second, the children to enjoy the same privilege; and, third, the son, Frank, to have the remainder.

IN MEMORIAM—T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

BY REV. A. C. FERGUSON.

A great prophet of Christ, through the vale now has passed,
Where thousands of souls his coming did wait,
To welcome his tender, great heart there, at last,
By the crystalline sea, through the gold pearly gate.

Of these glories he told, of that rest and that peace,
Where sorrows and battles of earthlife are o'er,
Where mourning, and groans, and falling tears cease,
And the loving and lovers shall part nevermore.

But millions of earth who awaited his word,
And were blest by the message his clarion voice gave,
As his mighty heart power their soul depths stirred,
Would scatter spring blossoms, tear-bathed on his grave.

As the glad Easter bells had but just died away,
Where were still bridal joys, of the child of his love,
He left for the realms of eternal blest day,
At the Sabbath eve hour, for the Sabbath above.

All hail thee! beloved; in the name of our Lord,
The wide world will miss thee, as the years shall go by,
A multitude praise thee in grateful accord,
Whom thou cheered, bound their wounds, and oft hushed
their sigh.

CHAPTER XXII.

TRIBUTES FROM PRESS AND PULPIT.

WORDS OF PRAISE FROM THE GREAT LEADERS OF THE WORLD—WHAT EMINENT MINISTERS AND EDITORS SAY OF THE MOST ELOQUENT OF PREACHERS—ALL UNITE IN ACCORDING TALMAGE A WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT FOR GOOD.

Dr. Talmage was held in very high estimation by all ministers of the gospel regardless of denomination, and received from men in every walk of life warm tribute of his worth as a citizen and a christianizing influence throughout the world. This was accentuated in 1894 during his Silver Jubilee, when he received eulogistic messages from leaders in this and other lands. Even those disagreeing with him on religious questions recognize the great good he has done for all humanity, and give him all credit for the civilizing influence of his life.

Since the death of the noted divine the press and pulpit have vied one with the other in according him the praise he so deservedly was entitled to. Talmage's name was known wherever Christianity was known, and the entire civilized world united in paying him homage. Some of the tributes paid his name and lifework follow:

DR. TALMAGE'S BEST SERMON.

The Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage, of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, said in a sermon preached after his return from his father's funeral that his "father's best sermon was the daily life which he lived in his own home. I bear my testimony to the fact that from my boyhood until the time that I entered my own parsonage and was ordained by him for my own pulpit, I had before me the example and upon me the sweet influence of a Christian home. There never was

in America a happier or more prayerful home than that of which he was the head. The children idolized him. The example he set before them was that of a consecrated Christian gentleman, always anxious to do what Christ would have him do."

WITHOUT AN EQUAL IN AMERICA.

Baltimore "American": "In his peculiar style of pulpit oratory Dr. Talmage is thought by a majority of all who have heard him to be without an equal in America, and he has often been called the Spurgeon of the Western Hemisphere. His mind was filled with information on all subjects, and his sermons, lectures and addresses were wonderful examples of magnetism and eloquence. His lectures made him wealthy, as the will of his late wife testified. She bequeathed him a large fortune, which represented his lecture earnings of earlier days, which he had regularly transferred to her. He had been for some time practically independent of the salary as pastor, and for some time after the building of the third and last tabernacle in Brooklyn he preached without remuneration of any kind."

"Reynolds's Newspaper," London: "Dr. Talmage, who had many imitators, was admittedly without any serious rival in his own peculiar line of oratory. To a large extent it was modelled on the style of the older preacher. Quick in movement, often extravagant in diction and energetic in gesture, there might be differences of opinion how far he—or Dr. Beecher—was lacking in the gravity which in this country we associate with a minister of religion. But from the day when he was called from Philadelphia to Brooklyn Dr. Talmage became a power in that city. No man ever swayed an American audience more easily. To leave New York without hearing Talmage was an unpardonable neglect of a preacher's opportunities.

"Dr. Talmage, besides being a teetotaler and a non-smoker, had the distinction of being the best-paid pastor in the universe. His salary from

his congregation was $15,000 a year, whilst his income from the platform was twice that at least."

A FACE BRIGHT WITH ANIMATION.

Baltimore "American": "Looking into Talmage's face, one was at once struck with its amiability and cheerfulness. In conversation it was always bright with animation and was at all times a perfect mirror of his emotions. His eyes were clear, tender and absorbing, while his tone and manners were gentle and warm. He was plain and unostentatious in his bearing, and upon the street had the appearance of a plain but well-to-do business man. As a preacher Dr. Talmage had some striking peculiarities. That he was sensational in the accepted sense of that term is a fact, but that he was much less sensational than he used to be is no less a fact. He was an original, terse, bold and eloquent writer and a fluent, impassioned speaker.

"With a complete command of language, his thoughts took a wide range on every subject, and they were sudden in their changes from the solemn and sublime to the humorous and odd. At one time he would indulge in a strain of touching pathos and then suddenly introduce some humorous and grotesque illustration that would set his audience into a roar. His language was chaste and beautiful in the expression of the more sentimental passages and most pungent and overwhelming in criticism and denunciation."

RESOLUTIONS BY CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BROOKLYN.

On Sunday, April 13, 1902, the Central Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, Dr. Talmage's old pastorate, passed the following resolutions:

"Resolved, That we express our profound sense of loss at the death of Dr. Talmage. We sorrow, but we do not mourn. T. DeWitt Talmage has gone up to his resplendent crown.

"Resolved, That we express our affectionate tribute to his memory and our deep appreciation of his character. 'A prince and a great man

has fallen in Israel.' Dr. Talmage was one of the strongest Gospel preachers in America. For twenty-five years he preached to the largest congregations assembled in our city. But while Brooklyn was the scene of his ministry for these twenty-five years, yet it was but the radiating center of an influence, intense, refined, holy, that has been felt in all the world. Dr. Talmage's Gospel messages have gone to the ends of the earth. People of every nation have read his sermons and felt an uplift and a thrill. As a preacher, civilian, patriot, as a student and writer, above all as a friend and a godly man, Dr. Talmage has touched and influenced many lives. Dr. Talmage's sermons were timely, practical and Scriptural. Christ crucified was his passion. His aim in every sermon was to move men Godward. He loved the Saviour of men. He believed the Bible. We honor him for his maintenance of the faith once delivered to the saints. He stood four square against all the winds of adverse doctrine. We place on record our keen appreciation of and our gratitude for all that God hath wrought through him."

TAUGHT WHAT THE WORLD NEEDED TO HEAR.

General B. F. Tracy, former secretary of the U. S. Navy: "No minister of the gospel in the world's history ever commanded in his lifetime so great an audience, and no stronger proof could be given that this man teaches what the world needs to hear; that he truly ministers to the souls of men."

The late President McKinley: "The American people, irrespective of denominational differences, have a pride in the ability and public service of Dr. Talmage. His influence for good in the direction of public sentiment extends far beyond his own church and his own congregation; it is felt all over the country, and even beyond the seas."

Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, of Chicago: "Dr. Talmage was probably the best-known clergyman on earth. His name was as familiar as a household word in hundreds of thousands of homes in America, England

and her colonies, and his words, spoken and printed, reached millions every week.

"In addition to his labors as preacher and popular lecturer Dr. Talmage was a most voluminous writer. A constant writer for the newspapers, a steady contributor to the magazines, he still found time to make many books. He published during his busy Brooklyn pastorate as many as fourteen volumes, besides several volumes of collected sermons and a number of lectures and addresses.

"Talmage was looked upon by many as having been too sensational in his methods, but no one ever doubted his power with men, his ability to draw mighty audiences wherever and whenever he was announced to preach or lecture.

"His was a name to conjure with, and in the day of his power he was easily the king of the American platform."

THE GREATEST OF WORD PAINTERS.

Dr. Gregg of Brooklyn: "I consider him the greatest word painter on any continent on earth. He paints for Christ. He thinks in pictures, and he who thinks in pictures thinks vividly. He paints with a large brush, with colors that burn and glow, and nations gather around his pictures and feel an uplift and a holy thrill."

Rev. John F. Loba, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Evanston: "For more than twenty-five years, since I have known Talmage through the press, he has been a remarkable figure in the American pulpit. His sermons have been read by hundreds of thousands of people all over the land, and have even reached the most remote and obscure districts.

"He was a picturesque rather than a remarkably able preacher, and was somewhat sensational. But all preachers resort to more or less sensationalism to catch the public ear, and Dr. Talmage never resorted to 'sensational sensationalism.'"

The editor of the "Christian Age," London, England, truly voices

the sentiment of all admirers of Dr. Talmage when he said: "For knowledge of human life, and the adaptation of Divine truth to the whole being of man—intellectual, emotional, moral, practical—and for the power of applying that truth, we know not his equal."

UNRIVALED IN FERTILE IMAGINATION.

The Rev. Joseph Parker, pastor City Temple, London: "In the realm of religious imagination, power, fertility and ardor of fancy, Dr. Talmage stands in my esteem absolutely without a rival in the Christian pulpit to-day. It is within my certain knowledge that not only is his ministry imaginatively and verbally splendid, but that it carries with it converting and elevating power."

Bishop John F. Hurst: "The church in this and all other countries has been enriched by his labors. Many a life has become beautiful through his teachings. All classes have shared in the benefactions of his heart and hand."

Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Washington D. C., spoke of Dr. Talmage as "one of the great clergymen of the century." He said that "Dr. Talmage, in his marvelous word pictures, always bespoke hope and cheer; that he aimed at the hearts and emotions of the people, instead of at their intellects."

Rev. Thomas Chalmers Easton, Washington, D. C., said that "Dr. Talmage was made of the stock from which martyrs spring, and that no man had lived so apostolic a life since the days of Paul. Beecher, Spurgeon and Talmage were the three greatest preachers of the century, but the last named was the prince of the pulpit."

A MAGNETIC ORATOR AND A FLUENT WRITER.

Rev. William Macafee, pastor of the First Methodist Church of Evanston: "Dr. Talmage was a great preacher, although he has been somewhat out of the public eye for some time. A magnetic orator and a fluent writer, he accomplished great good for the cause of Christ."

Rev. B. A. Greene, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Evanston: "Dr. Talmage was a very able man, and many of his sermons will live for generations."

Rev. John H. Boyd, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Evanston: "Dr. Talmage was the first man to realize the value of the press in extending the word of God. Through the pulpit and press he preached to more people than any man of modern times. He was a remarkable man."

ENCOMIUMS FROM THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

As examples of the views expressed by the religious press, the following will serve to show the universal esteem in which Dr. Talmage was held:

The "Outlook": "His sermons were singularly graphic in illustration; and their pictorial vividness secured for him wide hearing wherever he chose to speak."

The "Congregationalist and Christian World": "Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage was for many years one of the most prominent lecturers on the American platform. He possessed a brilliant imagination. He had the art of presenting human feelings and experiences in word pictures, which he could change by deft, swift strokes, so that they expressed pathos and humor, tragedy and comedy, at almost the same moment. * * * His sermons have probably been read by more persons than those of any other American preacher of his time, and they have beyond question done a great deal of good. One of the best things we have heard said of them was the report of a conversation overheard between some anarchists, one of whom said that Dr. Talmage was a great obstacle to the spread of their doctrines, because so many people read his sermons and were made hopeful and contented by them."

TALMAGE, THE PEOPLE'S PREACHER.

William Elliot Griffis, in the "Sunday School Times," says: "Slowly but surely, through many obstacles, he made his way to the pinnacle,

He kept his body in subjection. He first conquered himself. When a student he had learned to smoke. He told me that, for months after leaving the seminary, he could not write a sermon without a cigar in his mouth. When, by and by, he saw that nicotine was weakening his nerves and befuddling his brain, he resolved once and forever to quit smoking, and he did so. He mastered the inevitable reaction, and so persevered as to reach finally the height of grace from which one free of the poison can look on the finest brand of cigars, or the imaginary bliss of the slaves of the weed, and covet neither."

The "Interior": "A large and commanding figure in the Presbyterian ministry disappears from its ranks when Dr. Talmage is gathered to his fathers. No man of any time ever preached the gospel to such vast audiences as he; his sermons of late years reached millions of people weekly. In the history of the world's evangelization he will be written down for grateful remembrance as the man who proved that the secular press can be made in Christian lands a vehicle for bringing both the warnings and consolations of the gospel to the very hearthsides of the people. In tens of thousands of American homes, many of them otherwise unchurched, Talmage's sermons, found in the local papers, have been the spiritual food and drink of the household, and now that his voice can no more be heard from the printed page, it will be in such homes almost as if one were gone from the family circle. Dr. Talmage had a long and useful pulpit ministry in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, but even that great church was such a limited field compared with that which the newspapers opened up to him, that his power grew rather than waned when he divested himself of the pastoral relation."

TRIBUTES FROM CHICAGO PULPITS.

Rev. W. A. Bartlett, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Chicago: "I consider Dr. Talmage a great and typical American preacher. The secret of his success lay in his personal gospel message. He knew his Bible and he knew life, the two great requisites for a great preacher."

Rev. H. Atwood Percival, pastor of Normal Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago: "Dr. Talmage was a famous preacher. His sermons reached every land and hamlet. His life-work was rather along sensational and sentimental lines of constructive church work, but in the whole he was a great preacher."

Rev. Myron W. Haynes, pastor Belden Avenue Baptist Church, Chicago: "Talmage was absolutely fearless. He fought sin with an open hand. He never catered to wealth and fashion. Possibly he loved earthly fame too well, but certainly never sacrificed principle to obtain it."

ADMIRES DR. TALMAGE FOR LOYALTY TO TRUTH.

Rev. John D. Leek, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago: "I have always greatly admired Dr. Talmage for his orthodoxy, his eloquence and his loyalty to truth. By the publication of his sermons he has accomplished more than any American preacher of his generation."

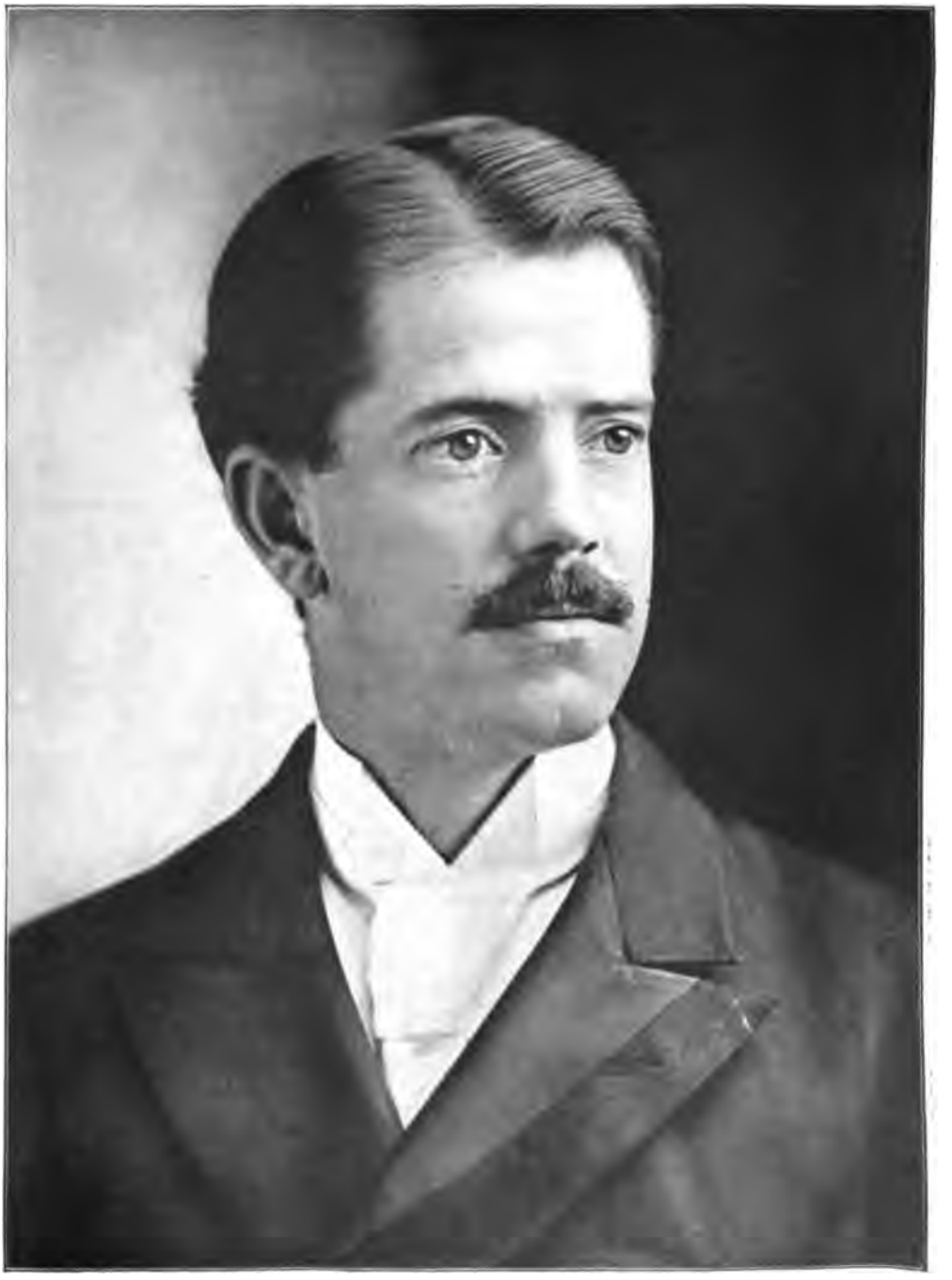
Rev. Charles Granville Kindred, pastor of Englewood Church of Christ, Chicago: "Talmage was a typical American preacher. He was bold, and preached with a fearless tongue, fearing neither comment nor criticism. His sermons were read around the world and were instrumental in leading many lost souls to salvation."

Rev. Frederick C. Priest, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), Chicago: "Talmage was undoubtedly the greatest pulpit power with the masses of his generation. His sermons were extensively read, and, I doubt not, were instrumental in leading many to Christ."

Rev. M. Edward Fawcett, rector of the Church of St. Bartholomew (Episcopal), Chicago: "May he rest in peace and may the light of God shine perpetually upon him, is what I wish the ashes of Dr. Talmage."

FROM THE SECULAR PRESS.

New York "Times": "With perhaps the single exception of Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage had a more widespread reputation than any other American preacher of the gospel. For over forty years he has been a conspicuous figure in the religious life of Amer-



REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.

The above is a recent photograph of the only son of T. DeWitt Talmage. He, like his father, is a popular lecturer and at present pastor of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago.



JEFFERSON PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—CHICAGO.

The above is an excellent photograph of the church where the Rev. **Frank DeWitt** Talmage is pastor. It has one of the strongest congregations in the West.

ica. Even during Beecher's life he held with that eminent divine an almost equal place as a pulpit orator, and since Beecher's death no other preacher has had a popularity with religious audiences comparable to his. His fame was not confined to America. He preached with great success in England, and his sermons have been translated into many languages. During the greater part of his career he added to the circle of his influence by writing sermons especially for the newspapers throughout the country, and the last few years of his life have been devoted exclusively to this work."

New York "American and Journal": "His sermons have appeared weekly in the 'Christian Herald' since 1879, and, through the agency of the American Press Association, in no less than 3,500 other publications throughout this country and Europe. It is estimated that in this way his sermons have been within the reach of 30,000,000 persons weekly. The largest congregations of the world's most famous preachers dwindle into insignificance in comparison."

Washington "Post": "America's most celebrated preacher."

New York "Tribune": "The sermons of the Rev. Dr. Talmage have perhaps been more widely read than those of any other preacher. While he was pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, a period of twenty-five years, he filled a large space in the public eye. In that period three edifices were erected for his congregations, each larger than the other, and each was destroyed by fire."

St. Louis "Globe-Democrat": "T. DeWitt Talmage was unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of his time. His success financially was phenomenal for a clergyman."

Chicago "Record-Herald": "He was a magnificent lecturer. Some of his flights of oratory are remembered as being of surpassing impressiveness and picturesqueness. He drew lessons from everything. He talked to a purpose, but at the same time he garnished his sentences with beauty, and his voice, appearance and fire combined to enthrall and uplift the hearer."

TRIBUTES FROM NATIONAL LEADERS.

Wm. P. Frye, President United States Senate: "Dr. Talmage was one of the great preachers of this age. Both in pulpit and on platform his influence was powerful, always for good."

Charles W. Fairbanks, United States Senator from Indiana: "Two hemispheres mourn at the grave of one who has been a most potent influence in lifting humanity into a higher and serener atmosphere, and in pointing the way to an everlasting life."

John P. Dolliver, United States Senator from Iowa: "At the time of his death he was the greatest popular orator in the English-speaking pulpit. He was a poet as well as a preacher. His name will appear among the great evangelists of the Christian religion."

Chauncey M. Depew, United States Senator from New York: "The influence of a teacher who commands so wide an audience can hardly be estimated, and his death leaves a large void in the agencies which go for better thinking and better living."

Bishop T. H. Y. Satterlee of Washington: "Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's name will go down to posterity as among the foremost ministers of the nineteenth century. He was a many-sided man, whose messages were delivered in many ways. Not often to one man the double gift is accorded of moving the better aspirations of others, equally by his eloquence in the pulpit and his thoughts upon the printed page. He knew how to touch the every-day life of the people at large."

Admiral Dewey: "In the death of Dr. Talmage the world loses one of its brightest Christian ornaments. I knew him well and esteemed him highly. He and his sermons will be missed in countless homes all over the world."

General Nelson A. Miles: "Dr. Talmage touched and moved the religious feelings of the masses most completely. He was a great and good man, who devoted his life work to the moral and spiritual welfare of his fellowmen."

FAMOUS

SERMONS AND LECTURES

OF

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

MENDING THE BIBLE.

"If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city."—Rev. xxii:19.

You see it is a very risky business, this changing of the Holy Scriptures.

A pulpit in New York has recently set forth the idea that the Scriptures ought to be expurgated, that portions of them are unfit to be read, and the inspiration of much of the Bible has been denied. Among other striking statements are these:

The Book of Genesis is a tradition of creation, a successive layer of traditions thought out centuries before. Moses' mistakes about creation were the mistakes of his age. That there are many systems of theology in the New Testament. That Paul had all the notions of the rabbinical schools of his time. That Job winds up his epilogue in genuine fairy-tale style. That Revelation is a long array of misshapen progeny in the apocalyptic writings, tracing themselves back to Daniel. That Revelation comes to a madman, or leaves him mad. That what he calls the abominable lewdness of some things in the Old Testament is not fit to be read. That it is an abominable misuse of the Bible to suppose the prophecies really foretell future events. That the book of Daniel is not in the right place. That Solomon's Songs are not in the right place, and

he seems to applaud the idea of some one who said that the book of Solomon's Songs ought not to be in any one's hands under thirty years of age. He intimates that he does not believe that Samson slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass. That the whole Bible has been improperly chopped up into chapters and verses.

He does not believe the beginning of the Bible, and he does not believe the close of it, nor anything between as fully inspired of God, and he thinks the Book ought to be expurgated, and there are those who re-echo the same sentiment.

Now, I believe in the largest liberty of discussion, and there are halls, and opera-houses, and academies of music, where the Bible and Christianity may be assaulted without interruption; but when a minister of the Gospel surrenders the faith of any denomination, his first plain, honest duty, is to get out of it. What would you think of the clerk in a dry-goods store, or a factory, or a banking-house, who should go to criticising the books of the firm, and denouncing the behavior of the firm, still taking the salary of that firm and the support of that firm, and doing all his denunciation of the books of the firm under its cover? Certainly, a minister of the Gospel ought to be as honest with his denomination, as a dry-goods clerk is honest with his employers.

The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time by a Christian minister is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientist, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time ministers of religion fall into line of criticism of the Word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smoke-stack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesying the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest! It does not seem to me commenda-

ble business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside.

Now, this old Gospel ship, what with the roaring of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the Captain says He will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see ministers of religion in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breaches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't now really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe all the roses that were in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make the whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to Evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine

and logwood! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass?" Yes, as I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon!

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Infinite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that He was present at the beginning, and that He is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse skepticism in my heart. Here I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century, believing in a whole Bible, from lid to lid!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape, that we have fifty manuscript copies of the New Testament, a thousand years old, and many of them fifteen hundred years old. This Book, handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hand of such men as Origen, in the second century, and Tertullian, in the third century—men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript are in the possession of three great churches—the Protestant Church of England, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish Church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai, and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in

the waste basket for kindling for the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until fifteen years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer, and coaxing, and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hands of the Emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvelously protected.

Do you not know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments, as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Thirty-nine now. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament, sixteen hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Marcion, for wickedness, was turned out of the Church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible, and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now, just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on, and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in three hundred languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race in their own tongue. Three hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this Book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the Book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apocryphal books to the Old Testament. The Council of Trent, the Synod of Jerusalem, the Bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apocryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men, but they stayed out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that to-day will put the Book of Maccabeus or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, "We must have books added to the New Testament," and there were epistles and Gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testa-

ment, but they have all fallen out. You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything. Divinely protected Book in the present shape. Let no man dare to lay his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the Book, or casting out any of these holy pages.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, they like the Book as it is. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. This afternoon, when you go home, take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil or pen, and if in any margins you can find the words: "This chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and in Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could find a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the forms and the postures of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to refashion these masterpieces of inspiration and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compro-

mise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half and half evoluted pulpiteers who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the skepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own heart, and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target, and shoot at God.

There is one thing that encourages me very much and that is, that the Lord made out to manage the universe before they were born, and will probably be able to make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demand that the antagonists of the Bible, and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong, on the devil's side, I ask all the friends of this good Book to come out openly and above board in behalf of it. That Book, which was the best inheritance you ever received from your ancestry, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-bye as you cross the ferry to the golden city.

THE FERRY BOAT OVER THE JORDAN.

Every day I find people trying to extemporize a way from earth to heaven. They gather up their good works and some sentimental theories, and they make a raft, shoving it from this shore, and poor, deluded souls get on board that raft, and they go down. The fact is, that skepticism and infidelity never yet helped one man to die. I invite all the ship-carpenters of worldly philosophy to come and build one boat that can safely cross this river. I invite them all to unite their skill, and Bolingbroke shall lift the stanchions, and Carlyle shall set up the timber heads, and Tyndall shall lift the bowsprit, and Spinoza shall make the main-top gallant braces, and Renan shall go to tacking, and wearing, and boxing the ship.

All together in ten thousand years they will never be able to make a boat that can cross this Jordan. Why was it that Spinoza and Blount and Shaftesbury lost their souls? It was because they tried to cross the stream in a boat of their own construction. What miserable work they all made of dying! Diodorus died of mortification, because he could not guess a conundrum which had been proposed to him at a public dinner; Zeuxis, the philosopher, died of mirth, laughing at a caricature of an aged woman—a caricature made by his own hand; while another of their company and of their kind died saying, "Must I leave all these beautiful pictures?" and then asked that he might be bolstered up in the bed in his last moments, and be shaved and painted and rouged. Of all the unbelievers of all ages not one of them died well. Some of them sneaked out of life; some of them wept themselves away into darkness; some of them blasphemed and raved, and tore their bedcovers to tatters. That is the way worldly philosophy helps a man to die.

When we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the other side. I stand on the eastern side of the river Jordan, and I find no shipping at all; but, while I am standing there, I see a boat plowing through the river, and as I hear the swirl of the waters, and the boat comes to the eastern side of the Jordan, and David and his family and his old friend step on board that boat, I am mightily impressed with the fact that, when we cross over from this world to the next, the boat will have to come from the opposite shore.

Blessed be God, there is a boat coming from the other shore. Transportation at last for our souls from the other shore; everything about this Gospel from the other shore; pardon from the other shore; mercy from the other shore; pity from the other shore; ministry of angels from the other shore; power to work miracles from the other shore; Jesus Christ from the other shore. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world (a foreigner) to save sinners." I see the ferry-boat coming, and it rolls with the surges of a Savior's suffering; but as it strikes the earth the mountains rock, and the

dead adjust their apparel so that they may be fit to come out. That boat touches the earth, and glorious Thomas Walsh gets into it, in his expiring moment, saying: "He has come! He has come! My Beloved is mine, and I am His." Good Sarah Wesley got into that boat, and as she shoved off from the shore she cried: "Open the gates! open the gates!" And the dying Christian soldier got into that boat. He was fatally wounded setting up the telegraph poles which had been torn down by the opposing army, and in his dying moments his Christian triumph and the feverish delirium seemed to mingle, and he cried out with exultation: "The wires are all laid; the poles are all up from Stony Point to headquarters! Huzzah!" Oh, I bless God that as the boat came from the other shore to take David and his men across, so, when we come to die, the boat will come from the same direction. God forbid that I should ever trust to anything that starts from this side.

Now, I want to break a delusion in your mind, and that is this. When our friends go out from this world, we feel sorry for them because they have to go alone, and parents hold on to the hands of their children who are dying, and hold on with something of the impression that the moment they let go the little one will be in the darkness and in the boat all alone. "Oh," the parent says, "if I could only go with my child, I would be willing to die half a dozen times. I am afraid she will be lost in the woods or in the darkness; I am afraid she will be very much frightened in the boat all alone." I break up the delusion. When a soul goes to heaven it does not go alone; the King is on board the boat.

Was Paul alone in the last exigency? Hear the shout of the scarred missionary as he cries out, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Was John Wesley alone in the last exigency? No. Hear him say, "Blest of all, God is with us." Was Sir William Forbes alone in the last exigency? No. Hear him say to his friends, "Tell all the people who are coming down to the bed of death, from my experience has no terrors." "Oh," say a great many people, "that does very well for distinguished Christians; but for me, a common man, for

me, a common woman, we can't expect that guidance and help." If I should give you a passage of Scripture that would promise to you positively, when you are crossing the river to the next world, the King would be in the boat, would you believe the promise? "Oh, yes," you say, "I would." Here is the promise: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Christ at the sick pillow to take the soul out of the body; Christ to help the soul down the bank into the boat; Christ mid-stream; Christ on the other side to help the soul up the beach. Be comforted about your departed friends. Be comforted about your own demise when the time shall come. Tell it to all the people under the sun that no Christian ever dies alone; the King is in the boat.

Leaving this world for heaven is only crossing a ferry. Dr. Shaw estimates the average width of the Jordan to be about thirty yards. What! so narrow? Yes. Yes, going to heaven is only a short trip—only a ferry. It may be eighty miles, that is eighty years, before we get to the wet bank on the other side, and we may travel millions of miles, that is millions of years, on the other side; but the crossing is short. I will tell you the whole secret. It is not five minutes across, nor three, nor two, nor one minute. It is an instantaneous transportation. People talk as though leaving this life, the Christian went plunging, and floundering, and swimming, to crawl up exhausted on the other shore; and to be pulled out of the pelting surf as by a Ramsgate life boat. No such thing. It is only a ferry. It is so narrow that we can hail each other from bank to bank. It is only four arms' length across. The arm of earthly farewell put out from this side, the arm of heavenly welcome put out from the other side; while the dying Christian, standing mid-stream, stretches out his two arms, the one to take the farewell of earth, and the other to take the greeting of heaven. That makes four arms' lengths across the river.

Blessed be God, that when we leave this world we are not to have a great and perilous enterprise of getting into heaven. Not a dangerous

Franklin expedition, to find the Northwest passage among icebergs. Only a ferry. That accounts for something you have never been able to understand. You never supposed that very nervous and timid Christian people could be so perfectly unexcited and placid in the last hour. The fact is, they were clear down on the bank, and they saw there was nothing to be frightened about. Such a short distance—only a ferry. With one ear they heard the funeral psalm in their memory, and with the other ear they heard the song of heavenly salutation. The willows on this side the Jordan and the Lebanon cedars on the other almost interlocked their branches. Only a ferry.

When we cross over at the last, we shall find a solid landing. The ferry-boat means a place to start from and a place to land. David and his people did not find the eastern shore of the Jordan any more solid than the western shore where he landed, and yet to a great many heaven is not a real place. To you heaven is a fog-bank in the distance. Now my heaven is a solid heaven. After the resurrection has come you will have a resurrected foot, and something to tread on; and a resurrected eye, and colors to see with it; and a resurrected ear, and music to regale it. Smart men in this day are making a great deal of fun about St. John's materialistic descriptions of heaven. Well now, my friends, if you will tell me what will be the use of a resurrected body in heaven with nothing to tread on, and nothing to hear, and nothing to handle, and nothing to taste, then I will laugh too. Are you going to float about in ether forever, swinging about your hands and feet through the air indiscriminately, and one moment sweltering in the center of the sun, and the next moment shivering in the mountains of the moon? That is not my heaven.

Dissatisfied with John's materialistic heaven, theological thinkers are trying to patch up a heaven that will do for them at the last. I never heard of any heaven I want to go to, except St. John's heaven. I believe I shall hear Mr. Toplady sing yet, and Isaac Watts recite hymns, and Mozart play. "Oh," you say, "where would you get the organ?" The Lord will provide the organ. Don't you bother about the organ. I be-

lieve I shall yet see David with a harp, and I will ask him to sing one of the songs of Zion. I believe after the resurrection I shall see Masillon, the great French pulpit orator, and I shall hear from his own lips how he felt on that day when he preached the king's funeral sermon, and flung his whole audience into a paroxysm of grief and solemnity. I have no patience with your transcendental gelatinous gaseous heaven. My heaven is not a fog-bank. My eyes are unto the hills, the everlasting hills. The King's ferry-boat, starting from a wharf on this side, will go to a wharf on the other side.

Our arrival will not be like stepping ashore at Antwerp or Constantinople, among a crowd of strangers; it will be among friends, good friends, warm-hearted friends, and all their friends.

We know people whom we have never seen, by hearing somebody talk about them very much; we know them almost as well as if we had seen them. And do you not suppose that our parents and brothers and sisters and children in heaven have been talking about us all these years, and talking to their friends? so that, I suppose, when we cross the river at the last, we shall not only be met by all those Christian friends whom we knew on earth, but by all their friends. They will come down to the landing to meet us. Your departed friends love you more now than they ever did. You will be surprised at the last to find how they know about all the affairs of your life. Why, they are only across the ferry; and the boat is coming this way, and the boat is going that way. I do not know but that they have already asked the Lord the day, the hour, the moment, when you are coming across, and that they know now; but I do know you will be met at the landing. The poet Southey said he thought he should know Bishop Heber in heaven by the portraits he had seen of him in London; and Dr. Randolph said he thought he would know William Cowper, the poet, in heaven, from the pictures he had seen of him in England; but we will know our departed kindred by the portraits hung in the throne-room of our hearts.

On starlight nights you look up—and I suppose it is so with any one

who has friends in heaven—on starlight nights you look up, and you cannot help but think of those who have gone; and I suppose they look down, and cannot but think of us. But they have the advantage of us. We know not just where their world of joy is; they know where we are.

There was romance as well as Christian beauty in the life of Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, when he concluded to part from his wife, she to come to America to restore her health, he to go back to Burmah to preach the Gospel. They had started from Burmah for the United States together, but, getting near St. Helena, Mrs. Judson was so much better she said: "Well, now, I can get home very easily; you go back to Burmah and preach the Gospel to those poor people. I am almost well; I shall soon be well, and then I will return to you." After she had made that resolution, terrific in its grief, willing to give up her husband for Christ's sake, she sat down in her room, and with her trembling hand wrote some eight or ten verses, two or three of which I will give you:

"We part on this green islet, love;
Thou for the eastern main;
I for the setting sun, love:
Oh, when to meet again!

"When we knelt to see our Henry die,
And heard his last faint moan,
Each wiped away the other's tears;
Now each must weep alone.

"And who can paint our mutual joy
When, all our wandering o'er,
We both shall clasp our infants three,
At home on Burmah's shore?

"But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When the loved and parted here below
Meet ne'er to part again."

She folded that manuscript; a relapse of her disease came on, and she died. Dr. Judson says he put her away, for the resurrection, on the Isle of St. Helena. They had thought to part for a year or two; now they parted forever, so far as this world is concerned. And he says he hastened on board after the funeral with his little children to start for Burmah, for the vessel had already lifted her sails; and he said: "I sat down for some time in my cabin, my little children around me crying, 'Mother, mother!' and I abandoned myself to heart-breaking grief. But one day the thought came across me, as my faith stretched her wing, that we should meet in heaven, and I was comforted."

Was it, my friends, all a delusion? When he died, did she meet him at the landing? When she died, did the scores of souls whom she had brought to Christ, and who had preceded her to heaven, meet her at the landing? I believe it; I know it. Oh, glorious consolation, that when our poor work on earth is done and we cross the river, we shall be met at the landing.

ORDINARY PEOPLE.

"Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."—Rom. xvi:14, 15.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid, or opulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in any wise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the



JEFFERSON PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—CHICAGO.

(Interior View.)



LAST PICTURE OF T. DeWITT TALMAGE

apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 55,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 54,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals at Newgate. It does not help you

much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you very much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in th Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments, and abrasions, and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year, and at your call He is ready with help and reinforcement.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact, that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken *lessons in dough!* They who decide the apparel of the world, and the food of the world, decide the endurance of the world

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore, chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand, or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment by the three angels on the plains

of Mamre, will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue, or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athalia, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia, an ordinary woman, amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men.

They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; and the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages, and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care. You can not tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonagenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five, or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that worn out business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Man can not understand the

wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post-mortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs, and pivots, and weights, and balance-wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock is simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial, the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly capacity stops forever. Greenwood has thousands of New York and Brooklyn business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper, and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not in the eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole ship-load of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day—keeping them tranquil, whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstances, and amid all vicissitudes. That is the kind of grace we want.

Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out and stand on tiptoe on their store step

and look at some one who in Arctic clime, or in ocean storm, or in day of battle, or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing Arctics and burning torrids, and awful Marengoes of experiences without moving five miles from their doorstep.

Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom-house clerk, and helped Lydia, of Thyatira, to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish-market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the seven thousand who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with His finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague, and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who, as floral commander, leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths, and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp-fires of color all around the hemisphere—that that Christ and that God knows the most minute affairs of your business life and however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread-and-needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Baring.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship, in twenty-one days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty, or fifty, or a hundred acres of the old homestead. What those

men want is grace, to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen, and to keep cheerful amid the drouth that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die.

Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again, and again, and again, it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest-field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his similes from the farmer's life, as when He said: "A sower went forth to sow;" as when He built His best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee; and who compared Himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Those *stone masons* do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect who built St. Paul's Cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. *Carpenters* standing amid the adze, and

the bit, and the plane, and the broadaxe, need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with His own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an under-fed world, and it is a rung-out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and, after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshly casements, and who knows all the diseases, and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out ten thousand doctors of whom the world makes no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments they have assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crises of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you

are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "That is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional can not be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings in its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket.

Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack. Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I., printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time, and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. New York Central Railroad has 9,265 stockholders. If anything in that railroad affronts the people all the abuse

comes down on one man, and the 9,264 escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Over 17,000 stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific Railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused, while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows, or gains, or does more than it can know, or gain, or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar-plum precedes the world's *aqua-fortis*. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna." The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and came out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defences and the tranquillity of your position.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what He keeps away from us as in what He gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum, one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the "Divinia Comedia" all expressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her: "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard: "This is a faithful saying, and

worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard: "Even so, Earth; for it seemeth good in Thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it, not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

NOONTIDE OF LIFE.

It seems to me that in some respects the hill-top in the journey of life is the best part of the journey.

While in early life we are climbing up the steep hillside, we have worries and frets, and we slip, and we fall, and we slide back, and we run upon sharp antagonisms, and all the professions and occupations have drudgeries and sharp rivalries at the start. We are afraid we will not be properly appreciated. We toil on, and we pant, and we struggle, and we are out of breath, and sometimes we are tempted to lie down in the bower of lazy indulgence. In addition to these difficulties of climbing the hill of life, there are those who rejoice in setting a man back and trying to make a young man cowed down.

Every young man has had somebody to meet him as he was climbing up, and say to him: "Don't, don't—you can't, you can't—quit, quit!" Every young man has had twenty disheartenments where he has one round word of good cheer. But after we have climbed to the top of the hill of life, then we have comparative tranquillity and repose. We begin to look about us. We find that it is just three miles from cradle to grave: Youth the first mile, manhood the second mile, old age the third mile. Standing on the hill-top of the journey of life and in the second mile, having come up one side the hill, and before I go down the other side,

I want to tell you that life is to me a happiness, and much of the time it has been to me a rapture, and sometimes an ecstasy.

There has been a great deal of wholesale slander of this world. People abuse it, and the traveler on the mountain curses the chill, and the voyager on the deep curses the restlessness, and there are those who say it is a mean, old, despicable world, and from pole to pole it has been calumniated; and if the world should present a libel suit for all those who have slandered it, there would not be gold enough in the mountains to pay the damages, or places enough in the penitentiaries to hold the offenders. The people not only slander the world, but they slander its neighbors, and they belabor the sun, now because it is too ardent, and now because it is too distant; but by experience coming up the hill of life I have found out when there is anything wrong the trouble is not with the sun, or the moon, or the stars, or the meteorological conditions; the trouble is with myself. Oh, I am so glad that while this world as a finality is a dead failure, as a hotel where we stop for awhile in our traveling on toward a better place, it is a very good world, a very kind world, and I am glad that the shepherd in so pleasant a place makes his flocks rest at noon!

But having told you how life seems to me on the hill-top of the journey, you naturally want to know how it seems to me when I look backward, and when I look forward. The first thing a traveler does after climbing up to the top of a mountain is to take a long breath, and then look about and see what is all around him. He sees out in this direction the winding road up which he came, and out in that direction the winding road down which he shall go. And so, standing on the hill-top of life's journey, I put my outspread hand to my forehead, so as to keep off the glare of the noonday's sun, and to concentrate my vision, and I look back on the winding road on which I have traveled, and I see far on down at the foot of that road, in the dim distance, something small, something insignificant, and it vibrates, and it trembles, and it rocks. I wonder what it is. I guess what it is. A cradle!

Then I turn, and still keeping my outspread hand to my forehead so as to shade my eyes from the glare of the noonday's sun, and to concentrate my vision, I look on the winding road down which I shall travel, and I see at the foot of the road something that does not tremble, does not vibrate, does not rock—something white—and then near it a bank of the earth, and I wonder what it is. Ah! I see what it is. I guess what it is. I know what it is. A grave.

So, standing on the hill-top, having come up one side the hill, and before I go down on the other side, you ask me two or three questions, and I tell you that I have learned in coming up this side of life, the steep side, the first side—I have learned that nothing is accomplished without hard work. And I say to the multitude of young people starting in occupations and professions, nothing is accomplished without work, hard work, continuous work, all-absorbing work, everlasting work.

A parishioner asked a clergyman why the congregation had filled up, and why the church was now so prosperous above what it had ever been before. "Well," said the clergyman, "I will tell you the secret. I met a tragedian some time ago, and I said to him, 'How is it you get along so well in your profession?' The tragedian replied, 'The secret is, I always do my best; when stormy days come, and the theater is not more than half or a fourth occupied, I always do my best, and that has been the secret of my getting on.'" And the clergyman reciting it, said: "I have remembered that, and ever since then I have always done my best." And I say to you, in whatever occupation or profession God has put you, do your best; whether the world appreciates it or not, do your best—always do your best. Domitian, the Roman emperor, for one hour every day caught flies and killed them with his penknife; and there are people with imperial opportunity who set themselves to some insignificant business. Oh, for something grand to do, and then concentrate all your energies of body, mind, and soul upon that one thing, and nothing in earth or hell can stand before you. There is no such thing as good luck.

I have learned also in coming up this steep hill of life, that all events

are connected. I look back and now see events which I thought were isolated and alone, but I find now they were adjoined to everything that went before, and everything that came after. The chain of life is made up of a great many links—large links, small links, silver links, iron links, beautiful links, ugly links, mirthful links, solemn links—but they are all parts of one great chain of destiny. Each minute is made up of sixty links, and each day is made up of twenty-four links, and each year is made up of three hundred and sixty-five links; but they are all parts of one endless chain which plays and works through the hand of an all-governing God. No event ever stands alone. Sometimes you say, "This is my day off." You will never have a day off. Nothing is off.

But if you continue to ask me how the past seems, I answer it seems like three or four picture galleries—Dusseldorf, Louvre and Luxembourg, their corridors interjoining. I close my eyes and see them coasting the hillside, and flying the kite, and trundling the hoop, and gathering nuts in the autumnal forests, and then a little while after, bending in anxious study over the lexicons and the trigonometries. Where are those comrades? Most of them gone. Some are in useful spheres on earth. Some died in rapture, and a good many of them perished in dissipation before thirty years of age. The wine-cup, with its sharp edge, cut the jugular vein of their soul. Poor fellows! They tried the world without God, and the world was too much for them. Splendid fellows! Oh, what forehead they had for brain, and what muscle they had for strength, and what gleam of eye they had for genius, and what loving letters they got from home, and how they carried off the bouquets on Commencement Day! But they made the terrific mistake of thinking religion a superfluity, and now they are in my memory, not so much canvas as sculpture—some Laocoon struggling with snapped muscles, and eyes starting from the socket for torture; struggling amid the crushing folds of a serpentine monstrosity, a reptile horror, a Laocoon worse than that of the ancients.

Satan has a fastidious appetite, and the vulgar souls he throws into

a trough to fatten his swine; but he says: "Bring to my golden plate all the fine natures, bring to my golden plate all the clear intellects, bring them to me; my knife will cut down through the lusciousness; fill my chalice with the richest of their blood; pour it in until it comes three-fourths full; pour it in until it comes to the rim of the chalice; pour it until the blood bubbles over the rim. There, that will do now. Oh, this infernal banquet of great souls! Aha! aha! let the common demons have the vulgar souls, but give to me, who am the king of all diabolism, the jolliest, the gladdest, and the grandest of all this immortal sacrifice. Aha!"

Then in my mind there is the home gallery.

Oh, those dear faces, old faces and young faces, faces that have lost nothing of their loveliness by the recession of years, faces into which we looked when we sat on their laps, faces that looked up to us when they sat on our laps, faces that wept, faces that laughed, faces that wrinkled with old age, faces all aflush with juvenile jocundity, faces that have disappeared, faces gone.

But you ask how the rest of the journey appears to me. As I look down now, having come up one side, and standing on the hill-top, and before I take the other journey, let me say to you, the road yet to be traveled seems to me brighter than the one on which I have journeyed. I would not want to live life over again, as some wish to. If we lived life over again we would do no better than we have done. Our lives have been lived over five hundred times before. We saw five hundred people make mistakes in life, and we went right on and made the same mistakes. Our life was not the first. There were five hundred or a thousand people living before us. We did not profit by their example. We went right on and broke down in the same place, and if we did not do any better with those experiences before us, do you think we would do any better if we tried life over again? No. I should rather go right on. If we tried life over again we would repeat the same journey.

"But," says some one, "don't you know there may be trials, hard-

ships, sicknesses, and severe duties ahead?" Oh, yes! But if I am on a railroad journey of a thousand miles, and I have gone five hundred of the miles, and during those five hundred miles I have found the bridges safe, and the track solid, and the conductors competent, and the engineer wide awake, does not that give me confidence for the other five hundred miles? God has seen me through up to this time, and I am going to trust Him for the rest of the journey. I believe I have a through ticket, and although sometimes the track may turn this way or the other way, and sometimes we may be plunged through tunnels, and sometimes we may have a hot box that detains the train, and sometimes we may switch off upon a side track to let somebody else pass, and sometimes we may see a red flag warning us to slow up, I believe we are going through to the right place.

I have not a fear, an anxiety, that I can mention. I do not know one. I put all my case in God's hands, and I have not any anxiety about the future. I do not feel foolhardy. I only trust. I trust, I trust, I trust! And—for there are those here of my own age—let me say, when we come to duties, and trials, and hardships, God is going to see us through.

From this hill-top of life I catch a glimpse of those hill-tops where all sorrow and sighing shall be done away. Oh, that God would make that world to us a reality! Faith in that world helped old Dr. Tyng, when he stood by the casket of his dead son, whose arm had been torn off in the threshing-machine, death ensuing; and Dr. Tyng, with infinite composure, preached the funeral sermon of his own beloved son. Faith in that world helped Martin Luther, without one tear, to put away in death his favorite child. Faith in that world helped the dying woman to see on the sky the letter "W," and they asked her what she supposed the letter "W" on the sky meant. "Oh," she said, "don't you know? W stands for welcome." O Heaven, swing open thy gates! O Heaven, roll upon us some of thine anthems! O Heaven, flash upon us the vision of thy luster!

THE SECRET OUT.

"Samuel said, What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?"—I. Sam. xv:14.

The Amalekites thought that they had conquered God, and that He would never execute His threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle, and left no outrage untried. They thought that God either did not dare to punish them, or that He had forgotten so to do. Let us see. Samuel, the Lord's prophet, tells Saul to go down and destroy the Amalekites, leaving not one of them alive, and, to destroy all the beasts in their possession, ox and sheep, camel and ass.

The Amalekites and Israelites confront each other. The trumpets of battle are blown, peal on peal. Awful scene, that ancient battle. But huzza! for the Israelites. More than two hundred thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for God has given them the victory. Huzza! for Israel.

Yet this triumphant army is soon captured and conquered by sheep and oxen. God told Saul to go and destroy the Amalekites, and to destroy all the beasts in their possession. Saul thought he knew better than the Lord and so he saves Agag, the king of the Amalekites, and saves some of the finest of the sheep and the oxen. He thinks he has cheated the prophet, and through him cheated the Lord, and he is driving these sheep and oxen on toward his home. He has no idea that Samuel, the prophet, will ever find it out.

Samuel mets him. Saul with solemn visage—for there is no one that can look more solemn than your genuine hypocrite—Saul says: "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord." Samuel listens, and at that moment he hears the noisy drove in the rear, and he says to Saul: "If you have done as you have said, if you have obeyed the Lord, what meaneth the bleating of the sheep that I hear, and the lowing of the oxen in mine ear?" One would have thought that Saul's cheek would have been



JOHN FRANKLIN TALMAGE.



HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Among Talmage's rivals in pulpit oratory may be mentioned the name of Henry Ward Beecher, another great Brooklyn divine.

consumed with blushes. No. He says: "I did not do this; the army did it. The army are saving these sheep and oxen for sacrifice." Then Samuel slashes Agag to pieces, and in Oriental style takes hold of the skirt of his coat, and rends it apart, as much as to say, "So shall you be rent from your crown, so shall you be rent from your kingdom, and all nations shall know that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep, but lost a kingdom."

God will expose hypocrisy. Saul thought this whole thing had been hushed up, and he had no idea that the secret of his disobedience would ever come out, and at the most inopportune time the sheep bleat, and the oxen bellowed. A hypocrite is one who professes to be what he is not, or to do that which he does not. Saul was a type of a large class. A hypocrite in our time is a man who looks awfully solemn, whines in his prayer, never laughs or smiles, or, if he should be caught laughing or smiling, afterward is apologetic, as though he had committed some great sin. The first time he has a chance, he prays twenty minutes in a prayer-meeting, and if he give an exhortation, it is with an air that seems to imply that all men are sinners save one, his modesty forbidding that he should state who that one is. In Churches of Christ all over the land are ecclesiastical Uriah Heeps. When the fox begins to pray look out for your chickens! The genuine impostor in religion makes a pride of his misery. The genuine Christian finds religion a joy. The hypocrite has pride in his being uncomfortable.

Those are the kind of men that damage the Church of Jesus Christ. Wolves are not of so much danger, save when they are in sheep's clothing. Arnold was of more peril to the American army than Cornwallis and his host. A ship may outride a hundred storms, and yet a handful of worms in a plank may sink it to the bottom. The Church of Jesus Christ has not so much fear of cyclones of persecution as it has of the vermin of hypocrisy sometimes infesting it.

Now, such hypocrisy will be exposed. God sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain. God sees everything inside out. All their

solemn looks will not save them. All their long prayers will not save them. All their professions of religion will not save them. Their real character will be demonstrated, and at the most unexpected moment the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time, about to put one of the martyrs to death, began by saying: "In the name of God, amen." The martyr said: "Don't say 'in the name of God!'" And yet how many cruel and mean things are done in the name of religion and sanctity. You sometimes see ecclesiastical courts when they are about to devour some good brother, begin by being tremendously pious in their utterances, the venom of their assault corresponding with the heavenly pathos of the prelude. About to devour him, they say grace before the meal! Just at the time when you expect them almost to rise in translation, and are beginning to think that nothing but the weight of their boots and overcoats keeps them down, the sheep bleat and the oxen bellow. Ah! my friends, pretend to be no more than that you are. If you have the grace of God, profess it; but profess to have no more than you really possess. If you have none of it, do not profess to have it.

History tells of Ottocar who was asked to kneel before Randolphus I. Coming into the presence of the king, Ottocar declined to kneel, but after a while he compromised the matter and said: "I will kneel in private some time in your tent where no one sees me." But the servant of the king arranged a rope by which he could instantly let the tent drop. After a while Ottocar came into the tent and knelt before Randolphus in worship. The king's servant drew the cord and the tent dropped, and Ottocar in the presence of two great armies, was kneeling before Randolphus. Ah! my friends, if you pretend that you are a servant of Jesus Christ, and at the same time are kneeling to the world, the tent has already dropped, and all the armies of heaven are gazing on the hypocrisy. The universe is a very public place, and hypocrisy always comes to exposure.

But while there is one hypocrite in the Church there are five hundred outside of it, for the field is larger. People sometimes look over

into the Church, and they find here and there a hypocrite, and they denounce the Church of God. You have more on your side than we have on our side. Five hundred to one. Men who in your presence are obsequious, while at the same time they are angling for an imperfection. They are digging for a bait. Men who will be in your presence in commercial circles as genial as a summer morn, while they have the fierceness of a catamount and the shyness of a snake and the spite of a devil. But the gun they shoot off will burst in their own hands; the lies they tell crack their own teeth, and their hypocrisy will be demonstrated, and at the most unexpected time the sheep will bleat and the oxen will bellow.

It is very natural to put off sin on other people. Saul, confronted with his crime, said: "Oh, it wasn't me, it was the army; they saved these sheep and oxen, and disobeyed the command of God. It wasn't me. Oh, no, it was the army." Human nature the same in all ages. Adam confronted with his sin, said: "The woman tempted me and I did eat." And she charged it upon the serpent, and if the serpent could have spoken it would have charged it upon the devil; when the simple circumstance, I suppose, was that Adam saw Eve eating this forbidden fruit, and he begged and coaxed until he got a piece of it! Adam just as much to blame as Eve. Ah! my brother, you cannot put off your sins on other people. Saul thought he could, but he could not.

God demanded the obliteration of all of the Amalekites, and the destruction of all the beasts they owned, and Saul saves Agag, the King of the Amalekites, and those fine sheep and oxen. God said, extermination. Why, do you suppose that if we have as many sins as there were men in the army of the Amalekites, God is going to let us keep any of them? They have all to be exterminated.

Here is a Christian man who says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which I call jealousy." Down with jealousy. Here is a Christian man who says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which I will call backbiting." Down with backbiting. A Christian says: "I have an Amalekitish sin which is an appetite for strong drink." Down with that appetite. Meanwhile,

out yonder, there is a sin lifting up its head. What is that? It is Agag. That is worldliness. That is a pet sin, it is a darling sin he is going to let live. No mercy for Agag. You cannot keep a darling sin. Extermination!

Some Presbyterians call it "the higher life;" some Methodists call it "perfection;" I do not care what you call it; but without holiness no man shall see the Lord. We have to give up all our sins, my brothers and sisters; give them all up. No mercy for Agag. Saul kept, I suppose, the finest, the fattest of the sheep, and killed the meanest. And there are many Christians who kill their unpopular sins and keep the respectable sins, while the Lord God from the heavens thunders extermination.

A mere profession of religion, if it be not backed up by right behavior, amounts to nothing, and worse than nothing. Saul came out with a magnificent profession of religion. He says: "I have fulfilled the commandments of the Lord. Just look at me! See what a hero I have been!" Then the sheep bleat and the oxen bellowed. It seems to me that the Church of Christ is to make a new departure in the direction of straightout honesty. I believe the time will come when men, instead of going to commercial records to see whether a man is A 1—hearing that a man who proposes a bargain is a member of the Christian Church, a professor of religion—the merchant will say: "That is all I need."

But how much a church certificate would be worth in Wall Street to-day, judge ye! It seems to me the Church has not kept up with the world's enterprise. It used to take a good while to make a sixpenny nail. A bar would be thrust into the hot coals, and then the bellows would blow, and then the bar would be brought out on the anvil, and they would pound it and smite it and cut it and cleave it, and there would be the nail. Now, a bar is thrust into a machine, and instantly there is a whole shower of nails on the floor of the manufactory. It used to take a great while to thresh wheat. The farmer would slowly unfasten the band from the sheaf, then he would shake out the sheaf on the floor, and then he would take the slow flail, and pound out the wheat

from the straw. Now, the horses start, or the engine begins to hiss, and there are many sheaves instantly threshed. The printing-press that made two hundred and fifty impressions an hour was considered wonderful. Now, tens of thousands of impressions are made in the same length of time. The mail was a very slow institution. Once in two weeks it went from London to Edinburgh. Once in two weeks it went from New York to Boston. Now, a half dozen times a day you have to run to get out of the way, or you will be run over by the wagons that come through Nassau Street, with whole tons of United States mail. Over eight hundred millions of letters and papers in one year going through that mail. Changes in jurisprudence. Constitution of the State of New York changed in 1846. Improvements in the criminal code. Improvements in the civil code. Law of 1773 not fit for 1883.

Now, has the Church of God kept up with the movements of the day? with art, with science, with modern travel. "Oh," says some one, "there are no new principles to be evolved in religion." Ah! I admit it. There are no new principles in nature. They are new to us, but they are old principles brought out into demonstration and into light. The law of gravitation did not wait until Isaac Newton was born. There was just as much electricity in the summer clouds before Benjamin Franklin began to play kite with the thunderstorm, as afterward; just as much power in steam before Robert Fulton was born as afterward. The carboniferous and jurassic strata of the earth did not wait to be laid down until Hugh Miller plunged his geological crowbar. They are old principles, as old as the world, but brought to new demonstration. So I say in regard to religion. If a man tells me he has a new religion, I say, "I have no faith in it, for the Bible is my standard." But if he comes and says to me, "I have a new application of the old principle," I say, "Hear, hear, hear!"

Now what I want is to have this old Gospel wheel, this grand Gospel wheel which has turned so magnificently so many years, to have another band put on it, the band connecting it with every shop, with every store,

with every banking house, with every institution, with every place of hard work—the religion of Jesus Christ making its conquest in the direction of common honesty, so that when a man shall say, as Saul said, "I have fulfilled the commandment of the Lord," everybody will believe him.

ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA.

There are thousands of ways of telling a lie. A man's whole life may be a falsehood, and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. There is a way of uttering falsehood by look, by manner, as well as by lip. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterward say "may be;" call it a white lie, when no lie is that color. The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know when they are lying.

With some it is an acquired sin, and with others it is a natural infirmity. There are those whom you will recognize as born liars. Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases, and are a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. Then there are those who in after life have opportunities of developing this evil, and they go from deception to deception, and from class to class, until they are regularly graduated liars.

There is something in the presence of natural objects that has a tendency to make one pure. The trees never issue false stock. The wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they occupy. Corn shocks never make false assignment. Mountain brooks are always current. The gold of the wheat fields is never counterfeit. But while the tendency of agricultural life is to make one honest, honesty is not the characteristic of all who come to the city markets from the country districts. You hear the creaking of the dishonest farm-wagon in almost every street of our great cities, a farm-wagon in which there is not one honest spoke or one truthful rivet

from tongue to tail-board. Again and again has domestic economy in our great cities foundered on the farmer's firkin. When New York, and Brooklyn, and Cincinnati, and Boston sit down and weep over their sins, Westchester and Long Island counties and all the country districts ought to sit down and weep over theirs.

The tendency in all rural districts is to suppose that sins and transgressions cluster in our great cities; but citizens and merchants long ago learned that it is not safe to calculate from the character of the apples on the top of the farmer's barrel what is the character of the apples all the way down toward the bottom. Many of our citizens and merchants have learned that it is always safest to see the farmer measure the barrel of beets. Milk cans are not always honest. There are those who in country life seem to think they have a right to overreach grain-dealers, merchants of all styles. They think it is more honorable to raise corn than to deal in corn.

The producer sometimes practically says to the merchant: "You get your money easily, anyhow." Does he get it easy? While the farmer sleeps, and he may go to sleep conscious of the fact that his corn and rye are all the time progressing and adding to his fortune or his livelihood, the merchant tries to sleep while conscious of the fact that at that moment the ship may be driving on the rock, or a wave sweeping over the hurricane deck spoiling his goods, or the speculators may be plotting a momentary revolution, or the burglars may be at that moment at his money safe, or the fire may have kindled on the very block where his store stands.

Easy is it? Let those who get their living in the quiet farm and barn take the place of one of our city merchants and see whether it is so easy. It is hard enough to have the hands blistered with out-door work, but it is harder with mental anxieties to have the brain consumed. God help the merchants. And do not let those who live in country life come to the conclusion that all the dishonesties belong to city life. There are those who apologize for deviations from the right and for practical deception by

saying it is commercial custom. In other words, a lie by multiplication becomes a virtue.

There are large fortunes gathered in which there is not one drop of the sweat of unrequited toil, and not one spark of bad temper flashes from the bronze bracket, and there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart's blod on the crimson plush; while there are other fortunes about which it may be said that on every door-knob and on every figure of the carpet, and on every wall there is the mark of dishonor. What if the hand wrung by toil, and blistered until the skin comes off should be placed on the exquisite wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb? or, if in the night the man should be aroused from his slumber again and again by his own conscience, getting himself up on his elbow, and crying out into the darkness: "Who is there?"

There are large fortunes upon which God's favor comes down, and it is just as honest and just as Christian to be affluent as it is to be poor. In many a house there is a blessing on every pictured wall, and on every scroll, and on every traceried window, and the joy that flashes in the lights, and that showers in the music, and that dances in the quick feet of the children pattering through the hall, has in it the favor of God and the approval of man. And there are thousands and tens of thousands of merchants who, from the first day they sold a yard of cloth, or a firkin of butter, have maintained their integrity. They were born honest, they will live honest, and they will die honest.

But you and I know that there are in commercial life those who are guilty of great dishonesties of speech. A merchant says: "I am selling these goods at less than cost." Is he getting for those goods a price inferior to that which he paid for them? Then he has spoken the truth. Is he getting more? Then he lies. A merchant says: "I paid $25 for this article." Is that the price he paid for it? All right. But suppose he paid for it $23 instead of $25? Then he lies.

But there are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks: "How much is this

article?" "It is five dollars." "I can get that for four somewhere else." Can he get it for four somewhere else, or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by depreciating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods behind the counter as there are before the counter. A man unrolls upon the counter a bale of handkerchiefs. The customer says: "Are these all silk?" "Yes." "No cotton in them?" "No cotton in them." Are those handkerchiefs all silk? Then the merchant told the truth. Is there any cotton in them? Then he lied. Moreover, he defrauds himself, for his customer, coming in from Hempstead, or Yonkers, or Newark, will, after a while, find out that he has been defrauded, and the next time he comes to town and goes shopping, he will look up at that sign and say: "No, I won't go there; that's the place where I got those handkerchiefs." First, the merchant insulted God, and secondly, he picked his own pocket.

Who would take the responsibility of saying how many falsehoods were yesterday told by hardware men, and clothiers, and lumbermen, and tobacconists, and jewelers, and importers, and shippers, and dealers in furniture, and dealers in coal, and dealers in groceries? Lies about buckles, about saddles, about harness, about shoes, about hats, about coats, about shovels, about tongs, about forks, about chairs, about sofas, about horses, about lands, about everything. I arraign commercial falsehood as one of the crying sins of our time.

Among the artisans are those upon whom we are dependent for the houses in which we live, the garments we wear, the cars in which we ride. The vast majority of them are, so far as I know them, men who speak the truth, and they are upright, and many of them are foremost in great philanthropies and in churches; but that they all do not belong to that class every one knows.

In times when there is a great demand for labor, it is not so easy for such men to keep their obligations, because they may miscalculate in regard to the weather, or they may not be able to get the help they anticipated in their enterprise. I am speaking now of those who promise to do

that which they know they will not be able to do. They say they will come on Monday; they do not come until Wednesday. They say they will come Wednesday; they do not come until Saturday. They say they will have the job done in ten days; they do not get it done before thirty. And then when a man becomes irritated and will not stand it any longer, then they go and work for him a day or two and keep the job along; and then some one else gets irritated and outraged, and they go and work for that man and get him pacified, and then they go somewhere else. I believe they call that "nursing the job."

Ah, my friends, how much dishonor such men would save their souls if they would promise to do only that which they know they can do. "Oh," they say, "it's of no importance; everybody expects to be deceived and disappointed." There is a voice of thunder sounding among the saws and the hammers and the shears, saying: "All liars shall have their place in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." So in all styles of work there are those who are not worthy of their work.

How much of society is insincere. You hardly know what to believe. They send their regards; you do not exactly know whether it is an expression of the heart, or an external civility. They ask you to come to their house; you hardly know whether they really want you to come. We are all accustomed to take a discount off of what we hear.

Social life is struck through with insincerity. They apologize for the fact that the furnace is out; they have not had any fire in it all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they never live any better. They decry their most luxuriant entertainment to win a shower of approval from you. They point at a picture on the wall as a work of one of the old masters. They say it is an heirloom in the family. It hung on the wall of a castle. A duke gave it to their grandfather! People that will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we want the world to believe we are affluent, and society to-day is struck through with cheat and counterfeit and sham. How few people are natural.

Frigidity sails around, iceberg grinding against iceberg. You must not laugh outright; that is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash quickly across the room; that is vulgar. You must glide. Society is a round of bows and grins and grimaces and oh's and ah's and he, he, he's, and simperings and namby pambyisms, a whole world of which is not worth one good honest round of laughter. From such a hollow scene the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, assuring the host that he has enjoyed himself. Society is become so contorted and deformed in this respect that a mountain cabin where the rustics gather at a quilting or an apple-paring has in it more good cheer than all the frescoed refrigerators of the metropolis.

It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Calvinist what an Arminian believes. He will tell you an Arminian believes that man can save himself. An Arminian believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Arminian what a Calvinist believes. He will tell you that a Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. A Calvinist believes no such thing.

It is hardly worth your while to ask a Pedo-Baptist what a Baptist believes. He will tell you a Baptist believes that immersion is necessary for salvation. A Baptist does not believe any such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a man, who very much hates Presbyterians, what a Presbyterian believes. He will tell you that a Presbyterian believes that there are infants in hell a span long, and that very phraseology has come down from generation to generation in the Christian Church. There never was a Presbyterian who believed that. "Oh," you say, "I heard some Presbyterian minister twenty years ago say so." You did not. There never was a man who believed that, there never will be a man who will believe that. And yet from boyhood I have heard that particular slander against a Christian Church going down through the community.

Then how often it is that there are misrepresentations on the part of individual churches in regard to other churches—especially if a church comes to great prosperity. As long as a church is in poverty, and the

singing is poor and all the surroundings are decrepit, and the congregation are so hardly bestead in life that their pastor goes with elbows out, then there will always be Christian people in churches who say, "What a pity, what a pity!" But let the day of prosperity come to a Christian Church, and let the music be triumphant, and let there be vast assemblages, and then there will be even ministers of the Gospel critical and denunciatory and full of misrepresentation and falsification, giving the impression to the outside world that they do not like the corn because it is not ground in their mill. Oh, my friends, let us in all departments of life stand back from deception.

"Oh," says some one, "the deception that I practice is so small it don't amount to anything." Ah, my friends, it does amount to a great deal. You say: "When I deceive it is only about a case of needles, or a box of buttons, or a row of pins." But the article may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin is as big as the pyramids, and the echo of your dishonor will reverberate through the mountains of eternity. There is no such thing as a small sin. They are all vast and stupendous, because they will all have to come under inspection in the Day of Judgment.

THE GLORIOUS MARCH.

"Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."—Solomon's Song vi: 10.

The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards, the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Heshbon fish-pools, the dew of the night, and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style, when he comes to speak of the glory of the Church. In contrast with his eulogium of the Church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a coward, does that condemn the whole army? And yet there

are many in this day so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dishonest, and so unfair as to denounce the entire Church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it.

There are those who say that the Church of God is not up to the spirit of the day in which we live; but I have to tell you that, notwithstanding all the swift wheels, and the flying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able to keep up with the Church. As high as God is above man, so high is the Church of God—higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of the world have been lighted. The best of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morses, the Whitneys, the Perrys, and the Livingstones. She has owned the best of the telescopes and Leyden jars; and while infidelity and atheism have gone blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth, and the air, and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christian philosophers.

The world will not be up to the Church of Christ until the day when all merchandise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million-voiced shout of nations born in a day. The Church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Claverhouse to cut with the sword, has gone on, wading the floods and enduring the fire, until the deepest barbarism, and the fiercest cruelties, and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the East, crying, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" God, who has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has gone down the moon mounts her throne, but it is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed scepter over island and continent, river and sea. Under

her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam and fire.

Under the witchery of the moon the awful steeps lose their ruggedness, and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses God for throwing so cheap a light through the broken window pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen. And the sea! No mother ever more lovingly watched a sick cradle than this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

"Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the Church. Like the moon, she is a borrowed light.

She gathers up the glory of a Savior's sufferings, a Savior's death, a Savior's resurrection, a Savior's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate skepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud-mouthed scorn.

She is the only institution to-day that gives any light to our world. Into her portal the poor come and get the sympathy of a once pillowless Christ. The bereaved come and see the bottle in which God saves all our tears, and the captives come, and on the sharp corners of her altars dash off their chains, and the thirsty come and put their cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, sparkling water, crystalline water, from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshipers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her

sacramental cup. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm-clouds unflushed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the Church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and comes out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian Church has made her mild way.

After a season of storm or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; honey-makers in the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of the clear sky, make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so glad. The same sun which in the morning kindled conflagrations among the castles of cloud stoops down to paint the lily white, and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue.

Light for voyager on the deep; light for shepherds guarding the flocks afield; light for the poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and the weary; light for aching eyes and burning brain and consuming captive; light for the smooth brow of childhood and the dim vision of the octogenarian; light for the queen's coronet and sewing-girl's needle. "Let there be light."

"Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the Church. You have been going along a road before daybreak, and on one side you thought you saw a lion, and on the other side you thought you saw a goblin of the darkness, but when the sun came out, you found these were harmless apparitions. And it is the great mission of the Church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear as the sun," to illumine all

earthly darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb; and the sepulchral gates of your dead turn out to be the opening gates of heaven; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise is an angel of light to beckon you in.

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway, and cheer you until, far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. O sun of the Church! shine on until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears to wipe away, no shackles to break, no more souls to be redeemed. Ten thousand hands of sin have attempted to extinguish the lamps on her altars, but they are quenchless; and to silence her pulpits, but the thunder would leap, and the lightning would flame.

The Church of God will yet come to full meridian, and in that day all the mountains of the world will be sacred mountains touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be redolent with Gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities be sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as Paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The Church triumphant. All the darknesses of sin, all the darknesses of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery, hieing themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! clear as the sun."

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet, and started again into the battle. Now, my friends, I don't want you to think of the Church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of infidel sarcasm, something to



S. L. Moody



CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

The 19th century seems to have been particularly fortunate in its great number of pulpit orators. The above picture of England's greatest preacher was taken at the time he achieved his first success.

be kicked, and cuffed, and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscription and colors such as never stirred the hearts of an earthly soldiery. We have our banner of recruit, and on it is inscribed, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hilltop, and wave it at the gate of heaven.

With Christ to lead us, we need not fear. I will not underrate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places; but, if God be for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord! Fall into line! Close up the ranks! On, through burning sands and over frozen mountain-tops, until the whole earth surrenders to God. He made it; He redeemed it; He shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sabers, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle-axes, but the marching, and the onset, and the victory, will be none the less decisive for that.

With Christ to lead us, and heaven to look down upon us, and angels to guard us, and martyr spirits to bend from their thrones, and the voice of God to bid us forward into the combat, our enemies shall fly like chaff in the whirlwind, and all the towers of heaven ring because the day is ours.

SHAMS IN RELIGION.

The world wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather, with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others. I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labeling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves, and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chicory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar, when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the street, and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine-looking pair of shoes, and show that it is paste-

board sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash-barrel, in front of the store, the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brickdust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussia blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and soapstone, and it will, by chemical analysis, separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter, and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The Board of Health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have forty-one per cent of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed; an incision is made into the root, and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum, as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with a cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail

druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle, it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis, has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after a while, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years—trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church, or a university, or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any liturgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise the matter with Thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent of the profits, and with that one per cent you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After a while, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" in him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall Street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalcation.

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will

also rectify all mechanism, and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is slightingly done: "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the hour he drives very slowly, so as to make as many hours as possible. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to watch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty as a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbinding that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skillful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation, and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car wheel that halts the whole train with a hot box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest; but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Sunday afternoon in the new ground

where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak, will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan, because they are defenceless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ Himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case, he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drugstore, because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school-teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness, and for happiness, and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he can not help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements, and it will keep them from misrepresenting interviews with public men, and from starting suspicions that never can be allayed, and will make them stanch friends of the oppressed instead of the oppressor.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion, will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception

from becoming intoxicated conviviality, and it will by frank manners and Christian sentiment drive out that creature with sharp-toed shoe and tightly bandaged limb, and elbows drawn back, and idiotic talk, and infinitesimal cane, and sickening swagger, born in America, but a poor copy of a foppish Englishman, the nux vomica of modern society, commonly called the "Dude."

Yea, there is a great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail-car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine room, and now her eye is glassy, and after a while her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home, it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was all.

Yea, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated, and washed, and fumigated, and Christianized. We have missionary societies to reform the Five Points in New York, and Bedford Street, Philadelphia, and Shoreditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon Street, and Madison Square, and Rittenhouse Square, and West End, and Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book, and prayer-book, and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when

their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerreotype, and the ambrotype, and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electric light invention; but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes, and ears, and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into everyday life: Dr. John Abercrombie, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying recently under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ, and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

Lawyers who carried their religion into their profession: Lord Cairns, the queen's adviser for many years, the highest legal authority

in Great Britain—Lord Cairns, every summer in his vacation preaching as an evangelist among the poor of his country. John McLean, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and President of the American Sunday-School Union, feeling more satisfaction in the latter office than in the former. And scores of Christian lawyers as eminent in the Church of God as they are eminent at the bar.

Merchants who took their religion into everyday life: Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A 1., Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in a prayer, giving them a few words of good advice, asking them what church they attended on the Sabbath, what the text was, whether they had any special troubles of their own. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge, in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell, in the shipping business, Peter Cooper, in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting-houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshiping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Passaic and the Raritan.

Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship

chandler, Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of any one else than Wellington, as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regiments, and Kempt's infantry, and the Scotch Grays, and the Life Guards. Who cares, if only the day was won?

In the latter part of the last century, a girl in England became a kitchen maid in a farmhouse. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious, they saved money enough after a while to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front door-yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent. One, a Member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were affluent—four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and where they were invalid, and could not pay, they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you

will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

THE BEAUTY OF RELIGION.

The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the cave; it is the ear-drop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic.

Religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization, and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square or it is a rectangle or it is a rhomboid or in some way it hath a mathematical figure.

Now religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact. God's law exact. God's decrees exact. God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong, though He counts the grass-blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-sided prism. Born at the right time; dying at the right time. There are no "happen-so's" in our theology.

If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws

in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of F. W. Robertson's dog, he tells us, led to a line of events which brought him from the army into the Christian ministry, where he served God with world-renowned usefulness. It did not merely happen so. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal can not equal it."

Just after my arrival in Philadelphia to take a pastorate I was called to a house of great sorrow. The family had been to Cape May for summering. The son of the household had been drowned in a pond not far from the beach. As I entered the afflicted home and the lad prepared for the sepulchre lay in one room, there rang through the hall the wailing of the father and the mother, a grief appalling and indescribable. The parents said they could not forgive themselves, because they had changed their plans for the summer and had not gone to the White Mountains as they had proposed, and had gone to Cape May. "Oh," I said to them, "do not say, 'I wish we had gone to the mountains instead of going to Cape May;' do you not think God has arranged all this? You can not understand now the mercy of it, but trust Him; there are no accidents; the God who arranges all the affairs of your life arranged the death of that boy." Do not say, as I have often heard some of you say, "Oh, if I had not gone here and if I had not gone there, this would not have occurred and that would not have occurred!" Things are not at loose ends. Precision, accuracy. Job was right: "The crystal can not equal it."

Religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up

from the ruins of Herculaneum. There are female adornments made out of it three thousand years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm, and let in the day—the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour—the crystal of the telescope by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury!

But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religion. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of His character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque. Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for vision, Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye-salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out; Sinai, the mountain of the law; Pisgah, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out—Hidekel, or the river of paradisical beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrism; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; the Nile, or the river of palaces; and the pure river of life from under the throne clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with the crucifixion agony and now with the judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of His two hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mind to rehearse them. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child, and why you lost your property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came; it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you, and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the wheat, and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ;" or the company of such men as Polycarp, who, when standing in the midst of the amphitheater waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him, and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting, "The lions for Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," and then stooping down toward the cave where the wild beasts were roaring to get out, "Let them come on." Ah, yes, it is persecution to put you in glorious company; and while there are many things that you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation, I tell you that it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illumine and irradiate.

Religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty.

That lump of crystal is put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer, and he sees in it indescribable beauty—snowdrift and splinters of hoar-frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross, and not enough about their crown. Do you know the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-seven times while it mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion. He has been a close observer. He has been culturing

an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of a half century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos, and corals, and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion, and he will tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. The crystal can not equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry. When it presents God's character it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of His nature, but makes that love in harmony with His justice—a love that will accept all those who come to Him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful religion in the fact that it proposes to garland, and enthrone, and emparadise an immortal spirit! Solomon says it is a lily. Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliaged cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz, and the sapphire, and the chrysoprase—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal can not equal it."

Oh, it is not a stale religion, it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag, as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merrilies with shriveled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all His wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the south wind; her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon, and say it is a lily? Then pluck it, and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul, and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse, and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and slake the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel, and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride?

Then strike hands with your Lord, the king, while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's word you acknowledge "The crystal can not equal it."

Religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations.

The diamond is only a crystallization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octahedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons, and our homes, and our museums, have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the Gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls, by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron, God by His comforting grace stoops and says: "They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels."

"What," say you, "will God wear jewelry?" If He wanted it He could make the stars of heaven His belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of His feet; but He does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry He comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on and He wears them in the presence of the whole universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up my jewels." Wonderful transformation! The carbon becomes a solitaire!

Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor

prayer-meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal can not equal it."

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the Gospel will not be seen in this world and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals. Oh, what a magnificent setting for these jewels of eternity!

"Oh," says some one, putting his hand over his eyes, "can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever come to those crystals?"

Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have, whatever else we have or have not, and we have come here to get it. "How much must I pay for it?" you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystal in the mountain will change your heart, which is harder than stone, for the promise is, "I will take away your stony heart, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want; God is to do everything and I am to do nothing." My brother, it is not the doctrine you want. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain, and it comes to crystallization, but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is, the coal wants to stay coal. I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it.

O my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no wild exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice. A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell, between charred ruin and glorious crystallization.

THE DAY WE LIVE IN.

It is my business to tell you what style of men and women you ought to be in order that you may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast your lot. If you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready, in the Lord's name, to look you in the face. When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood, or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions, and formulas, and technicalities, and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They are the chief obstacle to the Church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You remember what excitement there was in this country, years ago, when the Prince of Wales came here—how the people rushed out by hundreds of thousands to see him. Why? Because they expected that some day he would sit upon the throne of England. But what was all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be kings and queens unto God? "They shall reign with him forever and forever."

But, my friends, you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces,

and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of the piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulse to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days, and the weeks, and months, and years of his life feeling his pulse, instead of going out into active, earnest, every-day work?

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet, when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing left in them. This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday, or the day before, planted.

Oh, my friends, if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out-of-doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole at-

mosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the Church of God is more brawn of piety.

The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle.

A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep, and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From those sixteen years you must subtract all the time that you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From those eight years you must take all the days, and weeks, and months—all the length of time that is passed in childhood and sickness, leaving you about one year in which to work for God! Oh, my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest-time, and with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact, that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year!

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the Gospel, and the Church is open, and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and the hedges and compel the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if He had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if He had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulchre of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth?" Oh, my Chris-

tian friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast; when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts; when express railroad trains are carrying messengers of sin; when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum; when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Oh, never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the Church to sleep. The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian Church; the great audiences are gathered in the temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate, and swing to and fro, and they are useless, and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic—long enough to make a line reaching from the German universities to Great Salt Lake City. Ah, my brother, do not take hold of a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a Judgment Day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the Church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country there went laughter and ridicule all around the Chris-

tian Church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out: "Who ever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the cornstalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiaphas hissed. And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow!" All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among every-day men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the Church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, read and known of all men, is more like a "dead-letter" postoffice.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the Church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, the world is converting the Church. Here is a great fortress. How shall

it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says: "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements, you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! Charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to this grand accomplishment. Here is my pulpit and I preach in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place and, through cowardice or through self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundations of heaven with the shout of a great victory. I tell you, every one, go forth and preach this gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach and there preach.

Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said: "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a Methodist." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there and put a candle into

the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles, held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college there was a man who worked, by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayer Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than the greatest archbishop, arrayed in costly canonicals. Go preach this Gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I license you. Go preach this Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath schools, in the prayer meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not.

Again, in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age, you want unbounded faith in the triumph of truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian Church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom, or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when He once rises in His strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily, but here is the promise and yonder is the throne; and when omniscience has lost its eyesight, and omnipotence falls back impotent, and Jehovah is driven from His throne, then the Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never

until then. Despots may plan and armies may march, and the congresses of the nations may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the chariot wheels of God's providence.

I think before the sun of this century shall set the last tyranny will fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for His own triumph, and returning from universal conquest, He will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth His footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
Till heaven's high arch resounds again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The despotisms will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and Judaism will confess the true Messiah, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne, and the trumpeting of resurrection angels, and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna and the groaning of the saved and the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness, or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory.

RELIGION AN ANTISEPTIC.

Grace is like salt in its beauty. In Galicia, among the mines of salt, there are two hundred and eighty miles of underground passages. Down in those salt mines there are chapels, and cathedrals, and theaters, and halls of reception, and the altars are of crystal, and the columns are of crystal, and the ceiling is of crystal. When the emperor comes and the princes, all this is lighted up with torches, and the scene is indescribable for beauty, as the emperor and the mighty men of his realm walk through, and some of them worship in the chancels, and others are entertained in the theaters, and all the floor, all the pillars, all the ceilings are of crystal. But why should I go so far to tell you of the beauty of salt when you can take a morning train and go to the salt mines in a few hours? You have it three times a day upon your table.

It is beautiful to the naked eye, but put under the microscope, you see the stars, and the splinters, and the shafts, and the bridges of fire glint of the sun. Salt has all the beauty of water foam and snowflake, with durability added. No human skill hath ever put in Alhambra or St. Peter's such marvelous beauty as God hath put in one crystal of salt. An angel would need to take all of time with an infringement upon eternity to sketch the beauty of that which you sometimes cast aside as of no importance.

So I have to tell you that the grace of God is beautiful and beautifying. Have you never seen a life illumined by it? Have you never seen a soul comforted by it? Have you never seen a character grandly constructed through it? I have seen it smooth the wrinkles of care from the brow. I have seen it seemingly change the aged into the young. I have seen it lift the stooped shoulder and put sparkle into the dull eye. It is beautifying in its results. It is grand and glorious in its influence. Solomon described its anatomical effect when he said: "It is marrow to the bones."

Of course, I refer now to a healthy religion, not that kind which

sits for three hours on a gravestone reading Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs"—a kind of religion which always thrives best in a bad state of the liver; but a religion such as Christ preached, the healthiest thing in all the earth, good for the body as well as good for the soul, for it calms the pulses and it soothes the nerves, and it quiets the spleen, and it is a physical reinvigoration. Many a man has felt it. I suppose when the grace of God has triumphed in all the earth disease will be banished, and that a man one hundred years of age will come into the house and say, "I am very tired, and it is time for me to go," and without one physical pang heaven will have him.

When I was living in Philadelphia there was an aged bank president; he was somewhere in the nineties. At the close of the business of the day he came home, lay down on the sofa, and said to his daughter: "My time has come, and I must go away from you." "Why," she said, "father, are you sick? Shall I send for a doctor?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I am not sick, but the time has come for me to go. You have it put in the morning papers about my death, so that they will not expect me in business circles." And instantly he ceased to breathe. That was beautiful—that was a glorious transition from the world. And the time will come when men will leave the world without a pang.

The grace of God is going to do just as much for the bodies of men as it does for the souls of men. But I think the power of religion is chiefly seen in the soul. It takes that which is hard and cold and repulsive and casts it out. It makes a man all over again. It takes his pride and his selfishness and his worldliness and chains them—chains them fast so that they can move around with very small sweep—for they are chained.

Go all through the underground falls of Weilitzka and through the underground kingdoms of Holstadt and show me anything so beautiful, so grandly beautiful, as this eternal crystal. It throws a beauty over the heart, and a beauty over the life. Christ comes into the soul and casts on it the glow of a summer garden, as he says: "I am the rose of

Sharon and the lily of the valley." And then He comes and throws all over the life and the heart the beauty of a spring morning as He cries out: "I am the light of the world." Oh, is there in all the earth, is there in all the heavens anything so beautiful as the grace of God?

Grace is like salt in the fact that it is a necessity of life. Beasts and men die without it. What are those paths across the Western prairie? They have been made by the deer and buffalo coming to and going from the salt licks. All chemists, all physiologists, all physicians will tell you that salt is an absolute necessity for physical health and life. Without it we soon die. And I came to understand also that this grace of God is an absolute necessity. I hear people talk of it as though this religion were a mere adornment, a shoulder-strap decorating a soldier, a frothy, light dessert after the chief banquet has passed, something to be tried after calomels and mustard plasters have failed, but in ordinary circumstances of no especial importance—only the jingling of the bells on the horse's neck while he draws the load, but in no way helping him to draw it. Now, I denounce that style of religion. Religion, while it is an adornment, is the first and the last necessity of an immortal nature. I must have it, you must have it, or we cannot live.

You know how a man would soon perish if he took no salt with his food. The energies would flag, the lungs would struggle with the air, slow fevers would crawl through the brain, the heart would flutter, and the life would be gone. And that is what is the matter with a great many people who are dying in their souls. They take none of this salt of divine grace. They have never tried it. They do not want it. Weaker and weaker will they get in the spiritual life, until after awhile they will be stretched out on the bier of death. Coffin him in a groan. Hearse him in a sigh. Throw a wreath of nightshade on the casket. Kindle no lamp at the head or the foot, but rather set up the expired torches of the foolish virgins whose lamps went out. Salt an absolute necessity for the life of the body; the grace of God an absolute necessity for the life of the soul. Oh, that it might thunder in our ears today,

"Except ye be born again ye cannot, ye cannot see the kingdom of God."

We have got to have more faith in this Gospel, in its power to save all classes of people, not only those high up, but those low down, not only the wise, but the ignorant—all classes. It is going to regenerate society. While we sit in holy places today how many thousands there are who have no Sabbath. They pass down these streets. They know not it is the Sabbath, except that it gives them more opportunity for dissipation and wicked hilarity, and more time for sin. They have got to be brought under the power of this Gospel. It is an abundant Gospel. The Christ that saved you will save them.

"Oh," says some one out there, "if I am to be saved I will be saved, and if I am to be lost I will be lost." You misrepresent the Gospel, my brother. Do not say that. There is something for you to do. Strive to enter in at the straight gate. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence.

This grace is also like salt in its preservative quality.

You know that salt absorbs the moisture of food, and so food is preserved. Salt is the great anti-putrefactive of the world. Everybody knows that. Experimenters in the preservation of food have tried sugar and smoke and air-tight jars, and everything; but as long as the world stands Christ's remark will be suggestive: "Salt is good." And this grace of God is to be the preservative of laws, of constitutions, of government. Why is it that the United States Government and the British Government have stood so long? While there has been corruption often in high places, there have been good men always in the front. Take the grace of God away from a nation, and you work its destruction. It cannot live without it.

So a great deal of modern philosophy. What is the matter with it? The grace of God has gone out of it, and it putrefies and rots. What our schools of learning, what our institutions of science want now is not more Leyden jars, more galvanic batteries, more spectroscopes, more philosophic apparatus. Oh, no. What is most wanted is the grace of God to teach our men of learning that the God of the universe is the

God of the Bible. Is it not strange that with all their magnificent sweeps of the telescopes they have never seen the morning star of Jesus? or, having been so long studying about light and heat, they have never seen and felt the light and heat of the Sun of Righteousness that has risen on the world with healing in His wings? Oh, my friends, the Gospel of the grace of God is the only anti-putrefactive among the nations. Take that away, you take their life away. Everything on earth is tending to decay and death. This is the preserving quality. "Salt is good."

MUSIC IN WORSHIP.

The best music has been rendered under trouble. The first duet that I know anything of was given by Paul and Silas when they sang praises to God and the prisoners heard them. The Scotch Covenanters, hounded by the dogs of persecution, sang the psalms of David with more spirit than they have ever since been rendered. All our churches need arousal on this subject. Those who can sing must throw their souls into the exercise, and those who cannot sing must learn how, and it shall be heart to heart, voice to voice, hymn to hymn, anthem to anthem, and the music shall swell jubilant with thanksgiving and tremulous with pardon. Music seems to have been born in the soul of the natural world. The omnipotent voice with which God commanded the world into being seems to linger yet with its majesty and sweetness, and you hear it in the grain field, in the swoop of the wind amid the mountain fastnesses, in the canary's warble, and the thunder shock, in the brook's tinkle and the ocean's pæan. There are soft cadences in nature, and loud notes, some of which we cannot hear at all, and others that are so terrific that we cannot appreciate them.

The animalculæ have their music, and the spicula of hay and the globule of water are as certainly resonant with the voice of God as the highest heavens in which the armies of the redeemed celebrate their victories. When the breath of the flower strikes the air, and the wing of

the firefly cleaves it, there is sound and there is melody; and as to those utterances of nature which seem harsh and overwhelming, it is as when you stand in the midst of a great orchestra, and the sound almost rends your ear because you are too near to catch the blending of the music. So, my friends, we stand too near the desolating storm and the frightful whirlwind to catch the blending of the music; but when that music rises to where God is, and the invisible beings who float above us, then I suppose the harmony is as sweet as it is tremendous.

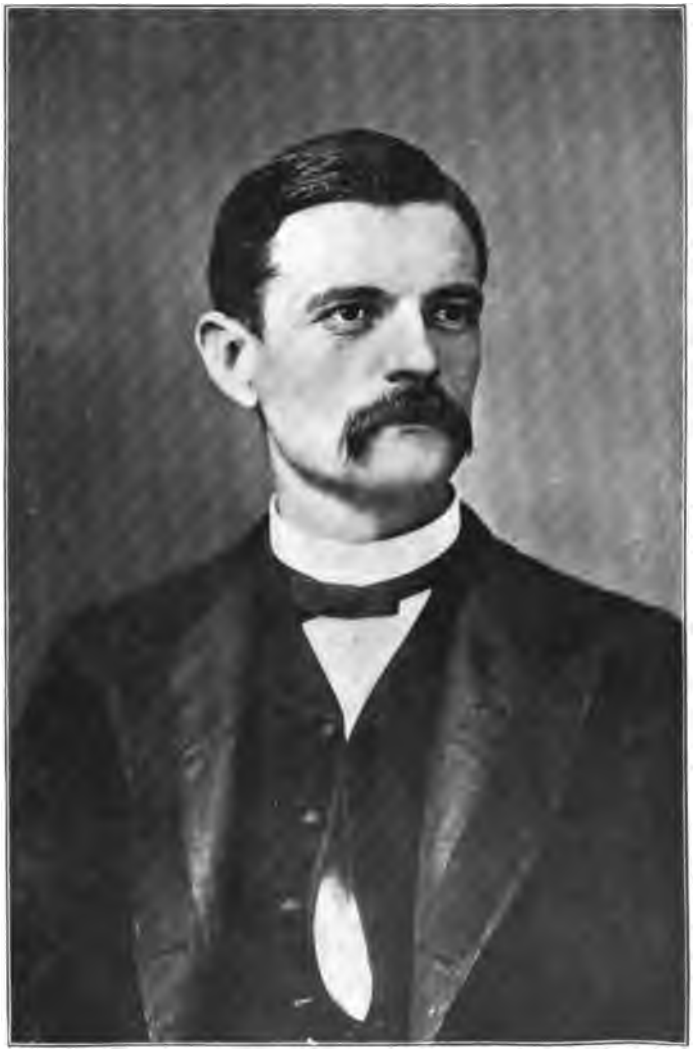
My chief interest is in the music of the Bible. The Bible, like a great harp with innumerable strings, swept by the fingers of inspiration, trembles with it. So far back as the fourth chapter of Genesis you find the first organist and harper—Jubal. So far back as the thirty-first chapter of Genesis you find the first choir. All up and down the Bible you find sacred music—at weddings, at inaugurations, at the treading of the wine press. Can you imagine the harmony when these white-robed Levites, before the symbols of God's presence, and by the smoking altars, and the candlesticks that sprang upward and branched out like trees of gold, and under the wings of the cherubim, chanted the one hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm of David? You know how it was done. One part of that great choir stood up and chanted, "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good!" Then the other part of the choir, standing in some other part of the temple, would come in with the response: "For His mercy endureth forever." Then the first part would take up the song again, and say, "Unto him who only doeth great wonders." The other part of the choir would come in with the overwhelming response, "For His mercy endureth forever," until in the latter part of the song, the music floating backward and forward, harmony grappling with harmony, every trumpet sounding, every bosom heaving, one part of this great white-robed choir would lift the anthem, "Oh! give thanks unto the God of heaven," and the other part of the Levite choir would come in with the response: "For His mercy endureth forever."

Now, my friends, how are we to decide what is appropriate, especial-

ly for church music? There may be a great many differences of opinion. In some of the churches they prefer a trained choir; in others, the old-style precentor. In some places they prefer the melodeon, the harp, the cornet, the organ; in other places they think these things are the invention of the devil. Some would have a musical instrument played so loud you cannot stand it, and others would have it played so soft you cannot hear it. Some think a musical instrument ought to be played only in the interstices of worship, and then with indescribable softness; while others are not satisfied unless there be startling contrasts and staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as from a vision of the Witch of Endor. But, while there may be great varieties of opinion in regard to music, it seems to me that the general spirit of the Word of God indicates what ought to be the great characteristic of church music.

And I remark, in the first place, a prominent characteristic ought to be adaptiveness to devotion. Music that may be appropriate for a concert-hall, or the opera-house, or the drawing-room, may be shocking in church. Glees, madrigals, ballads, may be as innocent as psalms in their places. But church music has only one design, and that is devotion, and that which comes with the toss, the song, and the display of an opera-house is a hindrance to the worship. From such performances we go away, saying: "What splendid execution! Did you ever hear such a soprano? Which of those solos did you like the better?" When, if we had been rightly wrought upon, we would have gone away, saying: "Oh, how my soul was lifted up in the presence of God while they were singing that first hymn! I never had such rapturous views of Jesus Christ as my Saviour as when they were singing that last doxology."

My friends, there is an everlasting distinction between music as an art and music as a help to devotion. Though a Schumann composed it, though a Mozart played it, though a Sontag sang it, away with it if it does not make the heart better and honor Christ. Why should we rob



REV. SAM JONES



JOHN B. GOUGH.

the programmes of worldly gayety when we have so many appropriate songs and tunes composed in our own day, as well as that magnificent inheritance of Church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory?

And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Born, as we have been, amid this great wealth of Church music, augmented by the compositions of artists in our own day, we ought not to be tempted out of the sphere of Christian harmony and try to seek unconsecrated sounds. It is absurd for a millionaire to steal.

I remark, also, that correctness ought to be a characteristic of Church music. While we all ought to take part in this service, with perhaps a few exceptions, we ought, at the same time, to culture ourselves in this sacred art. God loves harmony, and we ought to love it. There is no devotion in a howl.

Another characteristic must be spirit and life. Music ought to rush from the audience like the water from a rock—clear, bright, sparkling. If all the other part of the Church service is dull, do not have the music dull.

With so many thrilling things to sing about, away with all drawling and stupidity. There is nothing that makes me so nervous as to sit in a pulpit and look off on an audience with their eyes three-fourths closed, and their lips almost shut, mumbling praises of God. People do not sleep at a coronation; do not let us sleep when we come to a Saviour's coronation.

Again, Church music must be congregational. This opportunity must be brought down within the range of the whole audience. A song

that the worshipers cannot sing is of no more use to them than a sermon in Choctaw.

Let us wake up to this duty. Let us sing alone, sing in our families, sing in our schools, sing in our churches.

"Gloria in Excelsis" is written over many organs. Would that by our appreciation of the goodness of God, and the mercy of Christ, and the grandeur of heaven, we could have "Gloria in Excelsis" written over all our souls. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

BUSINESS LIFE.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that it is an unequal strife where, unarmed, a man goes forth to contend.

Business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say, I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow and unstrap some of the burdens from your back.

Business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of every-day life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in a fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years, his energy is not to be measured by weights, or plummets, or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth, or a steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you might be better qualified

to chaffer and higgle? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of today were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole earth would be converted to God in a twelvemonth. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill-wheels, and that are harnessed to no factory-bands.

Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton, and Locke, and Mansfield toiled, you and I can afford to toil in. Oh, for a fewer idlers in the cause of Christ, and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood, or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom, and the bringing of men to the Lord.

Dr. Duff visited, he said, in South Wales, and he saw a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After awhile this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty now to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering!

Business life is a school of patience. In your every-day life how

many things to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late, or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods, and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss.

All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant, and choleric, and angry, and pugnacious, and cross, and sour, and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at first they had to bite their lip, at first they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make; but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on Sabbath? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, plowing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of every-day life you might hear the voice of God saying: "In patience possess your soul. Let patience have her perfect work."

Business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books, and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into profounds of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations come

to understand questions of finance, and politics, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn, she strikes them over the head and heart with severe losses. You put $5,000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say: "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a severe schoolmistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way.

Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ.

Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life, and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extirpate all evil and correct all wrongs, and illuminate all darkness, and lift up all wretchedness, and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time, and a fool for eternity?

Business life is a school for integrity. No man knows what he will

do until he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurled out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard.

Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial accuracy there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete honesty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair, and woolens were woolens, and silks were silks, and men were men.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and came out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their

prayers without hearing the clink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when, with a lie on their soul in the Custom House, they kissed the book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

GOSPEL LOOKING-GLASS.

We often hear about the Gospel of John, and the Gospel of Matthew, and the Gospel of Luke. There is just as certainly a Gospel of Moses, a Gospel of David, a Gospel of Jeremiah. In other words, Christ is as certainly in the Old Testament as in the New. If, after one has departed, we want to get an idea of just how he looked, we gather up all the photographs—some taken from one side the face, others from the other side the face, some the full face, some the full-length portrait, and then from all these pictures we recall to our mind just how the departed one looked. And I want all the pictures of the evangelists and all the pictures of the prophets to bring before me the image of Jesus Christ. I want to know just how He looked, and the more pictures I have of Him the better I shall understand

When the Israelites were on their march through the wilderness they carried their church with them. They had what they called a tabernacle, a pitched tent. It was very costly and very beautiful. The framework was made out of forty-eight boards of acacia wood, set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the building were of purple and scarlet and blue and fine linen, and they were hung on artistic loops. The candlestick had a shaft and branches and bowls of gold, and there were lamps of gold, and tongs of gold, and snuffers of gold, and rings of gold.

Now, there is one thing in this ancient tabernacle that especially attracts my attention, and that is the laver. It was a great basin filled with water, and the water went down through spouts and passed away, and the priests came and washed their hands and their feet as this water came down through the spouts and passed away. The laver was made out of the looking-glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made that contribution to the furniture. The looking-glasses were not made out of glass, but of brass of a superior quality, polished and burnished, until just as soon as a priest looked into the side of the laver he saw his every feature and any spot of defilement that may have been on his countenance; so that this laver of looking-glasses had two purposes; the first, to show those who came up the defilement upon themselves, and secondly, to offer them a place where they could get rid of it. And as everything in the ancient tabernacle was typical of something in the Gospel of the Son of God, or, at any rate, suggestive of it, I take this laver of looking-glasses as all suggestive of this Gospel, which first shows me sin, and then gives me an opportunity of divine ablution.

"Oh, happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!"

This is the only mirror, the burnished side of this laver is the only mirror—that shows you just as you are. Some mirrors flatter the features, and they make you look better than you are. Some mirrors distort the features, and they make you look worse than you are. This mirror—this mirror of God's Word—shows you just as you are. These priests would come in, and just as soon as they confronted the burnished, polished side of this looking-glass, this metal out of which the laver was made, they saw where there was any pollution upon the countenance, where there was any spot that needed to be cleaned off.

Just as soon as we come in and look at this mirror of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, we see ourselves just as we are. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like

sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. Some people call these defects imperfections, or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or wild oats, or high living; but this Book calls them filth, transgression, the abominable thing that God hates. Paul got one glance at that mirror—that polished mirror—and he cried out: "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" David caught one glimpse of that mirror, and he cried out; "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean!" Martin Luther got one glimpse of that mirror, and he cried out to Staupitz: "Oh, my sins, my sins, my sins!"

Mind you, I am not talking about bad habits. We do not need any Bible to persuade us that blasphemy is wrong, or impure life is wrong, or evil speaking is wrong. I am now talking of the heart, the evil heart, the fountain of bad thoughts, of bad words, of bad actions. Here is ingratitude, for instance. If you hand me a glass of water, I say, "Thank you." If I hand you a glass of water, you say, "Thank you." But here we have been taking ten thousand mercies from the hand of God—our hunger fed, our thirst slaked, and we have had shelter and home, and ten thousand blessings and advantages, and yet I do not state a thing that you will not believe when I say that there are people in this house this morning fifty years of age who have never got down once on their knees and thanked God for His goodness. And here is pride of heart. Oh, we all have felt it, the pride that will not submit to God. Pride wants its own way. I will not quarrel with theologians about terms. I do not care whether you call it total depravity, or whether you call it something else. This evil nature we got from our parents, and they got it from their parents, and it goes down from generation to generation—a nature obnoxious to God before conversion, and after conversion there is not one in any of us except that which the grace of God planted and fostered and keeps.

It seems to me that the reason there are comparatively so few conversions in our day, is to be found in the fact that the preaching of our

day is so apt to persuade a man that he is almost right anyhow, he only needs a little fixing up, he only needs a few touches of divine grace, and then he will be all right; only a little out of order; only a little repair necessary to our nature, instead of the broad, deep talk, which Baxter, and Payson, and Wesley, and George Whitefield thundered in the ears of a race trembling on the verge of instant and eternal disaster. Ah! my friends, if there is any truth plainly set forth in this Book, it is that we have thoroughly gone astray, and that we are not by nature almost right, but altogether wrong. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Some of us have been in Hampton Court, and we remember that room where all the four walls are covered with mirrors, and it does not make any difference which way you look, you see yourself. And when a man once fully steps inside this precinct of the Gospel he sees himself on all sides, every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint. I do not care what your ancestry was, your ancestry was no better than my ancestry. But all generations have felt this touch of sin. Have you not realized it? I will tell you why. You have never looked into the looking-glass, you have never seen the mirror.

"But," says some one, "what is the use of displaying our defects to us if we cannot get rid of them?" None. You say: "What is the use of showing me that I am a sinner if I cannot be anything but a sinner?" No use. I cannot imagine anything meaner than for a physician to come into a sick room and tell the patient how bad he looks, and to discourse upon his affliction, and enlarge upon the fact that his case is hopeless, and then go out with his hands behind his back and whistling. There never has been a case like that. No physician would be so hard-hearted as that. If you cannot cure a disease you certainly will not make the matter worse by discoursing upon it, and I am the last man to stand here and talk about the sin of my heart and the sin of your heart unless there is a cure for it. There is no use for the polished side of this

laver, no use for the burnished looking-glass, if there is no place for me to wash and be clean.

Now, you notice that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in my text, was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle took buckets, and they filled them with the water, and they brought this bright water and poured it into the laver; and that is a type of this Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is a fresh Gospel—fresh every year, every day, every hour, every moment. It is not a stagnant pool of accumulated corruption; it is living water breaking from the rock. Christians often make the mistake of being satisfied with old experiences. Why, my brother and sister, I do not care what your experiences were ten, fifteen years ago. Do not give us a stale Gospel. Give us a fresh Gospel. What are you now? Suppose a war should come, and I could prove to the government that ten years ago I was loyal, would that be any excuse for my not taking the oath of allegiance? The government would not ask me what I was ten years ago, but, "What are you now?" And I do not ask you whether you were loyal to Jesus Christ ten or five years, or one year ago. Are you loyal now? Are you fighting under the standards of Emanuel? Are you a soldier of Jesus Christ now?

The trouble is, that a great many are depending upon old insurances against the damage of sin, and old insurances against the damage of the great future—old insurances that have run out. Suppose that you allowed the fire insurance on your home to expire yesterday, and to-day your home should be consumed, would you have the impertinence to go to-morrow morning with the papers to the insurance company and demand the amount of the policy? No. If you did they would say: "You have no business here, you have no right to ask that, you let the insurance expire on Saturday; this is Monday." O follower of the Lord Jesus, do not depend upon old insurances, ten, or twenty, or forty years old, as I know some of you are depending upon them! You want the policy paid up by the blood and the tears of the Son of God.

But I notice in regard to this laver looking-glass that the priests there washed their hands and their feet. The water came down through the spouts from the basin, and they carefully and completely washed their hands and their feet, typical of the fact that this Gospel is to reach to the very extremities of our moral nature. Here is a man who says: "I will fence off part of my heart, and it shall be a garden full of flowers and fruits of Christian character, and all the rest shall be the devil's commons." You can not do it. It is all garden or none. You tell me about a man, that he is a good Christian except in politics. I deny your statement. If his religion will not take him in purity through the autumnal election, that religion is worth nothing in May, June, or July. You say that a man is a very good man, he is a Christian, he is useful, but he over-reaches in a bargain. I deny your statement. If it is an all-pervading religion, if it touches a man at all at one point of his nature, it will pervade his entire nature.

It is quite easy to be a Christian, or seems to be, on Sabbath, surrounded by kindly influences; but not so easy to be a Christian when by one twitch of the roll of goods you can cover a defect in the silk. It is quite an easy thing to be a Christian with a psalm-book in your hand and the Bible on your lap; not so easy to be a Christian when telling a merchant you can get better goods at less price at another store until he lets you have the goods cheaper than he has any capacity to sell them; he is going to hurt himself when he does sell, for there are more lies told before the counter than behind the counter, ten to one. Christ will have you all, or He will have none of you. This grace must reach to the very extremities of our nature.

Suppose you have rented or purchased a whole house, and the former owner comes to you with the keys. There are twelve rooms in the house and he gives you six of the keys. You say: "Where are the other keys?" "Oh," he says, "you can't have them! There is a room on the second floor you can't have, and there is a room on the third floor and a room on the fourth floor you can't have, and there is a dark

place in the attic you can't have, but here are the keys for the others." You say: "I purchased the whole house, and I want all the keys, or I don't want any of them." Here is a man who comes to God, and he gives part of his nature, and says: "You may go to this and go to that, but there is something I can't give up, there is a room in my nature I can't surrender; and this I want to keep, and that I want to keep. You can have half the keys of my soul, but not all." Then Christ will not have any. He will take everything, from cellar to attic—all of the keys to all your affections, all your hopes, all your ambitions, all your heart, all your life, or He will not take one key. The grace of God must touch the extremities, the very extremities of our moral nature. The priests when they came to this laver of looking-glasses washed their hands and washed their feet.

I notice in this laver of looking-glasses that the washing in it was not optional, it was imperative. Here the priests came into the tabernacle. Suppose now one of them should say: "I washed before I came from home; there's no use of my washing in this laver." God says: "You wash in this laver or die." But suppose the priest had said: "Why, there are other lavers just as bright as that from which this water was taken, and I might wash there just as well; why wash in the water of this laver?" God says: "Wash here or die." Not optional—imperative. Typical of the Gospel which says: "You wash in this fountain open for sin and uncleanness, or perish." We have no choice.

"But," says some one, "couldn't God have provided other ways of salvation?" Fifty of them, perhaps. I do not think that God exhausted all His wisdom when He laid out this plan of salvation. Perhaps He might have provided fifty plans of salvation. He provided only one. You say: "Might not a whole line of ships sail from earth to heaven?" Yes, but there is only one going. Are there any other trees as luxuriant as the tree of Calvary? Yes, more, for that one had neither bud nor blossom, and it was stripped and barked. But the one path to heaven is under the bare arm of that stripped tree. Not optional, but imperative.

O brother, sister, come up to the laver of the Gospel? O afflicted soul, come and bathe off your wounds, and, sick one, come up and cool your hot temples. Pardon for all your sin. Comfort for all your troubles. The dark cloud that hung thundering over Sinai floated above Calvary and burst into a shower of the Savior's tears. If you have any trouble, come to God. He will make you His darlings. He will make you His favorites. We cannot in our households have favorites, but if you have a favorite, mother, I know which one it is; it is the sick one, the crippled one, the one that coughs all night, the weary one, the wan one—that is your favorite. And God seems to have His favorites, and they are the weak and the worn and the sick and the weary. Just come up to Him to-day, and He will put His arms around you, and He will kiss your wan cheeks, and He will say as He hushes you with the divine lullaby: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

THE COMING SERMON.

We hear a great deal in these days about the coming man, and the coming woman, and the coming time. Some one ought to tell us of the coming sermon. It is a simple fact that everybody knows that the sermon of to-day does not reach the world.

The sermon of to-day carries along with it the deadwood of all ages. Hundreds of years ago it was decided what a sermon ought to be, and it is the attempt of many theological seminaries and doctors of divinity to hew the modern pulpit utterances into the same old-style proportions. Booksellers will tell you they dispose of a hundred histories, a hundred novels, a hundred poems to one book of sermons.

What is the matter? Some say the age is the worst of all the ages. It is better. Some say religion is wearing out, when it is wearing in. Some say there are so many who despise the Christian religion. I answer, there never was an age when there were so many Christians, or

so many friends of Christianity as this age has—our age—as to others a hundred to one. What is the matter, then? It is simply because our sermon of to-day is not suited to the age. It is the canal-boat in an age of locomotive and electric telegraph. The sermon will have to be shaken out of the old grooves, or it will not be heard, and it will not be read.

Before the world is converted the sermon will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows instead of rifles, and bombshells, and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide an audience into two classes: Those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

That coming sermon will be full of a living Christ in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A sermon may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning His name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitions of His titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence and brotherhood and life and heaven. A poor man's Christ. An overworked man's Christ. An invalid's Christ. A farmer's Christ. A merchant's Christ. An artisan's Christ. An every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and fine-worded system of theology is well enough for theological classes, but it has no more business in a pulpit than have the technical phases of an anatomist, or a physiologist, or physician in the sick room of a patient. The world wants help, immediate and world-uplifting, and it will come through a sermon in which Christ shall walk right down into the immortal soul and take everlasting possession of it, filling it as full of light as is this noonday firmament

Oh, in that coming sermon of the Christian Church there will be living illustrations taken out from everyday life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of Him who

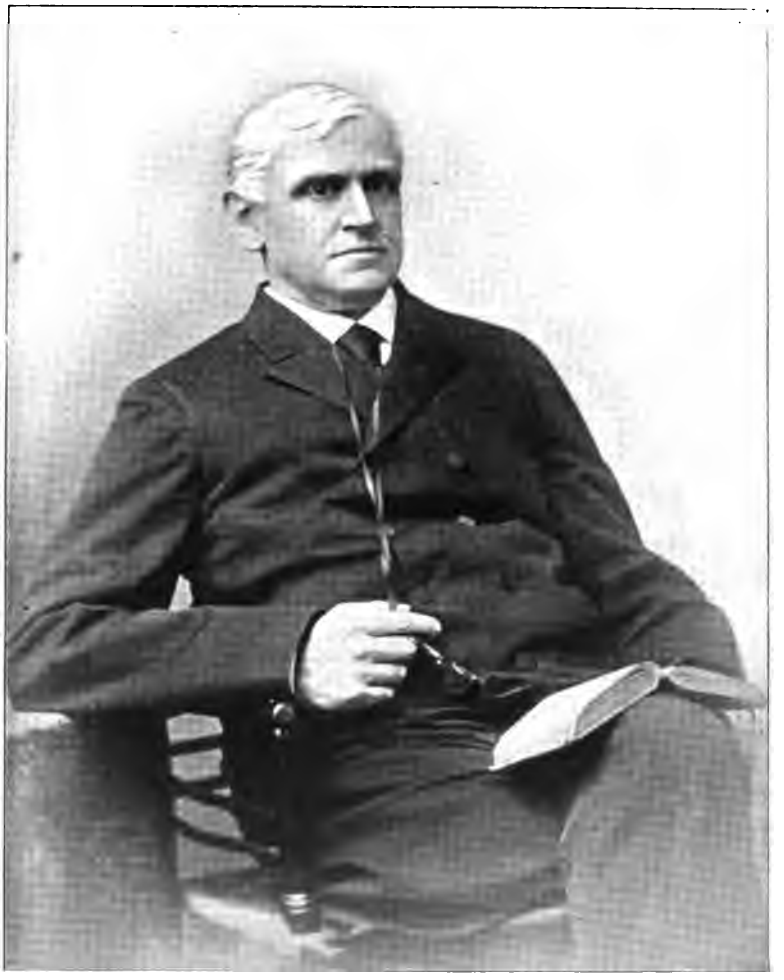
in the high places of the field, on the cross fought our battles and wept our griefs, and endured our struggle and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said: "That must be some very great man." The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and he said to her, "Who do you think that is?" She said, "That must be the One who took little children in His arms and blessed them." Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out His arms of sympathy to press the whole world to His loving heart.

The coming sermon of the Christian Church will be a short sermon.

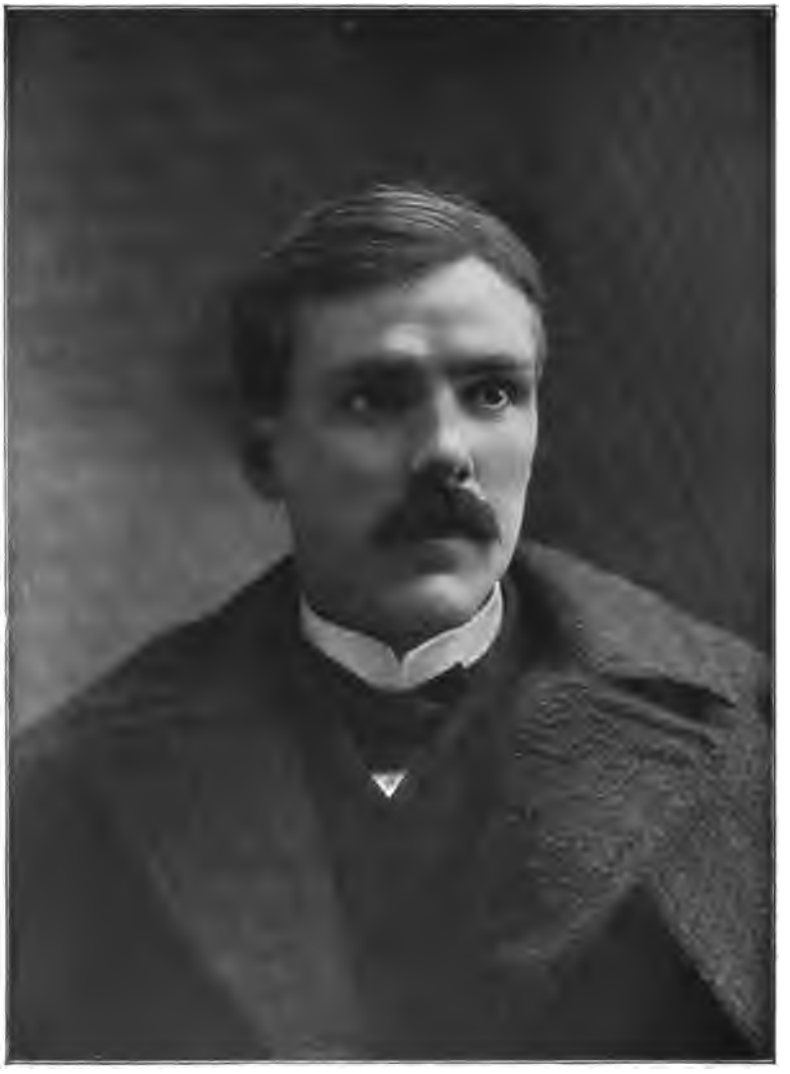
Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long application and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra headed. In other days, men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper. In those times there was enough room for a man to take an hour to warm himself up to the subject, and an hour to cool off. But what was a necessity then is a superfluity now. Congregations are full of knowledge from books, from newspapers, from rapid and continuous intercommunication, and long disquisitions of what they know already will not be abided. If a religious teacher cannot compress what he wishes to say to the people in the space of forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to some other day.

The trouble is, we preach audience into a Christian frame and then we preach them out of it. We forget that every auditor has so much capacity of attention, and when that is exhausted he is restless. In all



THE RIGHT REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D.

This book would not be complete without pictures of pulpit contemporaries of Dr. Talmage. The late Lord Bishop of Massachusetts was a shining light in pulpit and platform.



DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Beecher's successor as Pastor of Plymouth Church Brooklyn.

religious discourse we want locomotive power and propulsion; we want at the same time stout brakes to let down at the right instant. It is a dismal thing after a hearer has comprehended the whole subject to hear a man say, "Now, to recapitulate," and "A few words by way of application," and "Once more," and "Finally," and "Now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Eutychus got sound asleep and fell out of a window and broke his neck. Some would say, "Good for him." I would rather be sympathetic like Paul, and resuscitate him. The accident is often quoted now in religious circles as a warning against somnolence in church. It is just as much a warning to ministers against prolixity. Eutychus was wrong in his somnolence, but Paul made a mistake when he kept on till midnight. He ought to have stopped at eleven o'clock, and there would have been no accident. If Paul might have gone on to too great a length, let all those of us who are now preaching the Gospel remember that there is a limit to religious discourse, or ought to be, and that in our time we have no apostolic power of miracles.

Napoleon in an address of seven minutes thrilled his army and thrilled Europe. Christ's sermon on the mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered into a thunderbolt and hurled; and it is not religious truth scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

When the coming sermon arrives in this land and in the Christian Church, the sermon which is to arouse the world and startle the nations and usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief sermon. Hear it, all theological students, all ye just entering upon religious work, all ye men and women who in Sabbath-schools and other departments are toiling for Christ and the salvation of immortals. Brevity! Brevity!

The coming sermon of which I speak will be a popular sermon. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though

there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audiences ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear Him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ, that taking no food with them, they would have fainted and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them.

Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated His subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight, and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what He meant, and they flocked to Him. And when the coming sermon of the Christian Church appears it will not be Princetonian, nor Rochesterian, nor Andoverian, nor Middletonian, but Olivetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins, sorrows and necessities of an auditory.

But when that sermon does come, there will be a thousand gleaming scimeters to charge on it. There are in so many theological seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint or thrilling or unique, faculty and students fly at him, and set him right, and straighten him out, and smooth him down, and chop him off until he says everything just as everybody else says it.

Oh, when the coming sermon of the Christian Church arrives, all the churches of Christ in our great cities will be thronged. The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal, and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you, my friends, if the people of these great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian Church there would not be a street in New York, or Brooklyn, or Chicago, or Charleston, or Philadelphia, or Bos-

ton which would be passable on the Sabbath day, if there were a church on it, for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

We hear a great deal of discussion now all over the land about why people do not go to church. Some say it is because Christianity is dying out, and because people do not believe in the truth of God's Word, and all that. They are false reasons. The reason is because our sermons are not interesting and practical, and sympathetic and helpful. Some one might as well tell the whole truth on this subject, and so I will tell it. The sermon of the future, the Gospel sermon to come forth and shake the nations, and lift people out of darkness, will be a popular sermon, just for the simple reason that it will meet the woes, and the wants, and the anxieties of the people.

The sermon of the future will be an awakening sermon. From altar-rail to the front doorstep, under that sermon an audience will get up and start for heaven. There will be in it many a staccato passage. It will not be a lullaby; it will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks. It will be a sermon sympathetic with all the physical distresses as well as the spiritual distresses of the world. Christ not only preached, but He healed paralysis, and He healed epilepsy, and He healed the dumb, and the blind, and ten lepers.

That sermon of the future will be an everyday sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plow, how to do any work he is called to, how to wield trowel, and pen, and pencil, and yardstick, and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam, and Esther, and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy; and Mary, the mother of Christ; and those women who on Northern and Southern battlefields were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy fresh from the throne of God.

THE BLOOD.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

I know that circumstances sometimes aggravate one's transgressions. If a child unwittingly does wrong you easily forgive him; but we have done wrong, and we knew we were doing wrong. Every time man sins conscience rings the funeral bell. We may pretend not to hear it, we may put our fingers in our ears and try to go away from that sound; but having transgressed, although we may have our fingers in our ears, we will hear the word coming, "The wages of sin is death. The soul that sinneth, it shall die. They way of the transgressor is hard." When you and I do wrong, when we have said that which we ought not to have said, when we have done that which we ought not to have done, we knew it, we knew it.

I can come to the man who declares he is the worst man on earth, and I can preach the Gospel with just as much confidence to him as to this man who has all his life preserved his integrity. Oh, the broadness of this Gospel that says, "Whosoever, *whosoever!*" However far you have wandered away from God you can come back, though you have gone through all the sins of the decalogue. "Whosoever, whosoever will, let him come."

"Oh," says some man, "all that is very true for immoral people, but I have been a moral man all my life, and I don't need the gracious pardon." Have your thoughts always been right? Would you like to have the thoughts of the last fifteen years written out and presented before the eye of the world? No. And if you would not want the thoughts of the last fifteen years all written out before the eye of the world, certainly you could not stand the divine scrutiny. Now, there is my right hand, and there is my left hand. You see the one just as plainly as the other. Well now, the sin of the heart and the sin of the life are as plain

before God, the one as the other, and a thought to Him is just as plain as an action. Ah! you need the pardon of the Gospel.

You say you have never committed this, and you have never committed that, and you would not have done as this man did, and you would not as this man have gone astray in this direction, and as that man in another direction. Why, my brother, whether you know it or not, you have gone astray in many directions. You say you have never committed murder. How do you know? Have you ever hated anybody? Yes. Then you are a murderer. The Bible says so. Christ says so. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." Do you hate anybody now? Is there anybody in all the earth you hate now? You are a murderer. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer." So, my brother, you are not as pure as you thought you were, you are not as good as you thought you were, if you say you have no sin to be forgiven.

You say you have never committed theft. I do not suppose you have ever wronged your fellow-man, but have you taken an hour of a day from God and devoted it to wrong purposes? If you have, then you have been guilty of robbing God. It is a mean thing to steal from a man. It is a worse thing to steal from God. The Bible cries out, Will a man rob God? Yes; we have all robbed Him. Now, let us come to confessional, and let us acknowledge that we need the mercy and the pardon of God. We all need it; there is not an exception. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good, no, not one."

Just let me blow the trumpet of resurrection, and let the sins of the best man in this house—all the sins of his past life—come up. Let the larger sin of the hundred be captain of the company, and let the greater sin of the thousand be colonel of the regiment, and let the mightiest sin of his life command the forces, vast as those of Xerxes, vaster, vaster. All the sins of that man's life coming down upon him. One man against a million transgressions, what chance has he? Where in the round of God's mercy is there any help for us? Rise, you seas, and whelm the host. Strike, you lightning, and consume the foe. The wave rolls back

from the beach, and says, "No help in me." The lightning sheathes itself in the black scabbard of the midnight cloud, and says, "No help in me." Yonder I see the rider on the white horse. Make way for the courier. He swings his sword. It is the captain of salvation come for our rescue. Fall back, my sins. Fall back, my sorrows. All the transgressions of my heart and life are utterly scattered, and I cry, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Oh, what a Christ He is.

Do you wonder that men and women have died for Him? Do you wonder that Margaret, the Scotch girl, would not give up her Lord when fastened down to the beach of the sea, and the persecutors thought, as the waves rolled on, she would give up her Christ? But fastened down at the beach when the tide was out, she continued in prayer until the tide came up, came to the ankles, came to the girdle, came to the shoulder, came to the lip, and with her last utterance she said, "My Lord, my God! He has been so good to me; I cannot surrender Him now, though the waves may go over me—my Lord, my Christ, my pardon, my peace," and the waves rolled over her.

Do you wonder that men and women and children have died for such a Lord as this? Oh, do you not want His consolation as well as pardon? How many of you have had misfortunes and trials, and you want this Christ. Oh, when those into whose bosom we have breathed our sorrows are snatched away, Christ's heart still beats; and when all other lights go out we see coming out from behind the cloud something that we cannot at first tell what it is, but it gets brighter and brighter, and we find it is the star, the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Jesus!

Oh, there are different kinds of hands. There is the hand of care that opens hard on you, and there is the hand of bereavement that snatched your loved ones away from you, and there is the hand of temptation that strikes you back into darkness; but there is a hand so different from all these, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle. It is the hand that wipeth away all tears from all eyes—it is the hand of Jesus. Do you not want

Him? Would you not like to have that pardon to-day? Would you not like to have His comfort?

As at the sea beach we join hands and go down and bathe, and let the waters roll over us, and we feel great exhilaration, I wish we could by scores and hundreds and thousands to-day just join hands, and wade down in this great Atlantic of God's forgiveness—not standing on the margin paddling the ripples with our feet, but wading clear down in the sea and letting the crimson billows roll over us. Oh, you must have this Christ! If you reject Him, all those gaping wounds will plead against you, and they will haunt you through eternity with the thought of what you might have been. Oh, take your feet out of your Brother's blood! Do not go down condemned for fratricide and regicide and deicide. Do not do it! Better for thee that Calvary had never borne its burden, and better for thee that those loving lips had never uttered an invitation, if, rejecting all, you go down into desolation and darkness, your hands and feet bedabbled with the blood of the Son of God. O dying but immortal men, O judgment-bound hearers, repent, believe, and live! How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?

There will be a password at the gate of heaven! I see a great multitude coming up, and they say, "Make way, open the gate, let us in, we were honored on earth; we had a great position in the world, and we want a great position in heaven." But the gate-keeper says, "I never knew you." Here comes another throng. They say, "We did a great many magnanimous things, we endowed colleges, we established schools, and we were celebrated for our philanthropies. Open the gate now. Let us come in and get our reward." A voice from within says, "I never knew you." But here come up a great throng, thousands and tens of thousands, and they knock at the gate. They say: "We were wanderers from God, and we deserved to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus." "Aye," says the gate-keeper, "that is the pass-word—Jesus, Jesus, Jesus! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in."

THE SPICERY OF RELIGION.

All theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and in making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker; and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard, and cassia, and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon is mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to nightshade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon

The fact is, that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from time to time, are stupid often, and inane, and intolerable. Here are men who have been battering, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great, long drudgery has their life been. Their faces anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office, and store, and shop, everyday life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, pendululming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her, is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, and stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising

tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until the hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties. She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachael, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta, because the cruse oil is being replenished.

O, woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than raptures. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the windpipe, and become a strangulation instead of an exhilaration.

All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement?

Come out of that cave, and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs."

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

I have to say also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teachings; whether it be in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sabbath-school, or in the Church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our hearts, and our heads. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want few rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk about lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular of the great masses, preach that Gospel which proposes to make all men happy, honest, victorious, and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread and medicines, and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and

talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in practical help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices.

There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle—take it, you poor miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels on that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church-music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass-viols, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath-schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, nine-tenths of the people in church do not sing; or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God: but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes a joyful noise unto the Rock of our Salvation. Sometimes, when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God, or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church-music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

Soft music, long-drawn-out music, is appropriate for the drawing-

room, and appropriate for the concert; but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of heaven, he says: "I heard a great voice, as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing five thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument, they can laugh at; a sermon, they may talk down; but a five-thousand voiced utterance of praise to God is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice-laden dromedaries into our church-music.

Religion is sweetness, and perfume, and spikenard, and saffron, and cinnamon, and cassia, and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were a *mal* odor; I have been appalled at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with it."

Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains, and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight, while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city. And it is good for rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low

spirits, and for consumption; it is *the catholicon for all disorders.* Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

A widowed mother, with her little child, went West, hoping to get better wages there; and she was taken sick, and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child —the only child—ran after it through the streets, bare-headed, crying: "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was bathed in tears.

And that is what a great many of you are doing—chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Across the couches of your sick, and across the graves of your dead, I fling this shower of sweet spices. Queen Balkis, driving up to the pillared portico of the house of cedar, carried no such pungency of perfume as exhales to-day from the Lord's garden. It is peace. It is sweetness. It is comfort. It is infinite satisfaction, this Gospel I commend to you.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm, and happy, and hopeful, when he had so many trials, and sicknesses, and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian;" and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand, and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck twelve, he arose and shut his Bible, and said: "Blessed Lord, we are on the same terms

yet. Good-night. Good-night." Oh, you sin-parched and you trouble-pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I can not tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

SPLENDORS OF ORTHODOXY.

The Bible is not only divinely inspired, but it is divinely protected in its present shape. You could as easily, without detection, take from the writings of Shakespeare, Hamlet, and institute in place thereof Alexander Smith's drama, as at any time during the last fifteen hundred years a man could have made any important change in the Bible without immediate detection. If there had been an element of weakness or of deception, or of disintegration, the Book would long ago have fallen to pieces. If there had been one loose brick or cracked casement in this castellated truth, surely the bombardment of eight centuries would have discovered and broken through that imperfection. The fact that the Bible stands intact, notwithstanding all the furious assaults on all sides upon it, is proof to me that it is a miracle, and every miracle is of God.

"But," say some, "do you really think the Scriptures are inspired thought?" Yes, either as history or as guidance. Gibbon and Josephus and Prescott record in their histories a great many things they did not approve of. When George Bancroft put upon his brilliant historical page the account of an Indian massacre, does he approve of that massacre? There are scores of things in the Bible which neither God nor inspired men sanctioned. Either as history or as guidance, the entire Bible was inspired of God.

"But," says some one, "don't you think that the copyists might have made mistakes in transferring the divine words from one manuscript to another?" Yes, no doubt there were such mistakes; but they no more affect the meaning of the Scriptures than the misspelling of a word or the

ungrammatical structure of a sentence in a last will and testament affect the validity or the meaning of that will. All the mistakes made by the copyists in the Scriptures do not amount to any more importance than the difference between your spelling in a document the word forty, forty or fourty. This book is the last will and testament of God to our lost world, and it bequeaths everything in the right way, although human hands may have damaged the grammar or made unjustifiable interpolation.

These men who pride themselves in our day on being advanced thinkers in Biblical interpretation will all of them end in atheism, if they live long enough, and I declare here to-day they are doing more in the different denominations of Christians, and throughout the world, for damaging Christianity and hindering the cause of the world's betterment, than five thousand Robert Ingersolls could do. That man who stands inside a castle is far more dangerous if he be an enemy than five thousand enemies outside the castle. Robert G. Ingersoll assails the castle from the outside. These men who pretend to be advanced thinkers in all the denominations are fighting the truth from the inside, and trying to shove back the bolts and swing open the gates.

Now, I am in favor of the greatest freedom of religious thought and discussion. I would have as much liberty for heterodoxy as for orthodoxy. If I should change my theories of religion I should preach them out and out, but not in this building, for this was erected by people who believe in an entire Bible, and it would be dishonest for me to promulgate sentiments different from those for which this building was put up. When we enter any denomination as ministers of religion we take a solemn vow that we will preach the sentiments of that denomination. If we change our theories, as we have a right to change them, then there is a world several thousand miles in circumference, and there are hundreds of halls and hundreds of academies of music where we can ventilate our sentiments.

I remember that in these cities, in time of political agitation, there

are the Republican headquarters and the Democratic headquarters. Suppose I should go into one of these headquarters pretending to be in sympathy with their work, at the same time electioneering for the opposite party. I would soon find that the centrifugal force was greater than the centripetal. Now, if a man enters a denomination of Christians, taking a solemn oath, as we all do, that we will promulgate the theories of that denomination, and then the man shall proclaim some other theory, he has broken his oath, and he is an out-and-out perjurer. Nevertheless, I declare for largest liberty in religious discussion. I would no more have the present attempt to rear a monument to Thomas Paine in New York interfered with than I would have interfered with the lifting of the splendid monument to Washington in Wall Street. Largest liberty for the body, largest liberty for the mind, largest liberty for the soul.

Now, I want to show you, as a matter of advocacy for what I believe to be the right, the splendors of orthodoxy. Many have supposed that its disciples are people of flat skulls, and no reading, and behind the age, and the victims of gullibility. I shall show you that the word orthodoxy stands for the greatest splendors outside of heaven. Behold the splendors of its achievements. All the missionaries of the Gospel, the world round, are men who believe in an entire Bible. Call the roll of all the missionaries who are to-day enduring sacrifices in the ends of the earth for the cause of religion and the world's betterment, and they all believe in an entire Bible. Just as soon as a missionary begins to doubt whether there ever was a Garden of Eden, or whether there is any such thing as future punishment, he comes right home from Beyrout or Madras, and goes into the insurance business! All the missionary societies of this day are officered by orthodox men, and are supported by orthodox churches.

Orthodoxy, beginning with the Sandwich Islands, has captured vast regions of barbarism for civilization, while heterodoxy has to capture the first square inch. Blatant for many years in Great Britain and the United States, and strutting about with a pea-cockian braggadocio, it

has yet to capture the first continent, the first State, the first township, the first ward, the first space of ground as big as you could cover with the small end of a sharp pin. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Protestant churches of America were built by people who believed in an entire Bible. The pulpit now may preach some other Gospel, but it is a heterodox gun on an orthodox carriage. The foundations of all the churches that are of very great use in this world to-day, were laid by men who believed the Bible from lid to lid, and if I can not take it in that way, I will not take it at all.

No church of very great influence to-day but was built by those who believe in an entire Bible. Neither will a church last long built on a part of the Bible. You have noticed, I suppose, that as soon as a man begins to give up the Bible, he is apt to preach in some hall, and he has an audience while he lives, and when he dies, the church dies. If I thought that this church was built on a quarter of a Bible, or a half of a Bible, or three-quarters of a Bible, or ninety-nine one-hundredths of a Bible, I would expect it to die when I die; but when I know it is built on the entire Word of God, I know it will last two hundred years after you and I sleep the last sleep. Oh, the splendors of an orthodoxy which, with ten thousand hands and ten thousand pulpits and ten thousand Christian churches, is trying to save the world!

Behold the splendors of character built by orthodoxy. Who had the greatest human intellect the world ever knew? Paul. In physical stature insignificant; in mind, head and shoulders above all the giants of the age. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest poet the ages ever saw, acknowledged to be so both by infidels and Christians? John Milton, seeing more without eyes than anybody else ever saw with eyes. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest reformer the world has ever seen? so acknowledged by infidels as well as by Christians? Martin Luther. Orthodox from scalp to heel.

Then look at the certitudes. O man, believing in an entire Bible, where did you come from? Answer: "I descended from a perfect

parentage in Paradise, and Jehovah breathed into my nostrils the breath of life. I am a son of God." O man, believing in a half-and-half Bible —believing in a Bible in spots, where did you come from? Answer: "It is all uncertain; in my ancestral line away back there was an orang-outang and a tadpole and a polywog, and it took millions of years to get me evoluted." O man, believing in a Bible in spots, where are you going to when you quit this world? Answer: "Going into a great to be, so on into the great somewhere, and then I shall pass through on to the great anywhere, and I shall probably arrive in the nowhere." That is where I thought you would fetch up. O man, believing in an entire Bible, and believing with all your heart, where are you going to when you leave this world? Answer: "I am going to my Father's house; I am going into the companionship of my loved ones who have gone before; I am going to leave all my sins, and I am going to be with God and like God forever and forever." Oh, the glorious certitudes, certainties of orthodoxy!

Behold the splendors of orthodoxy in its announcement of two destinies.

Palace and penitentiary. Palace with gates on all sides through which all may enter and live on celestial luxuries world without end, and all for the knocking and the asking. A palace grander than if all the Alhambras and the Versailles and the Windsor castles and the winter gardens and the imperial abodes of all the earth were heaved up into one architectural glory. At the other end of the universe a penitentiary where men who want their sins can have them. Would it be fair that you and I should have our choice of Christ and the palace, and other men be denied their choice of sin and eternal degradation? Palace and penitentiary. The first of no use unless you have the last. Brooklyn and New York would be better places to live in with Raymond Street Jail and the Tombs and Sing Sing, and all the small-pox hospitals emptied on us than heaven would be if there were no hell. Palace and penitentiary. If I see a man with a full bowl of sin, and he thirsts for

it, and his whole nature craves it, and he takes hold with both hands and presses that bowl to his lips, and then presses it hard between his teeth, and the draught begins to pour its sweetness down his throat, shall we snatch away the bowl and jerk the man up to the gate of heaven, and push him in if he does not want to go and sit down and sing psalms forever? No. God has made you and me so completely free that we need not go to heaven unless we prefer it. Not more free to soar than free to sink.

Young men, old men, middle-aged men, take sides in this contest between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. "Ask for the old paths, walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But you follow this crusade against any part of the Bible—first of all you will give up Genesis, which is as true as Matthew; then you will give up all the historical parts of the Bible; then after a while you will give up the miracles; then you will find it convenient to give up the Ten Commandments; and then after a while you will wake up in a fountainless, rockless, treeless desert swept of everlasting sirocco. If you are laughed at you can afford to be laughed at for standing by the Bible, just as God has given it to you and miraculously preserved it.

YOUR PEDIGREE.

This question of heredity is a mighty question. The longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical, and mental, and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families, may be

seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference.

If you have come of a Christian ancestry, then you are solemnly bound to preserve and develop the glorious inheritance; or if you have come of a depraved ancestry, then it is your duty to brace yourself against the evil tendency by all prayer and Christian determination, and you are to find out what are the family frailties, and in arming the castle put the strongest guard at the weakest gate. With these smooth stones from the brook I hope to strike you, not where David struck Goliath, in the head, but where Nathan struck David, in the heart.

First, I accost all those who are descended of a Christian ancestry. I do not ask if your parents were perfect. There are no perfect people now, and I do not suppose there were any perfect people then. Perhaps there was sometimes too much blood in their eye when they chastised you. But from what I know of you, you got no more than you deserved, and perhaps a little more chastisement would have been salutary. But you are willing to acknowledge, I think, that they wanted to do right. From what you overheard in conversations, and from what you saw at the family altar and at neighborhood obsequies, you know that they had invited God into their heart and life.

A father sets his son up in business. He keeps an account of all of the expenditures. So much for store fixtures, so much for rent, so much for this, so much for that, and all the items aggregated, and the father expects the son to give an account. Your Heavenly Father charges against you all the advantages of a pious ancestry—so many prayers, so much Christian example, so many kind entreaties—all these gracious influences one tremendous aggregate, and He asks you for an account of it.

Ought not you, my brother, to be better, having had Christian nurture, than that man who can truly say this morning: "The first word I remember my father speaking to me was an oath; the first time I remember my father taking hold of me was in wrath; I never saw a

Bible till I was ten years of age, and then I was told it was a pack of lies. The first twenty years of my life I was associated with the vicious. I seemed to be walled in by sin and death." Now, my brother, ought you not—I leave it as a matter of fairness with you—ought you not to be far better than those who had no early Christian influence? Standing as you do between the generation that is past and the generation that is to come, are you going to pass the blessing on, or are you going to have your life the gulf in which that tide of blessing shall drop out of sight forever? You are the trustee of piety in that ancestral line, and are you going to augment or squander that solemn trust fund?

THE INSIGNIFICANT.

Trouble develops character. It was bereavement, poverty, and exile, that developed, illustrated, and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Dr. Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man, "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little heart and tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different." After a while the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house; and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is, that trouble is a great educator. You see, sometimes, a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal, and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits

down to the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys.

Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator. Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the brightest and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns His children amid the howling of wild beasts, and the chopping of blood-splashed guillotine, and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the Pope's bull, and the cardinals' curse, and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages, to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers—

"When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the free."

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march long after the foreign aristocracies that have mocked, and the tyrannies that have jeered, shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates depotism, and who, by the strength of His own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the church, and in the world, that through darkness, and storm, and trouble, men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judah, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers; but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sunflowers that spread out their color in the morning hour; but they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his property went, and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz, the Temanite, and Bildad, the Shuhite, and Zophar, the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him, and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building, which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant.

In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it

is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity, as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai. The Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause. Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail. Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to Him on the cross. Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

The paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said, "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judah! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in the harvest-field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which often starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After a while you went into the harvest-field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon, and the hope, and the triumph of the Gospel.

So, very often in our worldly business, or in our spiritual career,

we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying: "You must go," and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert, and we are pounded, and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have been slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

It was very hard for Noah to endure the scoffings of the people in his day, while he was trying to build the ark, and was every morning quizzed about his old boat that never would be of any practical use; but when the deluge came, and the tops of the mountains disappeared like the backs of sea-monsters, and the elements, lashed up in fury, clapped their hands over a drowned world, then Noah in the ark, rejoiced in his own safety, and the safety of his family, and looked out on the wreck of a ruined earth.

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining His last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sepulchre at His crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha, were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and dominion of this world

are to be hung on His throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before Him on Whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at His feet like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thunderings of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their scepters. "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of the Lord Jesus Christ!"

"That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse."

Events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judah? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestor of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine; events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while; but how it changed all the phase of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ, but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and cornet are only the long-continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron; but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of

Birmingham machinery, and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

It seemed to be a matter of no importance that Luther found a Bible in a monastery; but as he opened that Bible, and the brass-bound lids fell back, they jarred everything, from the Vatican to the furthest convent in Germany, and the rustling of the wormed leaves was the sound of the wings of the angel of the Reformation. It seemed to be a matter of no importance that a woman, whose name has been forgotten, dropped a tract in the way of a very bad man by the name of Richard Baxter. He picked up the tract and read it, and it was the means of his salvation. In after days that man wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," that was the means of bringing a multitude to God, among others, Philip Doddridge. Philip Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion," which has brought thousands and tens of thousands into the kingdom of God, among others, the great Wilberforce. Wilberforce wrote a book called "A Practical View of Christianity," which was the means of bringing a great multitude to Christ, among others, Legh Richmond. Legh Richmond wrote a tract called "The Dairyman's Daughter," which has been the means of the salvation of unconverted multitudes. And that tide of influence started from the fact that one Christian woman dropped a Christian tract in the way of Richard Baxter—the tide of influence rolling on through Richard Baxter, through Philip Doddridge, through the great Wilberforce, through Legh Richmond, on, on, on, forever, forever! So the insignificant events of this world seem, after all, to be most momentous. The fact that you came up that street or this street seemed to be of no importance to you, and the fact that you went inside of some church may seem to be a matter of very great insignificance to you, but you will find it the turning point in your history.

Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest-field under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of course, have changed,

and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected, every intelligent woman will find something to do.

I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service to the household or community; and though there are so many woes all around about them in the world, they spend their time languishing over a new pattern, or bursting into tears at midnight over the story of some lover who shot himself! They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies? Persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence; but when they come out into practical life, their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

> "Folks are so awkward, things so impolite,
> They're elegantly pained from morning until night."

Through that gate of indolence, how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere: "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah!" said Spinola, "that's enough to kill any general of us." Oh, can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened, and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Madame de Stael did a world of work in her time; and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books, which she had written, some one said to her, "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by any one of which I could make

a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebeccas, more Marys, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind, soul—to the Lord who bought them.

Ruth, going into that harvest-field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf and another, and another, and another, and then she brought them all together, and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world-renowned philosopher, was a philosopher in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while, as a physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick-room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left, that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together, and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one, or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of glean-

ings: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

EVOLUTION.

There is no contest between genuine science and revelation. The same God, who by the hand of prophet wrote on parchment, by the hand of the storm wrote on the rock. The best telescopes and microscopes and electric batteries and philosophical apparatus belong to Christian universities. Who gave us magnetic telegraphy? Professor Morse, a Christian. Who swung the lightnings under the sea, cabling the continents together? Cyrus W. Field, the Christian. Who discovered the anæsthetical properties of chloroform, doing more for the relief of human pain than any man that ever lived, driving back nine-tenths of the horrors of surgery? James Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh, as eminent for piety as for science; on week days in the university lecturing on profoundest scientific subjects, and on Sabbath preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the masses of Edinburgh. I saw the universities of that city draped in mourning for his death, and I heard his eulogy pronounced by the destitute populations of Cowgate. Science and revelation are the bass and the soprano of the same tune. The whole world will yet acknowledge the complete harmony. But between science falsely so called and revelation, there is an uncompromising war, and one or the other must go under. And when I say scientists, of course, I do not mean literary men or theologians who in essay or in sermon, and without giving their life to scientific investigation, look at the subject on this side or that. By scientists I mean those who have a specialty in that direction, and who, through zoölogical garden and aquarium and astronomical observatory, give their life to the study of the physical earth, its plants and its ani-

mals, and the regions beyond so far as optical instruments have explored them.

I put upon the witness stand, living and dead, the leading evolutionists—Ernst Heckel, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Darwin, Spencer. On the witness stand, ye men of science, living and dead, answer these questions: Do you believe the Holy Scriptures? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the Bible story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden? No. And so they say all. Do you believe the miracles of the Old and New Testament? No. And so they say all. Do you believe that Jesus Christ died to save the nations? No. And so they say all. Do you believe in the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost? No. And so they say all. Do you believe that human supplication directed heavenward ever makes any difference? No. And so they say all.

Herbert Spencer, in the only address he made in this country, in his very first sentence ascribes his physical ailments to fate, and the authorized report of that address begins the word fate with a big "F." Professor Heckel, in the very first page of his two great volumes, sneers at the Bible as a so-called revelation. Tyndall, in his famous prayer test, defied the whole of Christendom to show that human supplication made any difference in the result of things. John Stuart Mill wrote elaborately against Christianity, and to show that his rejection of it was complete, ordered this epitaph for his tombstone: "Most unhappy." Huxley said that at the first reading of Darwin's book he was convinced of the fact that theology, by which he means Christianity, had received its death-blow at the hand of Mr. Darwin. All the leading scientists who believe in evolution, without one exception the world over, are infidel. I say nothing against infidelity, mind you; I only wish to define the belief and the meaning of the rejection.

Now, I put opposite to each other, to show that evolution is infidelity, the Bible account of how the human race started, and the evolutionist account as to how the human race started. Bible account: "God said,

let us make man in our image. God created man in his own image; male and female created He them." He breathed into him the breath of life, the whole story setting forth the idea that it was not a perfect kangaroo, or a perfect orang outang, but a perfect man. That is the Bible account. The evolutionist account: Away back in the ages there were four or five primal germs, or seminal spores from which all the living creatures have been evolved. Go away back, and there you will find a vegetable stuff that might be called a mushroom. This mushroom by innate force develops a tadpole, the tadpole by innate force develops a polywog, the polywog develops a fish, the fish by natural force develops into a reptile, the reptile develops into a quadruped, the quadruped develops into a baboon, the baboon develops into a man.

Darwin says that the human hand is only a fish's fin developed. He says that the human lungs are only a swim bladder showing that we once floated or were amphibious. He says the human ear could once have been moved by force of will just as a horse lifts its ear at a frightful object. He says the human race were originally web-footed. From primal germ to tadpole, from tadpole to fish, from fish to reptile, from reptile to wolf, from wolf to chimpanzee, and from chimpanzee to man. Now, if anybody says that the Bible account of the starting of the human race and the evolutionist account of the starting of the human race are the same accounts, he makes an appalling misrepresentation.

Prefer, if you will, Darwin's "Origin of the Species" to the book of Genesis, but know you are an infidel. As for myself, as Herbert Spencer was not present at the creation and the Lord Almighty was present, I prefer to take the divine account as to what really occurred on that occasion. To show that this evolution is only an attempt to eject God, and to postpone Him and to put Him clear out of reach, I ask *a question or two*. The baboon made the man, and the wolf made the baboon, and the reptile made the quadruped, and the fish made the reptile, and the tadpole made the fish, and the primal germ made the tadpole. Who made the primal germ? Most of the evolutionists say: "We don't know."



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Others say it made itself. Others say it was spontaneous generation. There is not one of them who will fairly and openly, and frankly and emphatically say, "God made it."

The nearest to a direct answer is that made by Herbert Spencer, in which he says it was made by the great "unknowable mystery." But here comes Huxley with a pail of protoplasm to explain the thing. This protoplasm, he says, is primal life-giving quality with which the race away back in the ages was started. With this protoplasm he proposes to explain everything. Dear Mr. Huxley, who made the protoplasm?

To show you that evolution is infidel, I place the Bible account of how the brute creation was started opposite to the evolutionist's account of the way the brute creation was started. Bible account: You know the Bible tells how that birds were made at one time, and the cattle made at another time, and the fish made at another time, and that each brought forth after its kind. Evolutionist account: From four or five primal germs or seminal spores all the living creatures evolved. Hundreds of thousands of species of insects, of reptiles, of beasts, of fish, from four germs—a statement flatly contradicting, not only the Bible, but the very A B C of science. A species never develops into anything but its own species. In all the ages, and in all the world there has never been an exception to it. The shark never comes of a whale, nor the pigeon of a vulture, nor the butterfly of a wasp. Species never cross over. If there be an attempt at it, it is hybrid and hybrid is always sterile and has no descendants.

Agassiz says that he found in a reef of Florida, the remains of insects thirty thousand years old—not three, but thirty thousand years old—and that they were just like the insects now. There has been no change. All the facts of ornithology and zoölogy and ichthyology and conchology, but an echo of Genesis first, and twenty-first. "Every winged fowl after his kind." Every creature after its kind. When common observation and science corroborate the Bible I will not stultify myself by surrendering to the elaborated guesses of evolutionists.

To show that evolution is infidel I place also the Bible account of how worlds were made opposite the evolutionists' account of how worlds were made. Bible account: God made two great lights—the one to rule the day, the other to rule the night; He made the stars also. Evolutionist account: Away back in the ages, there was a fire mist, or star dust, and this fire mist cooled off into granite, and then this granite by earthquake and by storm, and by light, was shaped into mountains, and valleys and seas, and so what was originally fire mist, became what we call the earth.

Who made the fire mist? Who set the first mist to world-making? Who cooled off the fire mist into granite? You have pushed God some sixty to seventy million miles from the earth, but He is too near yet for the health of evolution. For a great while the evolutionists boasted that they had found the very stuff out of which this world and all worlds were made. They lifted the telescope and they saw it, the very material out of which worlds made themselves. Nebula of simple gas. They laughed in triumph because they had found the factory where the worlds were manufactured, and there was no God anywhere around the factory! But in an unlucky hour for infidel evolutionists the spectroscope of Fraunhofer and Kirchoff were invented, by which they saw into that nebula, and found it was not a simple gas, but was a compound, and hence had to be supplied from some other source, and that implied a God, and away went their theory, shattered into everlasting demolition.

So these infidel evolutionists go wandering up and down guessing through the universe. Anything to push back the Jehovah from His empire and make the one book, which is His great communication to the soul of the human race, appear obsolete and a derision. But I am glad to know that while some of these scientists have gone into evolution, there are more that do not believe it. Among them, the man who by most is considered the greatest scientist we ever had this side the water—Agassiz. A name that makes every intelligent man the earth over uncover.

Agassiz says: "The manner in which the evolution theory in zoölogy

is treated would lead those who are not special zoölogists to suppose that observations have been made by which it can be inferred that there is in nature such a thing as change among organized beings actually taking place. There is no such thing on record. It is shifting the ground of observation from one field of observation to another to make this statement, and when the assertions go so far as to exclude from the domain of science those who will not be dragged into this mire of mere assertion, then it is time to protest."

With equal vehemence against this doctrine of evolution Hugh Miller, Farraday, Brewster, Dana, Dawson, and hundreds of scientists in this country and other countries have made protest. I know that the few men who have adopted the theory make more noise than the thousands who have rejected it. The Bothnia of the Cunard Line took five hundred passengers safely from New York to Liverpool. Not one of the five hundred made any excitement. But after we had been four days out, one morning we found on deck a man's hat and coat and vest and boots, implying that some one had jumped overboard. Forthwith we all began to talk about that one man. There was more talk about that one man overboard than all the five hundred passengers that rode on in safety. "Why did he jump overboard?" "I wonder when he jumped overboard?" "I wonder if when he jumped overboard he would like to have jumped back again?" "I wonder if a fish caught him, or whether he went clear down to the bottom of the sea?" And for three or four days afterward we talked about that poor man.

Here is the glorious and magnificent theory that God by His omnipotent power made man, and by His omnipotent power made the brute creation, and by His omnipotent power made all worlds, and five thousand scientists have taken passage on board that magnificent theory, but ten or fifteen have jumped overboard. They make more talk than all the five thousand that did not jump. I am politely asked to jump with them. Thank you, gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you. I think I shall stick to the old Cunarder. If you want to jump overboard, jump, and

test for yourselves whether your hand was really a fish's fin, and whether you were web-footed originally, and whether your lungs are a swim bladder. And as in every experiment there must be a division of labor, some who experiment and some who observe, you make the experiment, and I will observe.

There is one tenet of evolution which it is demanded we adopt, that which Darwin calls "Natural Selection," and that which Wallace calls the "Survival of the Fittest." By this they mean that the human race and the brute creation are all the time improving, because the weak die and the strong live. Those who do not die survive because they are the fittest. They say the breed of sheep and cattle, and dogs, and men, is all the time improving, naturally improving. No need of God, or any Bible, or any religion, but just natural progress.

You see the race started with "spontaneous generation," and then it goes right on until Darwin can take us up with his "natural selection," and Wallace can take us up with his "survival of the fittest," and so we go right on up forever. Beautiful! But do the fittest survive? Garfield dead in September—Guiteau surviving until the following June. "Survival of the fittest?" Ah! no. The martyrs, religious and political, dying for their principles, their bloody persecutors living on to old age. "Survival of the fittest?" Five hundred thousand brave Northern men marching out to meet five hundred thousand brave Southern men, and die on the battlefield for principle. Hundreds of thousands of them went down into the grave trenches. We staid at home in comfortable quarters. Did they die because they were not as fit to live as we who survived? Ah! no; not the "survival of the fittest." Ellsworth and Nathaniel Lyon falling on the Northern side. Albert Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson falling on the Southern side. Did they fall because they were not as fit to live as the soldiers and the generals who came back in safety? No. Bitten with the frosts of the second death be the tongue that dares utter it! It is not the "survival of the fittest."

How has it been in the families of the world? How was it with the

child physically the strongest, intellectually the brightest, in disposition the kindest? Did that child die because it was not as fit to live as those of your family that survived? Not the "survival of the fittest." In all communities some of the noblest, grandest men dying in youth, or in mid-life, while some of the meanest and most contemptible live on to old age. Not the "survival of the fittest."

But to show you that this doctrine is antagonistic to the Bible and to common sense, I have only to prove to you that there has been *no natural progress.* Vast improvement from another source, but mind you, no natural progress. Where is the fine horse in any of our parks whose picture of eye and mane, and nostril and neck, and haunches is worthy of being compared to *Job's picture of a horse* as he thousands of years ago heard it paw, and neigh and champ its bit for the battle? Pigeons of to-day not so wise as the carrier pigeons of five hundred years ago—pigeons that carried the mails from army to army and from city to city; one of them flung into the sky at Rome or Venice landing without ship or rail train in London.

And *as to the human race,* so far as mere natural progress is concerned, it started with men ten feet high; now the average is about five feet six inches. It started with men living two hundred, four hundred, eight hundred, nine hundred years, and now thirty years is more than the average of human life. Mighty progress we have made, haven't we? I went into the cathedral at York, England, and the best artists in England had just been painting a window in that cathedral, and right beside it was a window painted four hundred years ago, and there is not a man on earth but would say that the modern painting of the window by the best artists of England is not worthy of being comapred with the painting of four hundred years ago right beside it. Vast improvement, as I shall show you in a minute or two, but no natural evolution.

I tell you, my friends, that natural evolution is not upward, but it is always downward. Hear Christ's account of it. Fifteenth Matthew, and nineteenth verse: "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders,

adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies." That is what Christ said of Evolution. Give natural evolution full swing in our world and it will evolve into two hemispheres of crime, two hemispheres of penitentiary, two hemispheres of lazaretto, two hemispheres of brothel. New York Tombs, Moyamensing Prison, Philadelphia; Seven Dials, London, and Cowgate, Edinburgh, only festering carbuncles on the face and neck of natural evolution. See what the Bible says about the heart, and then what evolution says about the heart. Evolution says, "Better and better and better gets the heart by natural improvement." The Bible says: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Who can know it? When you can evolve fragrance from malodor, and can evolve an oratorio from a buzz-saw, and can evolve fall pippins from a basket of decayed crab apples, then you can by natural evolution from the human heart develop goodness. Ah! my friends, evolution is always downward; it is never upward.

What is remarkable about this thing is, it is all the time developing its dishonesty. In our day it is ascribing this evolution to Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. It is a dishonesty. Evolution was known and advocated hundreds of years before these gentlemen began to be evolved. The Phœnicians, thousands of years ago, declared that the human race wobbled out of the mud. Democritus, who lived 460 years before Christ —remember that—knew this doctrine of evolution, when he said: "Everything is composed of atoms, or infinitely small elements, each with a definite quality, form and movement, whose inevitable union and separation, shape all different things and forms, laws and efforts, and dissolve them again for new combinations. The gods themselves and the human mind originated from such atoms. There are no casualties. Everything is necessary and determined by the nature of the atoms which have certain mutual affinities, attractions, and repulsions." Anoximander, centuries ago, declares that the human race started at the place where the sea saturated the earth. Lucretius develops long centuries ago, in his poems, the doctrine of evolution.

It is an old heathen corpse set up in a morgue. Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are trying to galvanize it. They drag this old putrefaction of three thousand years around the earth, boasting that it is their originality, and so wonderful is the infatuation that at the Delmonico dinner given in honor of Herbert Spencer there were those who ascribed to him this great originality of evolution. There the banqueters sat around the table in honor of Herbert Spencer, chewing beef and turkey and roast pig, which, according to their doctrine of evolution, made them; eating their own relations!

There is only one thing *worse than English snobbery,* and that is American snobbery. I like democracy and I like aristocracy; but there is one kind of ocracy in this country that excites my contempt, and that is what Charles Kingsley, after he had witnessed it himself, called snobocracy. Now I say it is a gigantic dishonesty when they ascribe this old heathen doctrine of evolution to any modern gentleman. I am not a pessimist but an optimist. I do not believe everything is going to destruction; I believe everything is going on to redemption. But it will not be through the infidel doctrine of evolution, but through our glorious Christianity which has effected all the good that has ever been wrought, and which is yet to reconstruct all the nations.

HOME.

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such great opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. All they want is only an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now, the Apostle comes to us and he practically says: "I will show you a place

where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character, and that is, the domestic circle." Let them learn first to show piety at home.

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple he will never be able to preach three thousand into the kingdom at the Pentecost. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon.

The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God; and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all-absorbing question with you and with me ought to be: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me *now* and *here* to do?"

Home. Ask ten different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household Discord never sounds its warwhoop and Deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, Peace hovering like wings, Joy clapping its hands with laughter. Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed on the ripples sleep the shadows.

Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is Want looking out of a cheerless fire-grate, needy hunger in an empty bread-tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children robbers and murderers in embryo. Obscene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Faggots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death

agony of despair. The word "home" in the one case means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrific.

Home is a powerful test of character. The disposition in public may be to gay costume, while in private it is to dishabille. As play actors may appear in one way on the stage and may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned inside out. A man may receive you into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, damming back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets.

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house sometimes will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop with myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window, but a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is affable in public life and amid commercial spheres, who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them on the domestic circle.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest: it does not pay. Or, for the same reason that they do not want a man in their stock company to sell his stock at less than the right price lest it depreciate the value. As at sunset sometimes the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There are people who in public act the philanthropist, who at home act the Nero, with respect to their slippers and their gown.

Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil, went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the beautiful birds,

and after years of toil and exposure completed his manuscript and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia, and went off for a few days of recreation and rest, and came back and found that the rats had utterly destroyed the manuscript; but without any discomposure and without any fret or bad temper, he again picked up his gun and his pencil, and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten-thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and loud and sharp as a northeast storm.

Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent and over-issue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation and no specie in the vault. Let us learn to show piety at home. If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world, or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

Again, home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tent and stack the arms, we hang up the war cap, and, our head on the knapsack, we sleep until the morning bugle calls us to march to the action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still camp-fire of the home circle.

Yet life is a stormy sea. With shivered masts and torn sails, and hulk aleak, we put in at the harbor of home. Blessed harbor! There we go for repairs in the dry dock. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the lighthouse guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the "Narrows" take the hand of ships. The door-sill of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen.

There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express gratification without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances, and exasperations, and troubles. Forlorn earth, pilgrim, no home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter, and grander, and more glorious than this world with no tent from marching, with no harbor from the storm, with no place of rest from the scene of greed and gouge, and loss and gain. God pity the man or the woman who has no home.

Further, I remark, that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the State must be built on the safety of the home? Why can not France come to a placid republic? McMahon appoints his ministry, and all France is aquake lest the republic be smothered. Gambetta dies, and there are hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen who are fearing the return of a monarchy. France as a nation has not the right kind of a Christian home.

The Christian hearth-stone is the only hearth-stone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circle are an absolute necessity for the State. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the State adhere. No home means the Goths and Vandals, means the Nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa changing from place to place, according as the pasture happens to change. Confounded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overpower and destroy the home. The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the constitution. Jails, and penitentiaries, and armies, and navies, are not our best defence. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and triumph. No home, no republic.

Home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow,

and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the crop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly.

Every time you have given a smile of approbation—all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebullition of anger, and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition twenty or thirty, or forty years from now—fuel for a bad fire quarter of a century from this. You praise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes, when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the results of it before ten years of age, in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror.

Words, and deeds, and example are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line; but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this subject.

Oh, make your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue, and rectitude, and religion. Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light, which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, pour into your dwellings. Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Scene," and "The Saturday Night Marketing."

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow

of the steep, comes looking to see where it can find the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just to hear itself talk. If all the skies hustled with tempest, and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the shadows. But when God has strewn the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our home circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness, and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls, in preparation for bad men and bad women.

INTOLERANCE.

"Then said they unto him, Say now Shibboleth; and he said Sibboleth; for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him, and slew him at the passages of Jordan."—Judges xii:6.

Do you notice the difference of pronunciation between shibboleth and sibboleth? A very small and unimportant difference, you say. And yet, that difference was the difference between life and death for a great many people. The Lord's people, Gilead and Ephraim, got into a great fight, and Ephraim was worsted, and on the retreat came to the fords of the river Jordan to cross. Order was given that all Ephraimites coming there be slain. But how could it be found out who were Ephraimites? They were detected by their pronunciation. Shibboleth was a word that stood for river. The Ephraimites had a brogue of their own, and when they tried to say shibboleth always left out the sound of the "h." When it was asked that they say shibboleth they said sibboleth, and were slain. "Then said they unto him, say now shibboleth; and he said sibboleth,

for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan." A very small difference, you say, between Gilead and Ephraim, and yet how much intolerance about that small difference! The Lord's tribes in our time—by which I mean the different denominations of Christians—sometimes magnify a very small difference, and the only difference between scores of denominations to-day is the difference between shibboleth and sibboleth. The church of God is divided into a great number of denominations. Time would fail me to tell of the Calvinists, and the Arminians, and the Sabbatarians, and the Baxterians, and the Dunkers, and the Shakers, and the Quakers, and the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Episcopalians, and the Lutherans, and the Congregationalists, and the Presbyterians, and the Spiritualists, and a score of other denominations of religionists, some of them founded by very good men, some of them founded by very egotistic men, some of them founded by very bad men. But as I demand for myself liberty of conscience, I must give that same liberty to every other man, remembering that he no more differs from me than I differ from him. I advocate the largest liberty in all religious belief and form of worship. In art, in politics, in morals, and in religion, let there be no gag law, no moving of the previous question, no persecution, no intolerance.

You know that the air and the water keep pure by constant circulation, and I think there is a tendency in religious discussion to purification and moral health. Between the fourth and sixteenth centuries the Church proposed to make people think aright by prohibiting discussion, and by strong censorship of the press, and rack, and gibbet, and hot lead down the throat, tried to make people orthodox; but it was discovered that you cannot change a man's belief by twisting off his head, or that you can make a man see things differently by putting an awl through his eyes. There is something in a man's conscience which will hurl off the mountain that you threw upon it, and, unsinged of the fire, out of the flame will make red wings on which the martyr will mount to glory.

The truth will conquer just as certainly as that God is stronger than the devil. Let Error run, if you only let Truth run along with it. Urged on by skeptic's shout and transcendentalist's spur, let it run. God's angels of wrath are in hot pursuit, and quicker than eagle's beak clutches out a hawk's heart, God's vengeance will tear it to pieces.

Bigotry is often the child of ignorance. You seldom find a man with large intellect who is a bigot. It is the man who thinks he knows a great deal, but does not. That man is almost always a bigot. The whole tendency of education and civilization is to bring a man out of that kind of state of mind and heart. There was in the far East a great obelisk, and one side of the obelisk was white, another side of the obelisk was green, another side of the obelisk was blue, and travelers went and looked at that obelisk, but they did not walk around it. One man looked at one side, another at another side, and they came home each one looking at only one side; and they happened to meet, the story says; and they got into a rank quarrel about the color of that obelisk. One man said it was white, another man said it was green, another man said it was blue, and when they were in the very heat of the controversy a more intelligent traveler came, and said: "Gentlemen, I have seen that obelisk, and you are all right, and you are all wrong. Why didn't you walk all around the obelisk?" Look out for the man who sees only one side of a religious truth. Look out for the man who never walks around about these great theories of God and eternity and the dead. He will be a bigot inevitably—the man who only sees one side. There is no man more to be pitied than he who has in his head just one idea—no more, no less. More light, less sectarianism. There is nothing that will so soon kill bigotry as sunshine—God's sunshine.

So I have set before you what I consider to be the causes of bigotry. I have set before you the origin of this great evil. What are some of the baleful effects? First of all, it cripples investigation. You are wrong, and I am right, and that ends it. No taste for exploration, no spirit of investigation. From the glorious realm of God's truth, over

which an archangel might fly from eternity to eternity and not reach the limit, the man shuts himself out and dies, a blind mole under a corn-shock. It stops all investigation.

While each denomination of Christians is to present all the truths of the Bible, it seems to me that God has given to each denomination an especial mission to give particular emphasis to some one doctrine; and so the Calvinistic churches must present the sovereignty of God, and the Arminian churches must present man's free agency, and the Episcopal churches must present the importance of order and solemn ceremony, and the Baptist churches must present the necessity of ordinances, and the Congregational Church must present the responsibility of the individual member, and the Methodist Church must show what holy enthusiasm hearty congregational singing can accomplish. While each denomination of Christians must set forth all the doctrines of the Bible, I feel it is especially incumbent upon each denomination to put particular emphasis on some one doctrine.

Another great damage done by the sectarianism and bigotry of the church is that it disgusts people with the Christian religion. Now, my friends, the Church of God was never intended for a war barrack. People are afraid of a riot. You go down the street and you see an excitement, missiles flying through the air, and you hear the shocks of fire-arms. Do you, the peaceful and industrious citizen, go through that street? Oh, no! you will say, "I'll go around the block." Now, men come and look upon this narrow path to heaven, and sometimes see the ecclesiastical brickbats flying every whither, and they say, "Well, I guess I'll take the broad road; if it is so rough, and there is so much sharp shooting on the narrow road, I guess I'll try the broad road."

Francis I. so hated the Lutherans that he said if he thought there was one drop of Lutheran blood in his veins he would puncture them and let that drop out. Just as long as there is so much hostility between denomination and denomination, or between one professed Christian and another, or between one church and another, just so long men will

be disgusted with the Christian religion, and say, "If that is religion, I want none of it."

Bigotry and sectarianism do great damage in the fact that they hinder the triumph of the Gospel. Oh, how much wasted ammunition, how many men of splendid intellect have given their whole life to controversial disputes, when, if they had given their life to something practical, they might have been vastly useful! Suppose there were a common enemy coming up the bay through the Narrows, and all the forts around New York began to fire into each other—you would cry out, "National suicide! why don't those forts blaze away in one direction, and that against the common enemy?" And yet I sometimes see in the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ a strange thing going on; Church against Church, minister against minister, denomination against denomination, firing away into their own fort, or the fort which ought to be on the same side, instead of concentrating their energy, and giving one mighty and everlasting volley against the navies of darkness, riding up through the bay!

I go out sometimes in the summer, and I find two beehives, and these two hives are in a quarrel. I come near enough, not to be stung, but I come just near enough to hear the controversy, and one beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest," and another beehive says, "That field of clover is the sweetest." I come in between them, and I say, "Stop this quarrel; if you like that field of clover best, go there; if you like that field of clover best, go there; but let me tell you that that hive which gets the most honey is the best hive." So I come out between the Churches of the Lord Jesus Christ. One denomination of Christians says, "That field of Christian doctrine is best," and another says, "This field of Christian doctrine is best." Well, I say, "Go where you get the most honey." That is the best church which gets the most honey of Christian grace for the heart, and the most honey of Christian usefulness for the life.

Beside that, if you want to build up any denomination, you will never build it up by trying to pull some other down. Intolerance never put

anything down. How much has Intolerance accomplished, for instance, against the Methodist Church? For long years her ministry were forbidden the pulpits of Great Britain. Why was it that so many of them preached in the fields? Simply because they could not get in the churches. And the name of the Church was given in derision and as a sarcasm. The critics of the Church said, "They have no order, they have no method in their worship;" and the critics, therefore, in irony called them "Methodists."

I am told that in Astor Library, New York, kept as curiosities, there are seven hundred and seven books and pamphlets against Methodism. Did Intolerance stop that church? No; it is either first or second amid the denominations of Christendom, her missionary stations in all parts of the world, her men not only important in religious trusts, but important also in secular trusts. Church marching on, and the more intolerance against it, the faster it marched.

What did Intolerance accomplish against the Baptist Church? If laughing scorn and tirade could have destroyed the church it would not have to-day a disciple left.

The Baptists were hurled out of Boston in olden times. Those who sympathized with them were confined, and when a petition was offered asking leniency in their behalf, all the men who signed it were indicted. Has Intolerance stopped the Baptist Church? The last statistics in regard to it showed twenty thousand churches and two million communicants. Intolerance never put down anything.

In England a law was made against the Jew. England thrust back the Jew and thrust down the Jew, and declared that no Jew should hold official position. What came of it? Were the Jews destroyed? Was their religion overthrown? No. Who became Prime Minister of England only a little while ago? Who was next to the throne? Who was higher than the throne because he was counsellor and adviser? Disraeli, a Jew. What were we celebrating in all our churches as well as synagogues only a few weeks ago? The one hundreth birthday anniversary

of Montefiore, the great Jewish philanthropist. Intolerance never yet put down anything.

Having shown you the origin of bigotry or sectarianism, and having shown you the damage it does, I want briefly to show you how we are to war against this terrible evil, and I think we ought to begin our war by realizing our own weakness and our imperfections. If we make so many mistakes in the common affairs of life, is it not possible that we may make mistakes in regard to our religious affairs? Shall we take a man by the throat, or by the collar, because he can not see religious truths just as we do? In the light of eternity it will be found out, I think, there was something wrong in all our creeds, and something right in all our creeds. But since we may make mistakes in regard to things of the world, do not let us be so egotistic and so puffed up as to have an idea that we can not make any mistakes in regard to religious theories. And then I think we will do a great deal to overthrow the sectarianism from our heart, and the sectarianism from the world, by chiefly enlarging in those things in which we agree, rather than those on which we differ.

Now, here is a great Gospel platform. A man comes up on this side the platform, and says: "I don't believe in baby sprinkling." Shall I shove him off? Here is a man coming up on this side the platform, and he says: "I don't believe in the perseverance of the saints." Shall I shove him off? No. I will say: "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus as your Savior? do you trust Him for time and eternity?" He says, "Yes." "Do you take Christ for time and for eternity?" "Yes." I say: "Come on, brother; one in time and one in eternity; brother now, brother forever." Blessed be God for a Gospel platform so large that all who receive Christ may stand on it!

I think we may overthrow the severe sectarianism and bigotry in our hearts, and in the church also, by realizing that all the denominations of Christians have yielded noble institutions and noble men. There is nothing that so stirs my soul as this thought. One denomination yielded a Robert Hall and an Adoniram Judson; another yielded a Latimer and

a Melville; another yielded John Wesley and the blessed Summerfield, while our own denomination yielded John Knox and the Alexanders—men of whom the world was not worthy. Now, I say, if we are honest and fair-minded men, when we come up in the presence of such churches and such denominations, although they may be different from our own, we ought to admire them, and we ought to love and honor them. Churches which can produce such men, and such large-hearted charity, and such magnificent martyrdom, ought to win our affection— at any rate, our respect. So, come on, ye ninety-five thousand Episcopalians in this country, and ye four hundred thousand Presbyterians, and ye nine hundred thousand Baptists, and ye two million Methodists—come on; shoulder to shoulder we will march for the world's conquest; for all nations are to be saved, and God demands that you and I help do it. Forward, the whole line!

Moreover, we may also overthrow the feeling of severe sectarianism by joining other denominations in Christian work. I like when the springtime comes and the anniversary occasions begin, and all denominations come upon the same platform. That overthrows sectarianism in the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Bible Society, in the Tract Society, in the Foreign Missionary Society shoulder to shoulder, all denominations.

Perhaps I might more forcibly illustrate this truth by calling your attention to an incident which took place four or five or six years ago. One Monday morning at about two o'clock, while her nine hundred passengers were sound asleep in her berths dreaming of home, the steamer Atlantic crashed into Mars Head. Five hundred souls in ten minutes landed in eternity! Oh, what a scene! Agonized men and women running up and down the gangways, and clutching for the rigging, and the plunge of the helpless steamer, and the clapping of the hands of the merciless sea over the drowning and the dead, threw two continents into terror. But see this brave quartermaster pushing out with the life-line until he gets to the rock; and see these fishermen

gathering up the shipwrecked, and taking them into the cabins, and wrapping them in the flannels snug and warm; and see that minister of the Gospel, with three other men, getting into a life-boat and pushing out for the wreck, pulling away across the surf, and pulling away until they saved one more man, and then getting back with him to the shore. Can those men ever forget that night? And can they ever forget their companionship in peril, companionship in struggle, companionship in awful catastrophe and rescue? Never! Never! In whatever part of the earth they meet, they will be friends when they mention the story of that awful night when the Atlantic struck Mars Head.

Well, my friends, our world has gone into a worse shipwreck. Sin drove it on the rocks. The old ship has lurched and tossed in the tempests of six thousand years. Out with the life-line! I do not care what denomination carries it. Out with the life-boat! I do not care what denomination rows it. Side by side, in the memory of common hardships, and common trials, and common prayers, and common tears, let us be brothers forever. We must be. We must be.

"Our army of the living God,
To whose command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

And I expect to see the day when all denominations of Christians shall join hands around the cross of Christ and recite the creed: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the communion of Saints, and in the life everlasting." May God inspire us all with the largest-hearted Christian charity.

THE WITNESS-STAND.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully, and without peril; but the rush-

ing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievements. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand-boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness-stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment.

"There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages."

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of

religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the Church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony.

We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul.

The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Doctor Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 15,000 Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted

us; angels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Savior!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind, and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else."

There is a sea-captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit.

We are witnesses of the Gospel's power to comfort.

When a man has trouble, the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice. Get your mind off of it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off of it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You can not stop thinking, and you can not stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along

that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plat she plucked flowers, or into that show-window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony," as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman, and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skilful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took

the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "Aye, aye, we are witnesses."

We are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said, "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" and after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their death-beds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the

one you bowed perhaps, in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her.

How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands, as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say, "no, I remember, as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementos distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-bye and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank, and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with

your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young, and old, and middle-aged: "We are witnesses!"

PAUL IN A BASKET.

"Through a window in a basket was I let down by the wall."

On what a slender tenure great results hang. The rope maker who twisted that cord fastened to that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian Church? All that magnificent missionary work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia, would never have been accomplished. All his writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of resurrection would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. The example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean euroclydon, under flagellation and at his beheading, would not have kindled the courage of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope, holding basket, how much depended on it? So again and again, great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did ever ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as had once a boat of leaves from taffrail to stern, only three or four feet, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen, and floating on the Nile with the infant law-giver of the Jews on board? What if some crocodile should crunch it? What if some of the cattle wading in for a drink should sink it? Vessels of war sometimes carry forty guns looking through the port-holes, ready to open battle. But that tiny craft on the Nile seems to be armed with all the guns of thunder that bombarded Sinai at the law-giving. On how fragile craft sailed how much of historical importance!

The parsonage at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushed through the hallway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire, and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends—John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already ascended to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor, the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches, and schools, and beautiful homes, and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influence had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Sixty years before, a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The Book was read on all sides, until the rough and vicious population were evangelized, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstance depended what mighty results!

There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things an aggregation of small things. Bethlehem manger pulling on a star in the eastern sky. One book in a drenched sailor's mouth the evangeli-

zation of a multitude. One boat of papyrus on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fates of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship.

If you fashion a boat let it be water-proof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far-reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happened so are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun that rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in the agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of the mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves." No, no! *They held the rope,* and in doing so did more for the Christian Church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their risky undertaking. And they know.

How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he

walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn-ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter, and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but no one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about sixty thousand ministers of religion in this country. About fifty thousand I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life. The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their every-day bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily appareled.

The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was. And there, also, were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father swung the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that, as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by, and the son has been ordained, and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and